THE LADY

OF THE

BEACON OF ARAHEERA.

(A CHRONICLE OF INNISHOWEN.)

EDITED BY

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CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

DEAR READER, have the goodness to n your finger down the map of Ireland to s northernmost point, or if that be incon-enient, let your imagination run down with-t it to the easternmost promontory of the ounty Donegal; you shall then have ansported yourself without trouble or ex-ence, and in a manner suitable enough for r purpose, to the spot where our story ommences.

It may happen, however, in this rambling e, that one day or other you would grow red of travelling by the map and hand-ook, and make up your mind to quit the eside and see the world for yourself—eferring your own eyes to your neigh-ours' spectacles. After a long tour rough Europe you may yet some fine ening in August or September, find your-lf standing on the Pier of Leith or Dun-rton Heights, looking across the channel d wishing you were in Ireland. Don't sist the temptation, we pray thee, but aving your national prejudices behind you ith your Scotch landlord, book yourself r Dublin, in the first packet, and with a od conscience and an honest heart take a ip over the water, and visit, were it only r a week, the land of beauty, gallantry d song.

If, however, you happen to be one of ose very respectable young gentlemen ho go over to make pictures of Irish-life, ith the view of being stared at and lion-ed in village drawing-rooms on their re-rn—one of those extremely talented and omising young men who voyage in crowds very year, for a supply of Irish barbarisms d Romish superstitions. If you happen, e say, to be of that class, let us remind u, dear reader, (and we do it in all sin-rity) that the Mull of Cantyre is a dan-rous sea, worse by all odds than the Bay Biscay. Don't venture through it by y means, but like a prudent young man, finish your tour with Benlomond and the Trossacks, and return home to America with as little delay as possible. As for the Irish peculiarities you would go in quest of, they are now very scarce and difficult to procure--we mean fresh ones, of course, for the old sets are bruised so much in the handling as to be entirely valueless; even the manufacturers of the article who made so jolly a living on the simplicity of stripling tourists twenty years ago, are no longer in existence. They have passed away as an effete race, and are now dead, gone and forgotten. Pictures of Irish life are indeed very difficult to dispose of at present, either to the pulpit, the Sunday newspapers, or even the Foreign Benevolent Societies; unless they happen to be drawn by master hands. Such pictures for instance as the "Priest and the bottle," the "Fiddler and the beggars," the "Confessor and the Nun," have lost all point since Mr. Thackeray's visit to that country, and are now grown as stale and flat as small beer drippings off a pot-house counter. Twenty years ago, however, the case was very different. An Irishman then, in certain sections of the United States, was as great a wonder as a Bengal Tiger, or an Abyssinian Elephant, and he fell so far below the ordinary standard of humanity in those days as to be considered unaccountable to human laws. We have ourselves been assured, on most excellent authority, that certain ladies of Maine, even within the time mentioned, actually went as a delegation to an unfortunate Irishman, who strayed into their neighborhood, and set about manipulating his head all over in order to ascertain by personal inspection, whether his horns grew on the fore or hind part of his cranium. The manner of their reception by the courteous and gallant barbarian, is still related by some of the actors in the little melo-drama, and though quite characteristic of his race, would hardly be accounted edifying in this simple narrative. This much, however, we may venture to af-

firm, that since the event took place there has been but one opinion on the subject in that locality, that the Irish wear no horns of any description whatever either behind or before,—are endowed with the ordinary feelings and senses peculiar to the human family—and exhibit arms and legs hands and teeth precisely like their Norman and Anglo-Saxon neighbours.

But whilst they assimilate thus in all their physical developments there is still certain national peculiarities which distinguish them from the people of all other nations. In the first place the *brogue* is very peculiar. It differs from that of the Scotch Highlander, the Vermonter and the German in what is called, intensity of accentuation—and it is very remarkable that this peculiar intensity of accentuation is most striking when they speak on subjects in any way connected with religion—the broad sound of the vowels, which they have still retained since their old Classic days, exhibiting a striking contrast with the reformed method of pronounciation. The collocation of their words, too, sounding so strange to unclassic ears (though admirable in the Italian and French) contributes perhaps in some degree to aggravate the barbarism. But we must not venture on details or we should never have done; suffice it to say that according to all accounts, and particularly the accounts of American tourists, the Irish are one and all the strangest people on the face of the earth. They never do any thing, we are told, like other people. Whatever they put their hands to, from peeling a potato to shooting a landlord, they have their own peculiar way of doing it. Whether they eat or drink, walk or sleep, tie their shoes, or pick their teeth; they are noted for their wonderful originality. And it is not the people only, but strange to say, the very cows and horses in that remarkable country, bellow and neigh quite differently from those of other nations—the tone and style being quite unique, or in other words, "peculiarly Irish." It's but a few weeks ago, since a certain Mr. Gustavus Theodore Simpkings of Boston returned from Ireland with the startling discovery that the hens laid their eggs there in a manner quite different from that adopted by the hens of other countries. We may be allowed also to add by way of appendix to the fact, that in consequence of the important nature of the discovery, a board of Commissioners will shortly be sent over to investigate the matter thoroughly, in order that the poultry fanciers of New England may take measures accordingly to promote the interests of their excellent associations. Whether the country at large, however will approve this new method is still a disputed question. Our own opinion is, the New Englanders will reject it, not solely because it's Irish, though that indeed would seem to be reason sufficient, but rather on account of the danger of propagating Popery in that peculiar way. We have heard of "treason" eggs, (Mr. O'Connell and Marcus Costello were arrested over two pair of them in Horne's Coffee Room, Dublin, five and twenty years ago, avowing their guilt,) and if treason could be propagated in that fashion, we ask why not Popery?

Now after all this nicety to which certain things are carried, simply because they are Irish, it is quite needless to say that the national peculiarities of that people are all but exhausted, and consequently, the young tourist fresh from the counting-room, can expect little there to requite him for the fatigue and expense of such a journey.

But, dear reader mine, if your heart be in the right place and above the reach of paltry prejudice, if you're man enough to think for yourself, and instead of viewing Ireland in print shop and pantomine, look at her face to face with your own honest eyes,—if you be determined to see things in their true colors and to avoid the vulgar blunder of mistaking the Irish *brogue* for inveterate barbarism, and gold watch chains for genuine civilization—if you be one of that

stamp, then in heaven's name step aboard as soon as possible, for a crime it would be against your conscience to turn back within sight of the green old Isle where Moore and Griffin "wept and sang."

Once there, pass not hurriedly over it, for every inch is classic ground. Not a mountain or valley from Cape Clear to the Giant's Causeway but has its old traditions. If you ever read Banim, or Morgan, Cullinane or Griffin, ask the guide at your elbow to point out, as you ride along, the scenes they describe and the monuments they chronicle. If you ever listened to the songs of Moore, and felt the sadness they inspire, stop for a moment and gaze on the venerable ruins to which they are consecrated, and they will seem to you more sad and plaintive than ever. You may not weep over those mouldering walls and ruined shrines, like the returning exile revisiting once more the haunts of his boyhood, but still, stranger as you are, the very sight of them will do you good; the tottering tower and the crumbling wall, and the holy well, and the broken cross, will bring you salutary reflections—will teach you that every conntry, to deserve a place in the record of nations, must have a past, and that flourishing as the republic of Washington is now, its whole history up to this hour, would hardly cover a single page in the future annals of the world.

But, dear reader, whenever you ramble through the old place, forget not to visit the scene of our story. It may not be so grand as Niagara nor so picturesque as the Hudson, but it will repay you well, nevertheless for your trouble. Moreover, it lies directly in your way from the mountains of the west to the famous Giant's Causeway—a wild solitary spot to the east of those blue hills that shelter the fertile valleys of Donegal from the storms of the Northern Ocean.

CHAPTER II.

The country between Ennis, or Araheera light house, and the village of Rathmullen on the river Swilly, is an extremely wild and mountainous district, being indeed little more than a succession of hills rising one above the other and terminating at last in the bald and towering scalp of Benraven. Standing on this elevated spot, the traveller has a full view of the country for a distance of some twenty miles around. Beyond Araheera point appears Malin Head, the northern extremity of the far-famed Barony of Innishowen, running far out into the ocean, and heaving back the billows in white foam as they break against his dark and sulky form. Westward looms up the majestic brow of Horn Head, under whose frown a thousand vessels have perished, and close by its side the famous opening in the rock called McSwine's gun, thundering like the roar of a hundred cannon when the storm comes in from the west. Between these two land marks, standing out there like huge sentinels guarding the coast, stretches the long white shore called Ballyhernam Strand, and between that and Benraven the beautiful quiet little sea of Mulroy, with its countless islets lying under the long deep shadows of the mountains. Close by the broad base of the latter—so close indeed that you can hurl a stone from the top into the water below, is the calm, quiet lake called Lough Ely, so celebrated for its silvery char and golden trout. As the traveller looks down from the summit of Benraven, there is hardly a sign of human habitation to be seen below, if indeed, we except the light house itself, whose white tower rises just visible over the heads of the lessening hills. But when he begins to descend and pursue his way along the manor road, winding as it runs through the dark and deep recesses of the mountains, many a comfortable little homestead meets his view, and many a green meadow and wavy cornfield helps to relieve the barren and desolate character of the surrounding scene.

It was a fine evening in June 185–, the sheep after browsing all day long, were lying on the green sunny slopes of the glens, and the hoodie crows, after their rambling flight, sat dozing here and there on huge rocks by the road side which the winter torrents had detached from the mountains, when a man might be seen wending his way slowly down the road towards Araheera light-house. He wore a short jacket and trowsers, somewhat sailor fashion, and kept his hands thrust into his side pockets as he jogged along, whistling and singing by turns to keep himself company. Still, though he looked at first not unlike a seafaring man, there was that in his gait and general deportment which smacked too strongly of the hill-side, to mistake him for one accustomed to walk the deck of a ship, or even to ply the oar in search of a livelihood. Moreover he wore a rabbit skin cap jauntily set on the side of his head, and carried a stoot black thorn under his arm, both which indicated clearly enough, that his habits of life were more landward grown than his dress and near proximity to the sea might have at first suggested. But whatever might have been his occupation in general, he appeared to have little to engage him this evening, in particulor, for he loitered long on his way, seemingly quite disposed to take the world easy, and break no bones in his hurry to accomplish his journey. More than once did he stop to clap his hands and gaze after a hare, startled from her cover by his noisy approach, or fling a stone at the hoodie crows dozing on the rocks. In this careless manner he jogged along whistling and singing as the humor touched him. At first the words of his song were confused by the echoes of the glens, but grew more distinct as he descended to the shore, till at length the following verse of a very popular ditty rang out clear and strong upon the ear:

"Oh the Sassanach villians de'il take them!
They stript us as bare as the 'poles,'
But there's one thing we just couldn't spare them,
The '*Kidug*' that covers our souls.
Right folderolol la la di di
Right fala la lee," &c. &c.

He sang this verse at least half a dozen times, at different intervals, and had just commenced to sing it once more, when all of a sudden the song and the singer came both to a full stop. Had a highwayman leaped from a hedge and held a pistol to the traveller's head he could not have halted more abruptly. In an instant, he stood still, gazing at something he saw round the angle of the road, and then buttoning his jacket and clutching his black thorn, made a step forward in a belligerent attitude, as if an unlooked for enemy had appeared and offered him battle. And so it was. The antagonist he so suddenly encountered had taken his position in the very middle of the road, and by his motions seemed resolved to maintain that position at every hazard. The traveller, on the other hand, was by no means slow to commence hostilities, for twirling his staff without further parley, he struck his adversary such a blow on the sconce as might have been heard ringing sharp and hard for half a mile and more along the echoing glen. That blow, however, was his first and last, for the next instant he lay sprawling in the dust, struck down by the superior force of his enemy's weapon. Still, though prostrate, he parried off the blows of his assailant, with remarkable adroitness, and would, in all likelihood, have soon risen and fully avenged his fall, had not a third party interfered to terminate the battle. The latter roughly seizing the staff from behind, commanded the fallen man to forbear, and then in a milder and more friendly voice, bade him get up on his feet, and not lay there like a *partaun*.

CHAPTER III.

"Get up, Lanty," said the new comer, "get up, man. Why you must be ravin mad to strike the poor witless crathur that way. Sure, it's only ould Nannie, that's

hat it is. Get up, man!

"Nannie, or grannie!" ejaculated Lanty, or so it seems the traveller was named, "Nannie or grannie," he cried, turning hort and shaking himself free of the speaker, "she's an ould lim o' Satan, that's what he is—'the curse of Cromwell on her!'"

"Pooh, nonsense, man, never mind her; 's only a way she has."

"A way she has! bedad thin it's a very ncivil way she has, let me tell you that.—The villianous ould schamer can't let any body pass without a quarrel. There's that Methody Preacher, she pounded almost to eath last week,—one o' the civilest sowls n the whole parish. What kind o' thratement is that, I'd like to know, for any dacent man to get, or is it neighborly in you, Else Curly, to keep such a baste of a goat bout yer place, to murther people without yme or raisin?"

"Musha thin, how can I help her Lanty?"

"Kill her if ye can't—hang her—shoot er—drown her—bad luk to her, she ought o be shot long ago."

"Och as for that, she'll soon die anyway. It's failing fast she is, poor thing."

"Die!" repeated, Lanty brushing the ust off his clothes; "die! she'll niver die, nd it's a mystery to me if iver she came nto the world right at all."

"Arrah, whist with your nonsense," xclaimed Else, "and don't talk such foolhness. Come away up to the house here, nd take a draw in the pipe if you don't take ny thing better."

"I'll tell you what it is, Else Curly," continued the discomfited Lanty; "there's ot a man or woman in the townland of Crowrets but knows that my father was hased by that same goat—that very identical ould rascal there, looking at us, the ear before he was married, and that's jist hirty good years ago, and more by the ame token, he bears the same marks of her orns on a sartint part of his body to this lay, and it's no great secret either, Else, that she was every bit as ould then as she's now. It's not even'n any thing bad to ye I am, Else, but one thing is sartin as the sun's in the sky, that goat don't belong to this world."

The old woman looked sharp at her companion, as if to read in his countenance his real thoughts on a subject that concerned her so nearly, and on which she lately heard so many unpleasant surmises, but she could gather nothing from his looks. She saw he was excited by the fall, but she knew him also to be one of the slyest rogues ever put on a sober face, as full of devilry as an egg was full of meat, and she doubted therefore, whether he meant to plague or offend her.

"Lanty Hanlon," said she at last, "I don't know whether you spoke that word in joke or in earnest; if ye spoke in joke I forgive ye, knownin well what you are, and yer father afore ye; but if you spoke in earnest, I would advise ye niver to say the word again in my hearin, for if you do, I swear to you by the blessed cairn above there, I'll be revenged for it, dead or alive."

"Pheugh!" exclaimed Lanty, when the old woman had finished, "by the powers o' war, but you'd frighten a body out o' their wits this evenin, eh! What's the matter woman; or are you so easy vexed as that with an ould friend?" and he shook her familiarly by the arm as he spoke, and pushed her on towards the cabin to which she had just invited him. "If you want to quarrel with me Else," he continued, "you must take another day for it, as at present I'm engaged on particular business. So up with you to the house there, and bring me out a coal to light my pipe."

Though Lanty spoke in banter, there was still something in the expression of his face and tone of his voice that indicated misgivings of Else Curly with all her show of indignation. Not that he suspected her for a moment, of any secret connection with the nether world, nor of keeping 'Nannie' for any unholy purpose, but neverthe-

less he was accustomed to hear strange reports about her, ever since he remembered to hear any thing, and was taught to regard her us a woman above the common, and one whose anger was to be propitiated at every sacrifice. Hence, if Lanty had his doubts of Else, they were doubts rather of the woman than of her acts, of her capacity to work mischief rather than of her actual guilt. In a word, he never heard or saw aught of her but what was right and proper, and yet somehow he always fancied she was 'uncanny' and could be dangerous if she pleased. Perhaps the sharp thin features and large gray eyes of the tall shriveled old creature, as she gazed steadily into Lanty's face, helped at that moment to to aggravate his suspicious. But be that as it may, he lost no time in trying to conciliate her, and his experience had already taught him, that his usual rollicking familiarity of manner, would accomplish that end more effectually than any formal apology he could ofler.

The house or cabin to which Lanty and his companion now directed their steps, (Nannie still following her mistress at a respectful distance) was built on the southern side of a little green hill, called the 'Cairn,' named after a pile of stones upon its summit, which tradition says were thrown there to mark the spot where a priest had been murdered in the troublous times of Cromwell or Elizabeth.

From the top of this hill which rises only a few rods above the roof of the cabin, a full view is had of the Light House, and Lough Ely from its eastern to its western extremity. The lake in fact, at one of its bends, touches the base of the hill, and thence stretches to the light house, a distance of little more than half a mile.

"And now Else, avourneen," began Lanty, taking his seat on a flag outside the cabin door, for the evening was warm, "now that we settled that little difference, how is Batt, himself, and how does the world use him?"

"Well, indeed then, we can't complain much as times go," responded Else, drawing her stocking from her pocket, and beginning to knit in her usual slow, quiet way, for she was old, and her hands trembled as she plied the needles. "As for Batt, poor ould man, he's idle the most of his time, and barrin that he goes down to the shore there of an evenin to ketch a trout or so for the supper, it's little else he has to trouble him."

"Still he gets an odd call now and then, I'll warrant," observed Lanty, knocking the ashes from his pipe, and preparing to replenish it with fresh tobacco. "A man like Batt Curly can't want a job long if there's any goin."

"Oh! he gets his share to be sure, but where's the benefit o' that, Lanty, when there's nothing to be made by it."

"Well, he makes a trifle over the price o' the tibakky and the dram any way, and what more does he want. Fiddlin's now not what it us'd to be in ould times, Else.'

"Inddeed, thin, you may well say that," she replied, "when half a crown a weddin's the highest he made this twelve-month.—The Lord look down on us, I don'na how poor people can stand it at that rate."

"It's mighty hard," assented Lanty, handing the old woman the pipe, after wiping it on the breast of his jacket. "I mind the time myself when we cudn't shake a fut at a weddin, short of a shillin a piece to the fiddler. But sure the people's hearts is broke out and out, Else,—why they hav'n't the courage to dance, even if they had the mains."

"It's not that, Lanty, acushla! it's not that, but their hearts is gone out in thim althegither. They're not the same people they used to be at all. Nothin shutes thim now sure but Waltzin and Polkin, and sailin over the flure like so many childer playin cutche-cutchoo, and with no more sperit in thim than so many puppies at a show."

"Bedad it's no wondher you say it Else,—it's disgraceful so it is."

"Disgraceful! No; but it's a scandal to the country, that's what it is. There's big Jamie's daughter, of Drumfad, that was marrid last Thursday, and lo! and behould ye, sir, when young Tom Conolly asked her out, she cudn't venture on a reel or a country dance at all at all, oh no! no more than if she was born in the skies, let alone at the hip of Graffey mountain."

"Musha bad luck to her impudince," exclaimed Lanty, "isn't she cackin; and her aunt beggin her bit and sup through the parish."

"Feen a word o' lie in it thin. She turned up her nose at the Foxhunter's Jig and the Rosses Batther, just as if she niver heard iv the like in her born life—and nothin would do her, savin yer favor, but go skatin over the room like a doll on stilts.—Faith it's well come up with the pack iv him."

"And as for poor Batt," observed Lanty, "sich tunes are too new fangled for his ould fingers. He couldn't plaze av course oh no, he's too ould fashioned for that."

"Plaze her! Ay indeed; after dancing in Derry city with her grand cousins, the manti-makers. Plaze her! No, Pegeliny himself, the great Dublin fiddler couldn't plaze her. But it's the same all over the county; a man can't show a jug and glass in his windo now-a-days, but his girls take airs on thimsilves aqual to my Lady Leitrem,—all merchants' daughters, if you plaze," and Else laughed a dry, hard laugh, and gave the leg of her stocking another pitch under her arm.

As she was yet speaking a stranger passed down the road carrying a fishing rod in his hand, and stepping over a low fence, made his way slowly to a narrow tongue of land that stretched far out into Lough Ely, a spot much frequented by anglers, and particularly at that season of the year. He was a man apparently about thirty years of age, and wore a grey sporting frock, with cap and gaiters to match.

"That's the strange gentleman," observed Else, "that comes down here from Crohan to fish so often."

"I saw him before," replied Lanty, "and bedad if he knows as little about the gentleman as he does about the fisherman he's no great affair. I came across him yesterday at Kindrum and he cast his line for all the world like a smith swinging a sledge hammer. Who is he Else?"

"Indeed thin myself doesn't know, Lanty, but I'm tould he's come here from furrin parts for the good of his health, and is some far out friend to the Hardwrinkles of Crohan."

"I wouldn't doubt it in the laste," said Lanty, "for he's thin and sneaky like the rest of the breed. Still he may be a dacent man after all that."

"He's a quite aisy spoken man, any way," observed Else, "whatever else he is."

"And plenty o' money to spend, I'll bail ye."

"In troth has he, and not a miser about it, aither, Lanty."

"Humph! I see your acquent."

"Och! ay, he draps in here sometimes when he comes a fishin."

"And opens his purse when he goes out, eh Else?"

"Oh thin, dear knows the gentleman 'id be welkim if he niver had a purse," replied Else. "It's not for that, but the quite motherate way he has. He comes in just like a child and looks as modest as a lady, and sits there chattin ithout a bit pride in him more nor one of oursels."

"Now d'ye tell me so, humph! He's fond of a *Shanahas*, I see, furriner and all as he is."

"Indeed thin he's jist that same, Lanty, he's mighty fond entirely of say stories, and likes to hear tell of the 'Saldana,' how she was wracked here below, and the crew how they were all buried in one grave in the ould church yard in Ramulla, and about Captain Pecnam's ghost that used to be seen on moonlight nights dressed all in

white with a goolden sword by his side sittin on the Swilly rock. And thin he'll be sure to ask me something about Mr. Lee, and his mece, and who they are and how they came here, and how long since, and so on, and so on, till I'm a'most tired of him myself."

"Hump! Tired!" repeated Lanty, "bedad thin he must run you mighty hard, Else, for may I niver—"

"Hould yer whist now," interrupted the old woman, "I don't want any iv yer side wipes," and she pushed him playfully away with her thin skeleton hand.

"Sure I didn't mane the last offence in life," muttered Lanty, leering round at his companion, and taking a smack from the pipe loud enough to be heard at the road below, "no but I was only jist saying that if the gentleman tired you out talkin, why he ought to be proud iv it, for after talkin six covenanter ministers besides a dancin master and two tailors out iv yer house—"

"Hould yer tongue now I tell ye," exclaimed Else, "hould yer tongue or I'll slap ye in the face. Y'er niver aisy but whin yer at some divilmint. So as I was tellin ye, he wanted to know all about the Light Keeper here and his niece, and the wrack of the Saldana, though bedad he seems to know himself more about it nor me, barrin the ould neighbors clashes and gossips regardin ghosts and such things. Why sure, Lanty, he tells me that Mr. Lee had a brother, or cousin, or some very near frind lost in that same ship, for he niver was heerd tell of, livin or dead since the vessel sailed from Bristol, and more nor that Lanty, he was a high up officer, if you plaze, and a fine darein bould gentleman to boot."

"Ha, see that now!" exclaimed Lanty. "Bedad and it's only what I always thought myself of the same Mr. Lee since the first day I laid my eyes on him, for he has the look of a gentleman in his very face, even if he is only a light keeper itself, and what's better nor all that, Else Curley, he has the feelins of a gentleman in his heart."

"Ha, ha! Look," exclaimed Else, laying one hand suddenly on Lanty's shoulder and pointing with the stocking in the other to the angler below, "ha, ha, he's in a mighty pucker, poor man."

"Oh, the bungler? Oh, the bungler!" exclaimed Lanty, "he's got his hooks tangled in the weeds at the very first cast; look how he pulls! Why it's a sin and a shame to let him use such beautiful tackle in that lubberly way—but whist! see! by the powers iv pewter! it's a trout he has, and a three poundher into the bargain—there he jumps like a salmon. Oh meel-a-murther, did iver mortal man see the like—he'll smash every thing—bad scran to him the omedhawn why don't he give the fish fair play—he pulls for all the world as if he'd a grampus on a jack line,', and the speaker grew so indignant that he threatened to run down and snatch the rod from the stranger's hands, but Else Curly counselled him to "take it aisy and interfere in nobody's business till he was asked—if the trout breaks the man's gear," she added, "he has money enough to buy more."

By this time the fish had run out the greater part of the line, and kept backing and tugging with all its might, like a fetteredpartridge making a last effort to escape on the approach of the snarer. The whole strength of the trout was made to bear on the casting line, for the rod instead of being held in a vertical position, allowing its supple point to play up and down as the fish plunged, was on the contrary grasped in both hands as horizontally as if he had caught a shark with a boat hook and was actually dragging it ashore by main strength.

"The man's castin line," cried Lanty, "if he has any on at all, it must be made of fiddler's cat gut, or it never could stand usage. Bad luck to him, the clumsy gomerlin, can't he hould up his rod."

The trout after thus endeavoring to shake itself free of the hook now dived, and making a desperate sheer, ran out the line apparently to its last turn on the wheel, and

Lanty felt full sure the trout had broken loose at last and carried flies and casting line away with him into the deep. But he was mistaken; for hardly had the exhausted fish been down a moment when he rose again and sputtered on the surface like a wounded water hen. At this instant an object came suddenly into view which gave an entirely new feature to the scene. A little boat carrying a small light sprit-sail as white as driven snow, shot round the point and passed within two fathoms length of the angler before he perceived it.

"Hilloa!!" cried Lanty, "there goes Mary Lee. There she is in the stern sheeets handling her cockle shell like a water spirit. And there goes 'Drake,' too, sittin in the bows with his cold black nose over the gunwale."

Old Else laid by her knitting and wiped her bleared eyes to look down at the scene. "Musha, thin, may I niver do harm but that's jist the darlin herself, Lanty," she muttered, "there she is in her blue jacket and white straw hat, the best and gentlest girl iver sailed on Ely water."

Hardly had Else spoken and raised up her fleshless hands to support her pointed chin that she might gaze down more steadily on the scene below, when Drake, mistaking the sputtering fish for a wounded bird, sprang from the bows, seized it by the back before his mistress could prevent him, and then snapping both rod and line at a single jerk, turned away from the confounded and astonished sportsman, and swam after the boat snuffing the air and wagging his tail in an ecstacy of delight.

"Well done! Drake," cried Lanty starting up from his seat and clapping his hands in such glee that the pipe fell from his mouth unobserved and broke in fifty pieces at his feet. "Well done, old dog! well done, my gallant old fellow—ahi now! now! snap the line from his lubberly paws! —that's it, Drake!—that's just what he deserves, the blunderin gawkie to abuse such a fish in that way."

The light breeze from the south-east had been gaining for the last half-hour or so, and now blew so fresh round the point that the little boat lay down almost gunwale under, and swept past, before her fair pilot within speaking distance of the stranger. Once she tried to steer her up to windward, probably with the intention of apologizing for Drake's uncivil behavior, but the little craft refused to obey, and then waving her hand, she let her fall off towards the opposite shore and was soon lost sight of behind the point.

All this took place in much less time than we take to describe it, the boat appearing and disappearing so suddenly as a moving picture in a panorama.

The bewildered stranger gazed after the fair occupant of the little boat as long as she remained in sight, and then peering stealthily round to see if any one had witnessed his discomfiture, disjointed the remainder of his fishing rod, and throwing it carelessly on his shoulder, walked away slowly and sadly from the shore.

"There he goes," said Lanty, buttoning his green jacket, "there he goes sneaking off like a fox from a hen roost. Oh! that he may niver come back, I pray. Begorra, it's ducked he ought to be, if iver he has the assurance to cast a line in the wather again. But I must be off myself to the light house, and coax Mr. Lee for a mallard wing for Uncle Jerry."

"Oh, ay! to be sure, Uncle Jerry," exclaimed Else, "there's no one like Uncle Jerry. E' thin may be if the gentleman you're for ducking in the loch there was as free to you with his purse as Uncle Jerry, he'd just be as great a favorit every bit. But it's an ould sayin and a true one, Lanty, praise the fool as you find him."

"Don't say that, Else Curley," replied Lanty, laying his hand on her shoulder and speaking more earnestly than usual, "don't say that, for the heavens knows I wouldn't give one kind word of Uncle Jerry's lips, or one kindly feeling of his ginerous fine

ould heart for a million like him. And listen to me, Else Curly, for I'm goin to tell ye a sacret. I know that man off an on for a month and more—not that I was iver much in his company, but I watched him, and watched him too for a raison o' my own, and I tell you plainly, Else, if he opened his purse to me ivery day in the year, and it full o' good guineas, I cudn't feel it in my heart to touch one o' thim."

"Arrah, you cudn't now!" responded Else, in a half incredulous, half jeering tone. "By my word it's mighty big spoken of you, Mr. Hanlon. E' thin might a body make so bould as to ax yer raisins; faith they must be powerful ones intirely."

"I have no particklar raisins," replied Lanty, "he niver did harm to me nor mine that I know of. But I don't like him.—There's something wrong about him, and I feel't somehow when I'm near him; there's a dark spot in him somewhere that the bright light niver reached yit, Else."

"Humph!" ejaculated the old woman, looking sharply at her companion, "you suspect him of something?"

"I do."

"And what is it, Lanty?"

"I can't tell," replied Lanty, "it's a mysthery to myself. But he has that in his eye that's not luck. What brings him down here so often I'd like to know?"

"Why trout fishen av coorse, what else?" replied his companion.

"Pshaugh, nonsense, Else Curly, you can't run 'Donal' on me that way, cute and all as ye are. That man don't care a brass farthin for the best fishin in Donegal from Onea river to Malin Head. I see it in his very motions. There's not a dhrap o' sportman's blood in his body."

"Oh no! not a dhrap, because he don't go into the doldrums like Uncle Jerry at every fin he sees risin above the water. Humph! pity but he wud."

"The fish he's after don't live in wather, Else Curley, and you know it," replied Lanty, laying his finger on the old woman's shoulder and whispering the words into her ear.

"Me!"

"Ay, in troth, jist yerself! Else, and sorra much iv a parish wondher it id be aither, some o' these days, if it turned out that he was try to buy one Else Curley o' the 'Cairn' to bait his hook for him into the bargain."

The old woman endeavored to look astonished at the accusation, but there was a faint smile in the corner of her mouth she could not entirely suppress. A stranger would have called it a contortion of the lips, but Lanty Hanlon was an old acquaintance, and knew her better.

"You needn't try to consale it, Else," replied Lanty, "for do yer best you cudn't consale it from me. I know ye too well, ould woman. There's a sacret about that man and the Lees, and no mortal in this neighborhood knows it but yerself."

"A sacret—tut, you're dhramin," replied Else, turning away and laying her thumb on the latch of the door "a sacret indeed, arrah, what in the wide world put that in yer head?"

"The fairies," responded Lanty, "ha! ha! will that plaze ye."

"Indeed, then, Mr. Hanlon, one 'id think ye come from that same respectable stock yerself, ye know so much more nor yer neighbors," retorted Else.

"Well, good evenin, Else Curley. I must go, for I've business to do, and I find my company's growin troublesome besides. But take a word o' warning before I start. If yer bent on makin money out iv this stranger—and if he's willing to spend it on you and yer sacrets, well and good, I'm content. But listen to me, Else. Make the *laste* offer to thrifle wid a sartin person you know of—say but a wrong word—breathe but a single bad breath, was it as low as the very weasels, and my hand on my conscience, Else Curley, from that minit I'll forget that we were iver acquaint, and my vengeance will purshue ye both till

e clay covers ye,"

"Why the heavens presarve us, Lanty anlon, what d'ye mane? You cudn't nk I'd betray—"

"Think!" repeated Lanty—"well no tter what I think, I've said my say," and in wishing her fair thoughts and a plea- t evening, he turned from the door.

"Ah, the ould schamer," he muttered to self as he jerked the black-thorn under arm, and tossed his rabbit skin cap on side of his head once more, "th' ould amer, she'd betray the Pope if the bribe s big enough. And still she loves her— coorse she does—and small blame to her her, for there's no Christian crathur iver God's good light that shouldn't love ; and after all I b'lieve in my conscience 's the only livin thing, barring ould Nan- she iver did love before in her life. But e her or hate her, there's one small rai- she can't harm her, and that's just this here's a sartin Misthur Lanty Hanlon these parts won't let her—even set in e she'd be wicked enough to thry it. So tle away, Lanty, the world's big enough ye—aye, and good enough too, ye thief e only go through it as ye ought with a t heart and honest conscience. Don't r, my boy; ye have neither house or d, cow or calf, penny or purse, and who es!—ye have clothes on yer back, ngth in yer arm, a heart without spot or in it, and wid the blessin o' God to k ye, what more d'ye want? So dance ay, Lanty, and as ye hop through the res, don't forget to keep yer eyes on the ller," and thus the reckless, light hearted ow tripped along the glen, still singing old ditty as he went:

The Sassanach villians de'il tare them!
They stript us as bare as the 'poles,'
But there's one thing we just couldn't spare them,
The '*Kidug*' that covers our souls.

Right fol de lol ol," &c.

CHAPTER IV.

It wanted still two hours of sunset, when Lanty Hanlon left the light house with the mallard wing in his pocket for Uncle Jerry. His pace was now more hurried and purpose-like than when last seen wending his way through the dark glens. His song too had entirely ceased, and he held his black-thorn staff no longer carelessly under his arm, but grasped it firmly in his hand like a traveller, resolved to let no grass grow under his feet till he had accomplished his journey.

On passing the road below Else Curley's cabin however, he looked up to see if the old woman was in sight, that he might make her a sign of friendly recognition; or perhaps it was a wholesome dread of a second unceremonious visit from Nannie, that made him turn his eyes in that direction. Be that is it may, neither Nannie nor her mistress could be seen, but in their stead, and much to Lanty's surprise, appeared the tall figure of the stranger, issuing from the door of the little mud cabin, and making his way down the hill in the direction of the light house. Lanty stopped suddenly, not well knowing what to think of this. He had seen the stranger a full half hour before quitting Loch Ely, and setting off towards Crohan, and naturally concluded he was by that time far on his way home. A moment's reflection however, convinced him that the man must have hid himself behind some rock or hillock, and waited then till he could venture up unobserved, to pay his usual visit to Else Curley. This manœuvering was by no means satisfactory to Lanty, on the contrary it served greatly to confirm the bad opinion he had began to entertain of his purpose, in hovering so constantly about Araheera point. Lanty Hanlon was not an ingredient to mix with the mercury of his nature at all. But the stranger's conduct was so palpably sus- ious, that he could not for an instant resist

the idea of some plot between him and Else Curley. In the first place, the man had been only two days in the country when he found the old woman out—nay, went as straight to her cabin as if he had been sent there on a message, and since that time visited her every day, remaining with her often whole hours together. As for his pretext of fishing, it was the flimsiest in the world, for no one who saw him cast a line in water, could ever imagine he cared a gray groat for the pleasure it afforded.—Then his close and frequent inquiries about the Lees, and his knowledge of certain private affairs of the family, already communicated to Else Curley—these we say, put together, were clearly suggestive of some secret purpose on his part, and quite enough to raise suspicion in minds far less constructive than Lanty Hanlon's. Besides, Mr. Lee was himself a stranger in the place, having resided eighteen months at the light house, and during that time had seen but little company. The peasantry of the neighborhood indeed looked upon him at first as one who disliked society, preferring a quiet life at home to making and receiving visits. Hence they seldom troubled him, except on matters of business, and then only as little as possible. To be sure the officers of the Ballast Board called on him three or four times a year, but that was on their tours of inspection round the coast—and Father John was seen too, sometimes trotting down in that direction with his saddle bags bobbing behind him—but Mr. Lee was a Catholic, and Father John was the Priest of the Parish. All this was very natural. But it soon began to be whispered about that Mr. Petersham of Cromer's house was seen occasionally stepping ashore at the Point when out yachting on Lough Swilly—and what looked stranger still, taking Miss Lee with him up the Loch to visit his sisters. This latter circumstance led the good people, by degrees, to regard Mr. Lee as somewhat above the rank of a common light keeper, for Tom Petersham was the crack gentleman of the county, and (though somewhat reduced himself) always felt a peg or two above associating with the squires and newly fledged baronets of the district. So they concluded after various speculations and gossip on the matter, that Mr. Lee must have been once a real gentleman, whom reverse of fortune had obliged to accept his present humble situation as a last resource. And so they continued ever after to regard him, saluting him with every mark of respect when they happened to meet about the light house, and never presuming to intrude on his privacy except to settle their little business transactions, or when he chose to employ their services about the light house yacht.

Now, Lanty Hanlon saw all this long ago, and regulated his intercourse with the family to suit the case precisely. He asked no questions, made no apologies, came and went just as he pleased, and yet as he often was heard to say himself, knew as little about Mr. Lee or his private affairs as the blackest stranger in the kingdom?

Young, active, and fond of recreation, Lanty always found Araheera Head a capital spot to indulge in his favorite pastime of gunning and fishing, and shortly after Mr. Lee's arrival found that gentleman fond of the sport as himself. And thus an intimacy grew up between them all at once—an intimacy by the way which each felt it his interest to cultivate—Lanty for sake of the light-keepers influence with the neighboring gentry, in whose power he often unfortunately found himself, and the lightkeeper for the sake of Lanty's skill as a sportsman in his frequent excursions on Lough Swilly. Besides, Lanty kept a pair of black-greyhounds, the best ever ran on four feet, and the terror of all the gamekeepers in the three baronies. These enabled him to supply his friend with "hare's ear" for his flies, and if the truth must be told, with haunches for his table too, occasionally, without troubling his conscience

greatly about the infraction of the game laws. Then he was moreover an excellent shot with either rifle or birding piece, and could bag a brace of grouse or wild ducks on seaside or mountain as prettily as the best landlord's son in the parish—always remembering to reserve the wings for Mr. Lee's and Uncle Jerry's fly hooks. Sometimes too, the light-keeper would find a white trout for breakfast of a morning or a salmon for dinner, without any distinct recollection of having caught them himself or bought them from any particular fish-hawker in the neighborhood. For reasons such as these and others quite unnecessary to mention, Lanty soon became a constant and welcome visitor at Araheera Head, and indeed finally grew to be so special a favorite with the light keeper that he could hardly prevail on himself to take his boat or gun without Lanty at his elbow. He even offered him a salary larger than his limited means could well afford, to live with him altogether, but Lanty invariably refused, preferring a free foot on the hill side after his dogs, and a ramble on the sea shore with his rifle, to all the inducements he could offer. These rambles, however, often brought him into trouble; but if they did, he always depended on Mr. Lee to get him out of it. On such occassions the honest light-keeper would bluster and swear as stoutly as a Dutch burgomaster, never to speak another word in the villains behalf, should it save him from the gallows, and often went even so far as to order the members of his family never to let the scoundrel inside his doors again, but somehow or other these resolutions never held out---all his indignation seemed to vanish in his sleep---and before the sun got up on the following morning, he was sure to despatch a note to Tom Petersham or some other gentleman of the neighborhood to beg their interest in the unfortunate fellow's behalf. Lanty in fact was never out of scrapes for a week together since Mr. Lee first saw him. He had either fallen foul of a bailiff, or beat a policeman, or cudgeled a game-keeper, or speared a salmon by torchlight, or stole a game cock, or--something was always sure to be wrong, whenever he was absent three days at a time from Araheera Light-House.

Intimate, however, as Lanty was with the family, he knew nothing of their history save what he picked up from an odd word dropped now and then between Mary Lee and the light-keeper, or between himself and old Roger O'Shaughnessy, when they went up the tower of an evening to chat and trim the lamps together. What he learned from the latter however was never very satisfactory, for Roger considered himself too respectable and important a personage to hold much confidential intercourse with a light-headed scatterbrain like Lanty Hanlon. But whilst Roger said little of the family connexions directly, he indulged frequently in little sneers at the pretensions of the Donegal aristocracy, wondered where in the world they found the arms on their carriage panels, and if they didn't one and all inherit their gentle blood from 'Shamus Sallagh' or Oliver Cromwell. This contemptuous way of speaking about his neighbors was plain enough and Lanty understood it. The nobler families of the south was a subject on which Roger loved very much to descant in a sort of soliloquial tone, when he sat down of a summer's evening in the lantern to burnish up the reflectors with Lanty by his side. Many a long sigh would he draw talking over the olden the olden times, when real lords and ladies used to throng the halls of a certain castle in the south (surrounded by their servants in splendid liveries) to drink the choicest wines or dance to the music of the old family harp; and if his companion ventured to inquire the name of the castle or of its owner, little information would he get from Roger O'Shaughnessy. Still studiously averse as Roger was to the revelation of family secrets, he could not hide from his quick-witted companion the con-

clusion warranted by his frequent though indirect allusions. Besides, Roger always wore a curious old fashioned coat when serving dinner, which contributed more perhaps than any thing else to enlighten Lanty as to the antecedents of the family. This coat was once a bottle green of fine texture, as might be seen by those shady little corners here and there where the sun had not been able to peep into, nor the wear and tear of half a century entirely to deface. With a few redeeming spots like these however excepted, the rest of the garment was faded, threadbare, and polished as the cuff of a sailor jacket. The high stiff collar, the buff facings, and the long tails would have plainly shewed it had once been livery, even if the two lonely gilt buttons on the high waist behind bearing the family crest had been lost and gone with the rest of the brotherhood. Every day before the little bell rang for dinner, did Roger divest himself of his working dress, brush over the few white hairs that still remained to cover his polished scalp, and then put on his bottle green livery with as much care and tenderness as if it had been wove of spider's webb; Poor Roger, many a scold he got from Mr. Lee for keeping up his ridiculous old notions, and many a laugh had Mr. Petersham at his profound salutations, when he came to visit the family—but laugh or scold, it was the same to Roger—on he went practising the same old habits despite every remonstrance.

This obscurity in which the history of the Lees was involved, coupled with the mysterious conduct of the stranger, led Lanty Hanlon to suspect some deep plotting between him and Else Curley. As for the latter he had little fear she would take part in anything directly tending to bring misfortune on the light-keeper or his family, but still she might meddle so far with the danger as to bring them into trouble without actually intending it—and all for the sake of gold, to obtain which he well knew the miserly old creature was prepared to run any risk, even that of her salvation. "Hooh!" he muttered, "for that matther she'd go the de'ils door and singe her ould beard at the key hole into the bargain to earn a sixpence; and as for you *my augenaugh*," he continued, gazing after the retreating figure of the stranger, "ye've the cut of a schamer about ye any way. Be all that's bad I never saw ye with a fishin rod in yer hand, but ye put me in mind iv one i thim big long nosed cranes down there standing up to their knees in the wather, watchin round for the little innocent shiners to make a pounce on them. F'eth maybe its some sworn inimy i the family ye are keeping their thrail all the time since they left the south, or maybe its a sheriff's officer ye'd be in purshuit of an ould debt or by jaminy king who knows but yer some discordant shuitor sneakin after Mary Lee. If yer that, I'd advise ye to lave the country or buy yer coffin. But whatsomever ye are, yer a chate any way, that's sartin, and so, may sweet bad luck attind ye *achushla*, and that's my prayer for ye night and mornin, sleepin and wakin," and Lanty shook his hand at the stranger as he disappeared over the brow of the hill, "and since ould Else has tuk ye in tow," he concluded, spitting on his stick and again heading for the mountains, "I'll just stand by an look on, but one thing I'll be bould to tell ye both, cute and all as ye are, that by the powers o' pewther ye'll have to rise early and travel fast if ye hope to get the blind side iv one Lanty Hanlon."

Leaving Lanty to pursue his journey across Benraven we return to the stranger. After examining for some time the structure of the narrow iron bridge over the chasm called the devil's golsh, he raised the latch of the gate, and finding it unlocked pushed it open. The light keeper's lodge facing him directly as he entered, was a long low cottage fronting full on the sea. The light tower rose up close by its side, with its great round lantern on top to the height of a hundred and fifty feet from

the rock, as smooth and white as marble. The doors, walls and windows sashes of the lodge were also white and as clean as human hands could make them, even the black stone steps by which he ascended to the hall door shone bright and spotless as polished ebony. The place, however, notwithstanding the care and trouble it cost, looked still and deserted. For full ten minutes the stranger stood in front of the house gazing round him, and yet no one came to bid him welcome. A little white bantam on the grass plot before the door scraping up the green sward and calling his family round him, was the only sign of life to be seen. In such a remote spot he naturally hoped the presence of a stranger in his garb would draw some one from the house, but he was mistaken. At length, tired of waiting, he advanced to the door and knocked, still there was no answer; he knocked again and yet no one came. Then turning the handle and opening the door, he stepped over the threshold and found himself all at once in a long passage or entrance hall. On either side of this hall hung several spears and fowling pieces, here and there fishing rods resting in brass sockets against the wall, and suspended from the ceiling half a dozen or more reels of Jack lines with hooks and leads attached, ready for use. It was evident from their superior quality, and the excellent condition in which they were kept, these articles were more for amusement than profit. Beyond, however, and near the opposite extremity of the passage hung two light oars of beautiful finish, and close beside them a small sail of Russia duck with its little sheet coiled carefully round it, and if one might judge from its appearance, but recently used. The stranger seemed to notice this last mentioned article with special interest, and the cold smile that overspread his long face as he looked at it, plainly showed he knew well by whose delicate fingers it was handled last. Proceeding along the hall like a connoisseur in a picture gallery, he came at last to an open door opening into a spacious parlor, and entering without further ceremony sat down on the first chair he met, and carelessly throwing up his feet on the seat of another, began to gaze about him like a man quite resolved to await the coming of some one should he wait till morning.

About this apartment, in which the stranger now found himself seated all alone, there was a general air of comfort and taste, which at once suggested the idea of a lady mistress far above what he might expect to find at a light keeper's lodge, and especially at so remote a point as Araheera Head. Nevertheless, though the room looked comfortable and everything arranged in excel taste, there was still nothing in it either new or fashionable. Massive picture frames with grim looking faces in the background, hung here and there round the apartment, but their nice gilding was gone, and their edges stripped and black, made sad contrast with the newly painted walls. The harpsichord in the corner had lost its silver handles by which in olden times it was so often drawn out into the merry circle, and the ancient clock opposite, now silent as a tombstone, glared over at its once light-hearted companion with a melancholy expression of countenance. They had doubtless been friends together for many a year, and in their early days had oft conversed pleasantly from opposite corners—each after his own fashion. But age, alas! had now left his mark on both. The clock's open good natured face was bleared and wrinkled, so much so that its early associates could scarcely have recognised it; and the harpsichord's once burnished case had lost all its polish, and its edges were stripped and lean like the elbows of an old coat. Still though both were broken down and somewhat shabby, they were clean and decent, like old gentlemen who had seen better days. And there too, near the fire-place, sat the high-backed sofa with its heavily carved feet and double rows of

brass nails along the edges. But conspicuous above all appeared the old family Bible lying in state upon the centre table under its vellum cover and iron clasps. Everything in the room spoke eloquently of the past, for everything looked ancient and venerable, even to the bird cage over the window where the grey linnet sat dozing with his head under his wing.

That apartment, dear reader, was an epitome of the history of Ireland, and might have furnished materials for a finer allegorical picture than ever Claude Lorraine drew—her heroes without a name or monument save those poor rotting shreds of canvass,—the fire of her music dying out day by day, nay—alas that we should say it,—almost as cold and dead as the blackened embers on her desolate shrines—her once brave and stalwart sons now wrapping their emaciated limbs in their tattered garments and resigning themselves without a struggle to serfdom and the grave. Had the author of the "Giaour," who could see even in the fair but lifeless form of woman the picture of "Greece, but living Greece no more," had he lived to sit there and gaze around him, how much more sublime the inspiration he had drawn from the sad and crumbling relics. Yes, the nation was still living, but all her glories, save the glory of her faith, had departed.

But the stranger's heart was not one of that mould. On the contrary, he scanned every article of furniture in the room, with a cold, prying curiosity, that accorded ill with the fashionable sporting dress he wore, and having at last completed his survey, drew his chair to the centre table, and opened the sacred volume.

Had he been a lover of old books, he might have paused to examine the title page before he proceeded further, and the curiously illuminated letters it exhibited, but especially an ancient and copious note in the margin purporting to show that the book was printed at Madrid in the year 1467, by a native of Mentz, at royal request—a fact which might have greatly surprised those French and German literateurs who claim for Louis XIV and Frederic II the honor of having been the only patrons of the art before that period. But the gentleman was either not of that class, or he was ignorant of the Latin tongue in which it was printed, for he ran his eye hastily over the page, without seeming to notice either date or language.

Without pausing a moment he turned over leaf after leaf, glancing merely at the top and bottom of the pages, and evidently in search of something he understood was to be found there. He spent some five or six minutes in this search, and at last having discovered what he sought, drew from his breast pocket a small book of tablets, copied what items he thought necessary, and then hastily closing the Bible (stealthily watching the doors of the apartment all the while) clasped it as before.

It happened in replacing the book he dropped something on the floor, and instantly picking it up, found it to be a silver beaded rosary with a gold crucifix attached and of exquisite workmanship. The image was of the purest gold, the nails in the hands and feet were diamonds of great brilliancy, and the cross on which the figure hung, ivory inlaid with some precious metal and bordered with small but costly pearls. It was evidently the relic of some pious ancestor two or three centuries back for the beads were much worn, and the edges of the cross had lost their original sharpness and grown round and smooth from the wear and tear of years. It was curious to see how the stranger smiled as he held up the sacred trinket between his finger and thumb. A child could have read in his countenance how little he respected either the image or the reality—the cross or the crucified. Whilst engaged, however, in this contemptuous inspection of the venerable and precious relic,—the sneer on his face, growing deeper as he gazed,—he was startled by a shadow sud-

denly darkening the window, and turning to see what it was, beheld the same countenance which smiled on him from the stern of the little boat an hour before, peeping through the glass. The face was so close to the window that the stranger might have seen from its flushed appearance, he had been mistaken for some familiar friend whose visit had been expected. The side light troubled her so much at first that she could see nothing distinctly in the room, and raising both hands to shade it off, happened to throw back the broad brimmed hat she wore, and thus revealed in full view to the stranger, now advanced within arms' length of the window, a countenance of extraordinary beauty. But there was little leisure left him to gaze upon it—for in another second the laughing girl had discovered her mistake, and startled by the close proximity of a face so utterly unknown to her, and trembling with shame and confusion at her apparent levity, she bounded back as if a spectre had confronted her, and flew away from the window like an affrighted bird.

The stranger called to her to stop and listen to his apology; he knocked on the glass, and even attempted to raise the sash and follow her, but all was in vain—away she ran over the green lawn, her dark tresses streaming back on the gentle breeze, and disappeared over the edge of the precipice. For an instant the disappointed sportsman stood spell-bound, hardly able to tell whether the form was a vision or a reality. And no wonder.—Her figure so light and airy, her extreme grace of motion even in the confusion and hurry of her flight, and the exquisite beauty of her modest face, might well indeed have raised such an illusion in minds far more philosophic than the stranger's.

And now again all was still as before, not a sound was to be heard but the sullen break of the sluggish wave against the rocks, or the occasional call of the little proud bantam still scraping on the green.

The sun had sunk by this time within an hour of his setting and crowned the far off summit of Benraven with golden light. The sky was cloudless and the air as balmy as the zephyrs that play round the Himmalayas and fan the banks of the ancient Hydaspes. Stealing out from under the shadows of the island appeared the white sails of the coasting vessels, with scarce wind enough to give them motion,—so calm had it grown for the last hour; and away beyond them in the west rose the dark form of the Horn, round whose top the wings of countless sea birds might be seen wheeling and glinting in the rays of the setting sun. The scene was as grand and picturesque as one might care to look upon, and yet it seemed to awaken but little interest in the stranger. Indeed the sullen look of disappointment on his face as he gazed through the window on the world without, showed but slight relish for the poetry of nature. At last turning away abruptly from the casement when he saw there was no likelihood of the young lady returning, he retraced his steps to the hall door, and was just about to follow the visionary form to the edge of the rock, when to his great relief he heard the sharp crack of a rifle within twenty paces of where he stood. Looking in the direction of the sound, he saw smoke curling slowly up from the sea, then a water spaniel sprang on the bank and began to shake the brine from his dripping sides, and finally, a man in a pea jacket with his pantaloons rolled up over the tops of his boots and a gun in his hand suddenly made his appearance. He was apparently about fifty years of age, stout and hearty looking, and carried in his face as he approached the stranger a look of welcome which it was impossible for a moment to mistake.

"Good evening, sir," said he, touching his hat to his visitor, hardly able to utter the words, so exhausted was he in climbing up the rock.

The stranger slowly introduced his arms

under his coat tails and made a grave and respectful inclination of the head.

"Sorry you found no one in the house to bid you welcome," said the stout gentleman, wiping the perspiration from his face.

"Rayther think the apology should come the other way," replied the stranger, drawling out his words.

"Oh! don't mind that, sir, don't mind," ejaculated the other, "when you found nobody in the house, you did perfectly right to make yourself as much at home as possible.

"Mr. Lee, I presume—the gentleman here in charge?"

"The same, sir, and quite at your service—that is as soon as I can manage to catch breath again. Heigho! By George I hav'n't gone through as much these ten years before. That confounded Hollanhawk has the nine lives of a cat—and—and I verily believe a few to spare besides. Pheugh! heugh!"

"Been gunning, I perceive."

"Yes; fired fourteen balls—nine of them clean into his body, and there he is, yet, sound as ever."

"Well, now, that's rayther uncommon, aint it?" said the stranger, without moving an inch from his position, "should think one was enough."

"The bird's not natural, sir," replied Mr. Lee, "that's the best explanation I can give it."

"Just so," said the stranger, nodding a stinted assent, "not natural."

"Besides," added Mr. Lee, "though he looks large in the water, the fellow is really as light as a feather. I believe in my soul, sir, you can no more pierce that bird with a ball than you can a piece of floating corkwood."

"Can't, eh?"

"No, sir, it's impossible. I'm living here eighteen months, or thereabouts, and during that time I can safely say I wasted more powder on him than would blow up the tower."

"Well, look here, why not snare him?"

"Snare him!"

"Why, yes, trap him by night, since you can't shoot him by day."

"Oh, tut, tut! no sir, the bird's game. Moreover, you might as well try to snare a fox in a market place."

"Well, take him flying and *meet* him with the ball," said the stranger, now thrusting his hands deep into his breeches pockets, and hitching up his cap behind with the collar of his coat; "seen swallows killed that way."

"What, swallows with a ball?"

"Yes, sir, boys can do it in the section of the country where I was raised."

The light keeper turned a sharp, searching eye on the stranger, and scanned him from head to foot without saying a syllable in reply. The last word sounded odd to his ear. In fact it suggested a sort of vegetable idea, and the figure of the man who uttered it helped to give that idea, ridiculous as it was, something of a specific form. The truth was, his tall lithe figure, freckled face, and long, straight, sandy hair, made up a parsnip or rather carrotty kind of personality that tickled the light-keeper's fancy very much and made him laugh.

"Well," said the stranger, mistaking the laugh, "it requires considerable experience, I allow, but still our boys can do it, and as to that creetur there, I guess I can hit him flying myself."

"Flying! ha! ha! my dear sir the bird never flies."

"He's got wings, ha'n't he?"

"Can't certify as to that," responded the light keeper, "never saw any at least—and what's still more remarkable, he never quits this shore."

"Why, you don't mean that there particular bird, do you?"

"That identical bird, sir, responded the light keeper, pointing with his finger.

"He's got a mate, I reckon, and goes off once in a while, don't he?"

"No, sir, he has no mate—never had any," interrupted the light keeper.

"Excuse me," said the stranger, attempting a smile, "I'm not long in this section of the world, I allow, but I guess I've been raised too near one Phineas Barnum, you might hear of, to believe such a story as that," and the speaker thrust his hands down lower still into his pockets, and looked knowingly at the light keeper.

"I know nothing of Phineas Barnum," responded Mr. Lee, grounding his rifle and resting on the muzzle, "but I repeat to you, nevertheless, that the bird you see floating on the water there before your eyes, has never been out of this bay for the last eighteen months, and during that time was never seen in any other creature's company, man, bird, or beast."

"Shoh, you don't say so—summer or winter?" Why, I rayther think that's impossible aint it?"

"Summer and winter are all the same to him," replied the light keeper, "I have seen him in January when the storm threatened to blow the lantern off the tower, and the sea to wash this little island and all it contains into the deep; I have seen him at such times sitting as calm and composed on the swells of the sea as a Turk on an Ottoman smoking his pipe. He's the sauciest villian that ever swam, sir—look at him now beyond the boat there—see how the rascal comes sailing up to us like a swan, with his arched neck and look of proud defiance."

"Is the piece loaded?" inquired the stranger, in a quiet modest tone of voice.

"No, sir; load to suit yourself; there's the gun, and here's the powder and ball. By George, if you kill him, I'll say you are the best marksman in Donegal."

"My name is Weeks," said the stranger, slowly drawing the ramrod. "Mr. Ephraim Weeks."

"Weeks," repeated the light-keeper, "rather a scarce name in this part of the world."

"Well, yes; I guess so—Ephraim C. B. Weeks," he added; Mr. Robert Hardwrinkle of Crohan's my uncle, sir. You're acquainted less or more with the family I presume?"

"Have heard of them sir,—and quite a respectable family they are, by all accounts."

"Well, yes; pretty much so, I reckon, for this part of the country—should be happy to see you at Crohan, Mr. Lee, whenever you have a leasure hour to spend. My cousins often wonder you ha'nt called and brought Miss Lee with you of an evening."

"Your cousins are said to be very pious and of high literary acquirements," observed Mr. Lee, not appearing to value overmuch the invitation so unexpectedly and patronizingly tendered, "and I fear quite out of Miss Lee's sphere and mine. We are plain people here, sir, unambitious of further intercourse with the world, than what chance brings in our way. Are you ready sir?"

"All ready; and now have the goodness to remain just where you stand and look straight in the bird's eye, whilst I take aim." So saying Weeks knelt down, and resting the muzzle of the rifle on a projecting rock waited in that position for nearly five minutes, giving the bird time as he said to forget there was a second party in the play. "Now, then," he cried at last, hold your hand up, to attract his attention," and as Mr. Lee complied he took deliberate aim and fired.

"Capital shot!" exclaimed the light-keeper. "Capital shot, by George,—not the first time you handled a rifle I suspect."

"We-ell no—not exactly the first," drawled out Mr. Weeks, with a modest complacency that well became his grave sallow countenance, "I've handled the article more than once I guess."

Both now looked anxiously round, where the bird might be likely to rise, but no bird came up to dot the smooth surface of the

water.

"Down rather longer than usual," said the light-keeper, at length breaking silence, "and that's a sure sign you haven't touched a feather of him."

"Guess you're mistaken," responded Weeks, "he's floating out there somewhere as dead as a door nail. Ah! by cracky! there he is, lying flat on the water: see!" —and he pointed with one hand while he shaded his eyes with the other—"see, there he is!"

"Where? Ah, yes! by George! and there he is; well, now, who could have thought it!" exclaimed the light-keeper, seemingly much delighted with the discovery.

The object, however, to which the stranger pointed happened to be a little whitish colored buoy, a few fathoms beyond a boat, that lay anchored within gun-shot of the island. As it rose and fell on the light swells of the sea, it looked by no means unlike a dead bird floating on its back. Mr. Lee saw the mistake in an instant and resolved to humor it.

"Dead as a herring!" he exclaimed, taking off his hat and rubbing up his gray hair in an ecstacy of delight. "Ha, ha, the villian, he's caught at last."

"He'll never trouble you again, I'll bet," continued Weeks, coolly handing over the rifle. Then laying his hand quietly on Mr. Lee's shoulder he added, "I make you a present of the bird, my friend, for I really think you deserve it richly, after such an almighty waste of powder."

The light keeper gravely bowed his thanks.

"Well, there's one condition I would make, Mr. Lee, and I kinder think you'll not object to it, namely, that you stuff the creetur, and hang it up here in the passage among the fishing rods and jack-lines."

"Certainly, Mr. Weeks, most certainly, sir, your wishes must be gratified."

"And look here; you'll have the goodness to use this for a label," and he drew a card from a richly chased silver case he carried in his breast pocket and handed it to the light-keeper; "affix this if you please, to the upper mandible, that your visitors may know who shot the bird—not that I care to make a personal boast about it—for did you know me well, you would say it ever there *was* a man who despised boasting, that man is Ephraim C. B. Weeks. But I've a notion, somehow, that it would be just as well for the European countries here to know what sorter people we are in the new world beyond, and I consequently think its the duty of every free-born American, wherever he goes, to enlighten mankind as to the character, enterprise, social advancement and universal intelligence of his countrymen. Yes, sir, its a duty our people owe to oppressed and suffering humanity to make their habits, manners, customs, laws, government and policies known throughout the universal creation. If it be our duty as a nation to redeem the world from ignorance and slavery, as it is, beyond all question, then I say its the special duty of each and every citizen of that nation to contribute his portion to the advancement and final completion of the great work. We must be known, sir, in order to be imitated.

As the speaker went on to develop his views on this great scheme for promoting the moral and social welfare of the human family, the light-keeper held the card out before him, and read in bronzed copperplate the following address: Ephraim C. B. Weeks, Ducksville, Connecticut.

"Humph! By my word of honor," muttered Mr. Lee at last, "that's a very magnificent affair." Then running his eye over the person of his visitor, he seemed somewhat puzzled what to say. The card case protruding from his pocket, the rings on both hands, and the massive watch chain round his neck, were all apparently of the costliest description, and might well have adorned the person of the highest noble in the land; on the other hand, how-

ever, it struck him there was quite a contrast between the gentleman's language and personal appearance. How that happened he was at a loss to think, and therefore it was he made no reply, but kept glancing from the card to the stranger and from the stranger to the card.

"I rather think, Mr. Lee, you hav'n't met many of our people in your time, eh?"

The light-keeper replied in the negative.

"Well, sir, you now see before you a real American—a free born American, sir,—a citizen of the great "Model Republic," and the speaker again thrust his hands into his breeches pockets as deep as they could well go, shook up the silver at the bottom, and with a self complacent smile on his thin lips watched the light-keeper's countenance for the effect of the startling announcement.

But Mr. Lee did no more than merely compliment him on his birth place, assuring him at the same time, he should always feel honored, as he did then, in making the acquaintance of a citizen of the republic of Washington, the model republic of the world. "But with respect to the stuffing," he continued, endeavoring to restrain a smile, "I fear there is none to be found here who understands it."

"Well, send it up to Crohan, I shall see to it myself; guess we Yankees know a little more of those things than you do here in 'the *green* Isle.'"

"No doubt of it, Mr. Weeks, no doubt of it—I'll send it immediately, and consider it a very special favor indeed."

"Now then, talking of Americans," said Weeks, arresting the light-keeper by the arm as the latter began to move towards the lodge, "why don't you bring some of our men over here to enlighten you? You have natural talent enough, I guess, if you'd only proper means to develop it. Could you only get up an association with funds enough to pay Yankee lecturers, you would soon wake up to a sense of your capabilities. Employ our lecturers, sir, and send them over the country, from town to town and village to village, and I'll bet a fourpence they'll open your eyes wider than ever they opened before."

"Don't doubt it in the least," modestly replied the light keeper, "but won't you come in, and have some refreshment after your evening's exercise—come in, sir, and honor my little cabin with your presence at least."

"Hold on," said the American, again detaining the light keeper on the steps of the threshold. "Look here a minute, if you're not in a killing hurry. I should like to say a word or two about shooting that Holland Hawk,—it may serve to show you what kind of people we are in the States. Well,—to begin with, we calculate never to miss a shot at either man, bird or beast. You may smile, sir, but its the fact, nevertheless. My mother had a cousin once, called Nathan Bigelow—"

"Excuse me, Mr. Weeks—let us step into my office, if you please; I've some orders to give—allow me—for an instant."

"Well, look here," persisted the Yankee, "its only a word or two. I was just agoing to say that my mother had a cousin, once, called Nathan Bigelow, and a shrewd man Nathan was. Well, he was said to be somewhere about the shrewdest in that section of the country. So the folks thought all round. If there happened to be town meetin, Nathan was sure to be chairman. If referees were appointed by the District Judge on a heavy case of damages or the like, Nathan was always called in to settle it. Then he was consulted by half the farmers round, coming on seed time, and by the select-men about the taxes, and sometimes by the new minister about the doctrine best suited to his congregation—though the fact is, Nathan never cared much for any particular kind of religion himself—that's a fact. So, as I was going to remark, cousin Nathan had a favorite saying of his own—"

"Hilloa, there!" interrupted the light-

keeper, "pray excuse me, Mr Weeks—hilloa, there! I say. Are you all dead in there? Roger! let some one see to the lantern; its almost lighting time. Come in, Mr. Weeks, and take a seat at least."

"Wait a minute—well, as I was saying," he continued, still drawling out his words slowly, "as I was saying, cousin Bigelow had a favorite saying of his own. 'Take good care, boy, and don't waste your powder.' It always came ready to him, somehow, and he could apply it to every which thing in creation. Many a time, in the long winter nights, when cousin Nathan used to sit by the log fire in his great rocking chair, reading Tom Paine's 'Age of Reason," and Martha Proudfut, his wife, knitting her stocking right opposite, with the 'Pilgrim's Progress' open on the table before, and your humble servant in the corner, studying his book-keeping—many a time, I say, did cousin Nathan turn round to me, without the least provocation in the world, and begin to illustrate the old maxim, 'Take good aim, boy, and don't waste your powder.' He made a —— well, he made it a kind of text to spin a sermon from, and a better sermon he could preach, ay, by a long chalk, than the best preacher in the district. He used to tell me, Nathan used, and if he did once he did a thousand times, that the old saying, simple as it sounds had more genuine philosophy in it than Aristotle and Epictetus put together; and let me tell you, Mr. Lee, cousin Nathan had a terrible regard for these same authors---translations of course, for he was no great hand at the dead languages, coming, as he did, from the old Puritan stock—his great grandfather was a true blue May Flower. Well, Nathan was, to be plain about it—well, he was a caution I tell you in the philosophy line. He never professed much admiration for any but for great men, and these were what he called ticklers, because as he said himself they were the only men that ever tickled humanity in the right place, namely Tom Paine, Benjamin Franklin and George Washington. George, he thought was the greatest man ever the world produced—and I guess, Mr. Lee," said the speaker with a knowing look, "if he didn't hit the mark, he hit somewhere within a mile of that neighborhood."

"Very true," assented the light keeper, "he certainly did. Washington was a great and a good man, all must admit that; and I trust your nation, in the first flush of its prosperity will not forget his wise counsels either."

"Hope not; well—what I was coming at, Nathan's old saying, 'Take good aim, boy, and don't waste your powder,' so constantly repeated, made a lasting impression on my mind. The fact is, Mr. Lee, he had a way of saying a thing that---well kind of burnt it into you like. There was no forgetting it nohow; it was sort of searing of the---"

"Oh, botheration to him!" exclaimed the light-keeper, no longer able to endure the tiresome description, chained as he was to the speaker, "what matters it what he was, he's dead long ago, I suppose, and gone to his account. But you'll excuse me, Mr. Weeks," he added a moment after, "you'll excuse me, I'm entirely ignorant you know, of your national characteristics. When we're longer acquainted I shall understand you better. And now my dear friend let us step into my room---but hold! who comes here?---by George it's Tom Petersham in the 'Water Hen' to pay us a visit."

CHAPTER V.

The little craft which so suddenly arrested the light keeper's eye, as he turned to enter the lodge, was already within five minutes sail of the long flight of steps leading up from the base of the rock to the light house yard. She was a yacht of small tonnage but elegantly moulded. Her white hull almost as low as the water and her light raking spars gave her a jaunty

look, that seemed to please the Yankee exceedingly.

"Why by cracky that's an American boat, rig and hull" he exclaimed, "ha! I swonnie!—had her built at one of our shipyards, I guess."

"She was built in Cork harbor," replied the light-keeper. "Timber or plank, mast or spar, there's not an American chip in her."

"Not, eh?"

"No, sir, she's Irish every inch of her, from the truck to the keel. Tom Petersham wouldn't own her if she was anything else."

"He wouldn't, eh?"

The light-keeper now seeing a boat approaching from the yacht, advanced to the head of the stairs and raised his hat to a gentleman who sat in the stern. The latter, as soon as the boat touched, stepped ashore and looked up.

"Hilloa there, Master Lee," he shouted as he ascended the steps,—"I couldn't pass without calling to pay my respects to my pretty Mary—to say nothing, (oh Lord! this is worse than Loughdearg for Father John!—bad luck to them for steps, they don't leave a breath in me) not to speak of the numerous injunctions respecting a promised visit from the saucy little baggage. Heigho! I say, Lee,—listen to me—this is steeper than the face of Gibraltar—and let me tell you, hugh! you must provide falls and tackle in future, if you'd have me visit you—forty-three steps! monstrous!! But who the deuce!—eh, who is that?" he demanded, halting to take breath as he reached the top. "Who, in the name of all the Malvolias is he with all those gewgaws under his sporting jacket?"

"Hush," said the light-keeper, "he's a foreigner."

"Nonsense!---he's a cockney tailor come down to rusticate---eh, what?"

"No, sir, he's an American---and a real Yankee into the bargain."

"A Yankee!---the deuce he is."

"A native of Ducksville, State of Connecticut."

"Ho, ho! now I understand you, he's the Crohan man's cousin, or nephew, or something of that kind to the Hardwrinkles. Very good, he's just the man I want; present me forthwith,---Kate wishes to see him, of all things, and swears she'll invite him to the castle herself, if I don't. Introduce me instantly, I'll see what he's like, and then ask him to visit us."

"Oh the young scamp," exclaimed the light-keeper, laughing, "she's got some mischief in her mad pate, I warrant you. If the good gentleman only took a friend's advice, he would stay at home and keep clear of her company. But, come, I'll introduce you---at all hazards."

"Captain Petersham," said he taking off his hat, and motioning with the grace of a well bred gentleman, "let me present to you Mr. Weeks of Ducksville, Connecticut, United States. Mr. Weeks, Captain Petersham of Castle Gregory."

The American bowed low, but without saying a word or changing his position in the least. Not so Mr. Petersham, who despised in his heart all kind of formality, save and except the formalities of the duel ground, and these he understood well and could practice to perfection.

"What the plague, man!" he exclaimed, "don't be so stiff with me. Nonsense! you're an American citizen, and that's enough, sir; give me your hand. Ducksville or Drakesville,---I don't care a barley-corn what ville you are, so you're a free American. Come, sir, let us be friends at once, and make no more pother about it."

"Excuse me, Captain Petersham, you make a mistake---my name aint Ducksville or Drakesville,---my name is Weeks---Ephraim C. B. Weeks."

"Oh! hang the difference, man,---it's all the same---what matters it?" said the captain, "Come, let's join Lee in his office,---

he's gone to order some refreshments, and I'm as dry myself as a whistle," and runing his arm into the astonished American's he dragged him along, speaking all the while with his usual rapidity. "Pshaugh! it's all balderdash---what's in a name?---why, man, it don't signify a straw what you're called."

"Well, no, not much, I reckon; but if it's just the same to you, I'd rather be called Weeks. Ephraim Weeks. Here's my card, sir, if you please——"

"Card! pshaugh--all humbug," interrupted the captain---"keep your card, my dear sir, for those who are foolish enough to use the toities. But if you choose to be called Weeks, I'll call you Weeks, certainly, sir, and an excellent name it is for an American."

"Well, it's sort of handy for a business man," replied Weeks, looking sideways at his impetuous companion, as he hurried on to the house.

"To-be-sure—to be sure—there's your Secretary of Legation, Mr.—Mr.—what the plague! I can never remember names—Mr. Mr.—oh! confound it—Linkimdoodle---or something of that sort,---well, sir, he's a fine fellow, that Linkimdoodle, a right honest thorough-going republican as I ever met in my life. He had an odd name, to-be-sure, but what of that?---No one minded it---any thing, you know, will do in a country like yours, where you've no houses yet, or pedigrees, or things of that description to trouble you. And so you're staying at Crohan with the Hardwrinkles. Well, I can only say I'm sorry for it---they'll ruin you, that's all---ruin you, sir, body and soul. Why listen to me---"

"The Hardwrinkles are my cousins, Captain Petersham," interrupted Weeks.

"Just so, I know, I understand all that—but you'll not be worth a rap farthing, sir, if you stay with them many months longer, nothwithstanding."

"You don't say so!"

"I do, sir. They'll first reduce you down with psalm singing, till you're as flat as dish water and as weak as a wendle straw, and then finish you off with mock piety, private scandal, and weak tea. Take my advice, sir, and stay with them as little as possible. Come up to Castle Gregory, where there's some life to be had, and come as often as you can, too—we'll be always glad to see you. So then here we are in the light-keeper's sanctum, and here comes Drake to welcome us. Hands off!—hands off, Drake—down, down, you old rogue, you're as wet as an otter—away and bring your mistress here, I want to see her. But what's the matter?—how now? growling at your guest?---ah! Drake, Drake, that's inhospitable—what has come over you, man? never saw you act so unIrish before. Excuse me, sir, but take a seat, take a seat, and don't be surprised to see me make so free in another man's house,—its our custom here. Heigho!" he added, flinging himself down in an easy chair and his gold banded sea-cap over his shoulder, "it takes me a full half hour to recover breath after climbing those villainous steps. Heigho! and so you're an American citizen."

"Well, yes; I have that honor, sir."

"Right, sir,—and it is an honor—no doubt of it, sir. But how warm it is—eh!" and he snatched off his stock and wiped his face with his handkerchief. "It's those outrageous stairs—eh! besides, I'm not feather weight either, I suppose. Humph!" he added, glancing over at his companion, "you have the advantage of me there, sir—you're thin.

"Yes, rather inclined that way," modestly replied Weeks, playing with his watch-chain.

"So much the better, sir, so much the better, you're in a more comfortable summer condition."

"Well, as to the Weeks side of the house," observed the American, by the way of explanation, "they were never what you might call fleshy people; but the Bigelows

were about the largest boned men in all Connecticut. There was my mother's cousin, for example, one Nathan Bigelow—"

"By the Lord Harry, he's at Nathan again!" came rumbling along the hall, in the deep tones of the burly light-keeper, as he hurried in from the tower to welcome his guests.

Fortunately, however, Mr. Weeks was at that moment in the act of speaking, so it was quite impossible for him to distinguish the words; otherwise he had understood better the comic smile on Captain Petersham's face, as that gentleman twirled his thumbs and gazed over at him from his easy chair.

"Let me see, you're somewhere about five feet six inches, aint you?" inquired Weeks.

"Yes, thereabouts."

"Well—now, as to the weight, I reckon you're two hundred or chock up to it."

"Very likely—I might be three, for aught I know," replied the captain, laughing.

"Well, cousin Nathan was taller by nearly two inches, and mother says before he lost his eye on muster day, he weighed close on two hundred and twenty-five.—Still, cousin Nathan—"

"Hilloa, there! hilloa, Roger O'Shaughnessy," broke in the light-keeper again, "are we never to see that brandy and water?—come along, man, only lift your feet and they'll fall themselves."

"Aye, aye," muttered the old man, shambling into the room in his old bottle green livery with the faded lace and the two solitary buttons, carrying a massive silver salver, on which appeared three tumblers and a decanter with something resembling brandy in the bottom of it. "Aye, aye," said he, "it's always the same—just for all the world as if he was at home in the ould castle. Heigh! heigh! Its nothing but Roger here, and Roger there—Roger bring the venison, Roger, where's the Champagne? Roger, where's the Burgundy? Roger, order this lord's carriage, and Roger order that lady's barouche. Heigh, heigh, heigh!" Here he was seized by a fit of coughing which had the good effect of terminating his catalogue of complaints. "Och, och!" said he at length when he recovered a little breath, "the Lord be with the time, Captain Petersham, (bowing with great formality to that gentleman,) when Roger had plenty of servants to help him him. But sure there's no help for it now, and as I burned the candle I must burn the inch," and so saying, the old man turned to quit the room.

"Stop, Roger, hold on, what have you got here?" demanded the light-keeper, holding up the decanter between him and the light.

"There, sir?"

"Yes, here, sir? look at it."

"Why it's brandy, av coorse—what else shud it be? but may-be it's wine yer honor wants—ugh! ugh!—what kind of wine id you like, sir? I'll bring it immediately."

"Wine! you old schemer, you know there's not a drop of wine in the house."

"Me:"

"Aye, *you*; you know it well—nor hasn't been these twelve months."

"Och, och, the bad luck to us!" exclaimed Roger, raising his hands in grave astonishment, "it's wondherful—wondherful entirely. His mimory's clane gone, sir, (turning to Captain Petersham). It's only the matther of four weeks, or so, since we got—let me see—ahem! ahem!—two pipes iv claret—one Madeira," and he began to count them on his fingers—"ahem! two iv claret—one Madeira—one—"

"Don't mind him, don't mind him," said the captain, rising from his easy chair and good naturedly laying his hand on Roger's shoulder, "he's enough to vex a saint. Well, well, Roger—let him do as he pleases; if he choose to refuse us a glass of wine in this beggarly way, why, we can remember it to him—that's all."

"Oh, my heart's broke wid him, yer honor."

"To be sure it is---you're a living martyr, Roger, ha, ha. I declare I don't see how you can stand it---it's insufferable---quite insufferable. Ha, ha."

"Och, och! I wish to patience he was back to his own ould castle, again, yer honor, for since the docthers ordhered him down here for the benefit of his health, there's no comfort to be had wid him, night or day---but shure if he didn't lose his mimory, it wouldn't be so bad, althegither. And then I'm shamed out iv my life wid him. Why, if you'd only hear to him, Mr. Petersham---ahem! that's if you were a stranger, you know, sir; like that gentleman, you're most obedient, sir; and didn't know the differ, ye'd think there wasn't a screed iv dacency left about him, at all, at all," and as he thus went on to make his private complaints to the captain, and still however in a voice loud enough to be heard by the American; he kept ever and anon glancing at the great silver salver on the table, as if making a silent appeal to it for testimony against his master.

During this little conversation with Captain Petersham, the light-keeper called him several times, but Roger was too much engaged to attend to him.

"Roger!---are you deaf?" cried his master at last, "Roger, I say."

"Sir, sir."

"Is this all the brandy you have in the house? Answer me, yes or no."

"Ahem! Answer you yes or no, why av coorse I'll answer you---that is, if I only knew what you mane."

"Well, look here," and Mr. Lee stepped over to the old man, and shook the decanter within an inch of his eyes, "you call this brandy?"

"Sartinly, sir, the best cogniac, it cost just seven---"

"Never mind the cost; you have here about three thimble-fuls or thereabouts---for three gentlemen."

"No, sir, there's a good half bottle, and more---ahem! ahem! it looks little, but it's on broad bottom, hem, its a broad bottom, sir."

"Well, now I want to know---if you've any more of the same left---that's plain enough, I think."

"Why dear me, such a question, och, och---and two casks untouched in---"

"Hold your lying tongue and answer me, sir, have you? yes or no."

"Yes, yes, puncheons of it."

"Go fetch it then, forthwith---go now instantly," and he pushed him gently towards the door.

"Sartinly, sir, sartinly," replied Roger, moving of off as fast as his old shaky limbs would carry him, the long skirts of his old bottle green coat, oscillating as he went. "Most sartinly, sir, it's aisy enough to do that---why, if I only knew what in the world ye were comin at, all the time, i'd have it here now."

"He's the greatest old plague, that, in the whole universe," said the light-keeper: "not a respectable visitor ever comes to see us, but he acts just in the same way. He would make you believe, Mr. Weeks, ---(Captain Petersham here, knows all about him long ago,) he would make you believe his master as rich as Crœsus, and staying down here only by advice of his physician. You observed the old bottle green livery he wears, well he has worn that, to my own knowledge, five and twenty years, and in all probability, his father before him, for as many more. As for this antiquated piece of plate on the table, he brings it out on every possible occasion. The old coat, and the old salver, are in fact his great standbys, and with these, he imagines he can make a show of 'dacency,' were the house as bare and empty as the ruins of Baelbec,

"Ha, ha, poor Roger," laughed the captain, "he's a regular Caleb Balderstone."

"Precisely—the only difference perhaps —that Caleb was a conception, and Rog-

er, a reality."

"Balderstone," said Weeks, "let me see, worn't he something to the Balderstones of Skowhegan, down east."

"Ha, ha," chuckled Captain Petersham; "can't say, as to that."

"Well, them Balderstones of Skowhegan were tremendous smart men, I tell you, and cousin Nathan says, they fought at Lexington, like tigers and catamounts."

"No no, Caleb was of quite another character," replied the light-keeper. "He was born of a wizard, and shall live as long as the world lasts. Some, indeed, go so far as to say, that he and Campbell's last man, are destined to expire together."

"Well, he's not a mortal, I reckon."

"No, sir, he's immortal as the gods."

During the latter part of the conversation, Roger O'Shaughnessy had returned as far as the room door, and remained standing on the threshold, for a minute, or more, looking in. In the attitude he assumed, he presented a striking appearance. His once tall, and powerful frame, now bent and wasted with years,—the old laced coat hanging from his attenuated shoulders in empty folds,—the few white hairs that still remained brushed up on each side, and meeting in a crest, over his polished scalp; looked in truth like a fine old ruin, tottering to its fall, with all its friendly ivy dead in the dust, save a few weak, but faithful tendrils clinging to it still.

"Excuse me, Mr. Lee, for interrupting you," said Weeks, "but the old gentleman here at the door seems to want something."

"What! Roger, is it—well, Roger," demanded the light-keeper, speaking over his shoulder, "what's the matter?"

"Ahem!" said Roger, "ahem! about the brandy, your honor."

"Well---about the brandy---where is it ---why don't you bring it in?"

"The key---ahem! the key of the cellar, sir," said Roger, without venturing to look at his master.

"What of it?"

"Ahem! It's not to be found, sir, you or Miss Mary must have it."

"Me! I never touched the key in my life."

"Dear me, then," exclaimed Roger, "what's to be done, your honor?" The brandy's in the cellar, and there's no key to open it."

"I don't believe a word of it, Roger; but did you ask Miss Lee for the key?"

"She's not to be found, either, sir."

"Ha, ha!---I thought so. I knew all the time it would come to that at last."

"If you could put up for this time with some of the best old Innishowen, that ever was doubled," said Roger, "you can have a hogshead of it in a jiffey."

"Innishowen!" exclaimed the captain, "and put up with it, too! Nonsense! nonsense! Roger, bring it in here instantly. Why, you old villain, it's worth its weight in gold. Compare French brandy with Innishowen poteen, indeed! Why, the Irishman who would do that, should be sent to the stocks, and physicked with frogs and assafœtida. Begone, and fetch it instanter. Away! my time's up."

Roger soon returned with a bottle of excellent whiskey, of which we must not omit to say, Mr. Weeks declined to partake---nay, he absolutely rejected it in the most positive manner, as a thing entirely against his principles and entirely contrary to his habits of life. But the light-keeper and his good neighbor, the lord of Castle Gregory, made no pretensions to such principles or habits; they filled their tumblers and drank to each other, and to the success of the Stars and Stripes, as a compliment to Mr. Weeks, in full bumpers of Irish grog, without fear or shame, reproach or remorse.

Captain Petersham had scarcely finished his draught, and flung the tumbler on the table, loudly protesting against all State Temperance Laws and Teetotal Societies, as being the provocation of half the drunk-

enness in the world, when a sailor, cap in hand, presented himself at the door.

"How now, Bradley---what's the matter?"

"Mr. Ratlin says, there's a blow comin up from the westward, sir, and in half an hour we'll have ebb tide. He awaits orders."

"Well, get the boat ready. I'll be with you in a second."

He now approached the window and glanced for an instant at the west. "There it comes, Lee," he exclaimed, tumbling up in lumps over Tory Island; you'll have it whistling about your ears here in half an hour. I must get aboard the 'Water Hen' and pack on sail, or she'll not fetch Balgnus-treken to-night. But look here, who's that under the rock, there, speaking to Mistress Mary? He's a devlish fine looking young fellow, that, eh!"

The light-keeper hastened to the window. "Hah! by George," he exclaimed, muttering the words to himself, the instant his eye rested on the person alluded to, "Hah, ha, so then he is back again."

"Who is he, Lee—eh—surely I've seen that young man before—who is he?"

Mr. Lee smiled and shook his head.

"Oh, hoh, that's it, is it? Very well, all right," said the captain, "if there's any thing particular about him keep it to yourself."

"And having requested Mr. Lee to make his apology to Mary for running away so abruptly, and invited Mr. Weeks to visit as soon as possible, he hurried off without further delay to his yacht. The moment his foot touched her deck, she was seen crowding on every stitch of canvass that would draw, and then gracefully bending under the gentle pressure of the evening breeze, the little 'Water Hen' glided up the Swilly and soon disappeared in the deepening shadows of Rathmullen bluffs.

The light-keeper had accompanied his friend to the head of the steps to bid him good bye and a fair voyage, and the American taking advantage of his absence, instantly turned to the window and there kept watching Mary Lee and her companion so intently, and with so absorbing an interest, that old Roger had picked up his silver card case which had fallen from his pocket, and laid it on his knee, without his having noticed it in the least. The spot on which the young couple stood conversing, was a small patch of green sward directly above the narrow channel called the Devil's Gulsh, and canopied over by a long flat, projecting rock. The place was some seventy feet above the roaring water, cut as it were in the face of the precipice, and nearly on a level with the window at which the American sat looking at them so intently. The distance between them was not more than thirty feet; yet near as it was, Weeks could have distinguished little more than their mere outlines had not the great lantern, now lit up, shed its flood of light full on their persons, revealing every motion and every feature distinctly to his gaze.

There was a shade of melancholy on the handsome face of the young man as he leaned on the boat-hook with which he had climbed the rocks, and conversed with his fair companion. His black, waving hair fell in profusion over his blue jacket, from the breast pockets of which the silver mountings of a brace of small travelling pistols glinted in the clear lamp-light. His neck was entirely bare, as if the heat of the day or his previous exertions had obliged him to remove his cravat, and his whole bearing and deportment were that of a brave, self-reliant, fearless young fellow, of honest heart and ready hand. Mary Lee stood by his side, dressed in her green kirtle and straw hat, the picture of angelic loveliness. Her face, always smiling before, was now pale and thoughtful, as if the melancholy which shadowed the countenance of her companion had touched her heart. Her petite figure, as she leaned lightly against the rock, her modest eyes,

bent on the green grass at her feet, her long auburn ringlets falling in showers over her shoulders, and above all, her unaffected simplicity of manner, gave her a striking resemblance to those beautiful creatures which Raphael paints in his Espousals of the Virgin. Once or twice she raised her eyes to those of her companion, but she as often turned them away, as if the sadness of his looks gave her pain. His gestures and motions were those of entreaty---but she, on her part, appeared to make no reply---save to shake her head and look up sorrowfully in his face. At length the voice of the light-keeper was heard round the house, calling her in from the approaching storm, and she could stay no longer. As the moment of parting came, she drew from her bosom a little scapular and pressing it devoutly to her lips gently threw it over the young man's neck. She then gave him her hand, and bidding him farewell, sprung round the edge of the rock with the nimbleness of a fawn and disappeared in an instant. Her companion followed her with his eyes as long as she remained in sight, and then carefully concealing the little treasure she gave him in the folds of his breast, slowly turned and left the place.

"Well," said Mr. Weeks to himself as he turned from the window and leaned his elbow on the table beside him, "she's a handsome gal, that---no mistake about it; and that feller looks to be a purty smart kinder chap, too, and not ill lookin, either. But who in creation is he? There's some mystery about him, that's sartin. I could see that by the light-keeper, when the captain inquired his name. But never mind, hold on for a bit, I'll soon learn the secret from mother Curley. That was some charm, I'll bet a fourpence, that thing she put round his neck---some papistry I reckon. But aint she all-fired brazen faced, to go up there right straight before the window?---By cracky, they do up that kinder business sorter strange down here in these diggins---they're ahead of New Jersey by a long chalk. But after all, perhaps it's her favorite retreat, and the feller found her there. She expected him---sartin. I saw that by her face when she came peeking in at the window, and I rather suspect she worn't aware of Captain Petersham's arrival either, or that Ephraim Weeks was in the office with her uncle. Well, she's handsome---that's a fact---and with those hundred and fifty thousand dollars I know of to back her up, she's wife enough for any man. Ah, she little thinks what belongs to her tother side the big pond---and she won't nother--till she's got her nose up to the hitchin post. She'll be skittish, I guess, at first, but I'll take the old woman's advice and coax her to it gently. She can only refuse, do her best, and when she does, why it's then time enough to put the screws on. They're poor as Job's turkeys, that's clear, and it won't be very hard to corner them up in a tight place. A month or two in limbo would settle the old chap's light-keepin, and then the girl, proud and all as she is, might be glad———"

Here he was suddenly interrupted in his reflections by the entrance of the two persons in whom he seemed to be so deepl, interested.

"Here's an impudent, saucy little baggage, Mr. Weeks, who deserves to offer you an apology for her dog's very bad behaviour, to-day," said the light-keeper, leading Mary in by the hand. "Miss Lee, sir, my sister's only daughter. Mary, this gentleman is Mr. Weeks, of Drakesville, Connecticut, United States."

"Ducksville, if you please, Mr. Lee, not Drakesville," said Weeks, after one of his profoundest inclinations to the young lady, "the difference aint much, but still---"

"O excuse me, excuse me, sir," said the light-keeper, "so it is---I made a mistake---Ducksville, my dear, State of Connecticut."

"Allow me to offer you my card," said Weeks, smiling faintly and patronisingly on the young girl, as he drew it slowly out

from the silver case.

"Thank you, sir," she replied, modestly curtesying and accepting the favor, without the least sign of surprise at the strangeness of the compliment.

"I regret very much, sir, the loss of your fishing lines this evening," she said, but if you permit me, I shall replace them."

"Pray, don't mention it," replied Weeks, interrupting her. "You're exceedingly kind, Miss Lee, but I assure you I have lots of such traps to spare, and should, if any thing, rather decline."

"Drake is a very bold fellow in the water, sir, and don't mind his mistress in the least, when there's any thing like game to be seen. But then, he's so good and faithful that that we must forgive him a great many faults. Drake, Drake," she cried, "where are you?" and as the brown curly haired old fellow came in, wagging his tail, she ordered him to kneel down before the gentleman and ask his pardon. But Drake, instead of kneeling as, no doubt, he was taught to do on such occasions, began to growl at the stranger, and would probably have sprung at him to tear him, if Mr. Lee had not promptly interposed his authority, and commanded him to leave the room."

"How very strange," said Mary, speaking to her uncle, "I never saw him act so rudely before."

"Some kink the old fellow has got in his head. But I fear Mr. Weeks will find his first visit to us down here a very disagreable one, so many things have conspired to make it so. First, the loss of his fishing tackle and his fine trout, to boot;---then the absence of the inmates here, and his having to sit so long alone before any one came to bid him welcome---and finally, the unkind and ungenerous behaviour of Drake; why, upon my word, Mr. Weeks, you must think Araheera light a very barbarous place to visit."

"Oh, don't mind---don't mind," replied Weeks. "I can get along, I guess, most any where. We'll make it all right yet. As for the loss of the flies and casting line, I feel quite pleased about it, since it has procured me the acquaintance of so lovely and accomplished a young lady as Miss Lee."

Mary blushed, hung down her head, and tried to say something; bnt her confusion at so blunt and unexpected a compliment silenced her completely. The light-keeper, however, came to her assistance.

"If you talk to her in that style, Mr. Weeks," said he, "you'll play the deuce with her---see, she's all over blushes already."

"We-ll, I generally calculate to speak to the point, Mr. Lee. It was always my habit to be frank with every one, and I can safely say, I should be most willing to lose all the fishing tackle I ever owned, for the pleasure afforded me by this introduction; she's a most beautiful and amiable girl—there's no mistake about it;—and I'm not ashamed to say so, though you are her uncle."

"Mary, the gentleman will set you crazy, if you stay here much longer---away with you," he added, patting her affectionately on the cheek, "away into some corner, then, and hide your blushes; Mr. Weeks will excuse your further presence;" ---and dropping her hand he permitted her to shrink back and glide away like a fairy out of the room.

"Well, I guess I sha'n't wait much longer, either," said Weeks, picking up his cap and preparing to leave. "I see the storm's coming on, and I've got somewhat of a walk before me; but I was just a thinkin to come down here once in a while to have a day's fishin or so, and a talk about the United States at our leisure."

The light-keeper smiled and assured him he should be happy to see him at any time, and cheerfully do all in his power to make his visit to the country, and particularly to Araheera Head, as agreeable as possible.

"And look'e here," said Weeks, buttoning his coat, "if there's any thing I can do

to oblige you in the way of friendship, don't hesitate an instant, but tell me right out. It may happen you'd want a friend's advice, a---well, no matter, you understand me. I'm a single man, Mr. Lee, and have a leetle more at my banker's, I guess, than I've any particular occasion to use. Good afternoon, sir."

"Good bye, and thank you for your good will," said the light-keeper, somewhat surprised at the stranger's liberality. "I shall most assuredly consult with you, Mr. Weeks, when occasion requires it."

"I say, hold on!" said Weeks again, turning back when half way down the avenue, "that bird, you'll not forget to send it, eh?—all right; guess I can get it up for you in pretty good shape." And waving his hand, he set out on his journey to Crohan, the residence of the Hardwrinkles.

CHAPTER VI.

"Ha, ha! very well, I declare! and so here you are at last!" said uncle Jerry, raising his spectacles to his forehead and peering at Dr. Chamberwell as he entered the room, a few days after the events related in the last chapter.

"Good morning, sir, how d'ye do?" said the doctor, "any calls since I left?"

"No; none but Lanty Hanlon," replied Mr. Guirkie, pulling down his spectacles again, and resuming his employment, "and here's a mallard wing he brought me," pointing at it sideways with his eye, "not worth a brass button."

"Don't doubt it in the least," observed the doctor, "couldn't expect any thing else."

"Why—just look at it. Mrs. Mother-y's blue drake out in the yard there has better feathers for a June trout by all odds."

"It looks like the wing of a young gray turkey, don't it?"

"Upon my word it's a fact—the spots are as big as the point of my thumb, every one of them."

"Well you'll find Lanty out yet, some day or other I suspect," said the doctor, sitting down on the sofa apparently much fatigued. "He's the most bothersome fellow in the parish."

"It was about the child he came," resumed Mr. Guirkie, "I had almost forgotten it, about that widow woman's child down at Ballymastacken."

"What's the matter with it?"

"The measles," responded uncle Jerry.

"The measles!"

"Yes, and I prescribed," said uncle Jerry, "in your absence; so I suppose you'll scold me for it, eh?"

"Scold you! no. Why should I scold you? Upon my word, you know quite enough about the profession to turn doctor yourself. And so you prescribed;---what did you give him?"

"Gin, of course---good Hollands, and to be taken freely."

"Capital," said the doctor, "the very best medicine you could order."

"Well, so I thought. But only at a certain stage of the disease, eh?"

"Oh, of course, at the incipient stage!"

"Very true," said uncle Jerry, "that's just it, precisely," and he laid down the fly he was dressing, to wax a silk thread, whilst he still continued the subject, apparently much interested, "that's exactly the very thing; taken at the proper time it's the very best medicine in the world. It saved my life once, in Trinidad, when attacked by the small pox."

"Possible?"

"Yes, sir, and I have invariably recommended it in similar cases, ever since."

"No other calls?"

"None to speak of. That Mr. Weeks was here about his headache, or face ache, or whatever ache you please to call it."

"Neuralgia I rather think; and a pretty troublesome acquaintance it is to get rid of."

"I declare," said uncle Jerry, snapping the thread which he should have had the patience to cut with the scissors, "I declare and vow it matters very little whether he ever gets rid of it. He's but a very poor concern, that same Mr. Weeks."

"Oh, I see you have been disputing again, ha! ha!"

"Very well, it's not my fault if we have. I'm sure I never dispute with any one, if I can avoid it."

": No; but still you manage to do it, notwithstanding," said the doctor.

"Never, upon my word and honor," replied Mr. Guirkie, "except when it's forced on me. (There now that hook's as blunt as the very beetle," and he flung it pettishly into the grate.) "I can't sit patiently by, and hear the man still contending that a red hackle is the best in May and June. You wouldn't expect that, I suppose, eh?"

"He must be very unreasonable," yawned the doctor, his eyes half closed from fatigue and want of sleep, for he had been up all night. "Yes, indeed, very unreasonable."

"It was actually presumptuous, considering all my experience to the contrary."

The doctor made an effort to open his eyes and nod.

"I tried to reason him out of it. Upon my word, I reasoned with him as mildly as I would with a child, but you might as well reason with a madman. Why, sir, he's as wrong-headed as a mule, that man, humble and all as he seems. He's a cheat, doctor, that's the whole sum and substance of it."

"Oh, well," said the doctor, rousing himself a little and speaking in a half irritable, half conciliatory tone, "let him have his own way; the point, after all, is not of vital interest to any body, I suppose."

"No, it's of no great consequence, I allow," said uncle Jerry, raising his spectacles a second time to his forehead and looking across the table at the doctor in a manner more impressive than usual. "No, sir, I admit that freely, but the man is exceedingly presumptuous—remarkably so, for a stranger---and I'm much mistaken, doctor, if you yourself, with all your stoicism, would surrender to such a person without protest. Moreover, sir, the gentleman---if he be a gentleman---should avoid provoking me to argument in my own house where he knows he has me at a disadvantage. I say, doctor, it was very indelicate of him, think what you please about it."

"And why do you let the man trouble you at all, if you think so little of him?"

"Trouble me? Oh! I declare," exclaimed uncle Jerry, taking off his spectacles at last and pitching them on the table with a very dissatisfied air, for he was evidently disappointed in the little interest his friend seemed to take in the subject.---"Trouble me---why, I vow to goodness, he may go to Halifax and fish for sculpins if he like, for aught I care one way or other. But am I bound to adopt his errors against both reason and conscience, am I?"

"By no means, why should you?"

"Very well, then," replied Mr. Guirkie, "that's all I want to know," and as if there was no more to be said on the subject, he reached over again for the spectacles: "I know it's quite right that every man should choose whatever side of a question pleases him best; it's republican and democratic, and has always been my way, and ever shall as long as I live; but still I have no hesitation in saying this much, doctor, that it's morally impossible for the man who never ties a horn on a hare's ear, because the natural fly don't wear horns except in July and August, I say that the man who maintains that doctrine, never caught better than graculs or shiners in his life. That's precisely what I think of it, and I shall take occasion to tell the gentleman so at our next meeting."

"Shall I bring in the breakfast?" inquired the housekeeper opening the door softly, and waiting till uncle Jerry had fin-

ished before she interrupted the conversation.

"The breakfast!" he repeated, checking at once the current of his thoughts and looking across at the doctor, now fairly adoze on the sofa. "The breakfast! I declare that's a fact; well, now, upon my word, I'm the most selfish, thoughtless man in the whole world. There he has been out at sick calls all night and hasn't had a morsel yet to break his fast. Certainly," he replied, nodding at the house-keeper, "certainly, ma'am, send it in by all means."

When the door closed, Mr. Guirkie again resumed his employment, making occasional remarks, now and then, on the quality of the crottel, hare's ear, tinsel catgut and the other various requisites for fly dressing. These observations he intended should reach the doctor, but they did not; for the doctor was asleep. At length having finished the task and put up the materials in their usual place, he came round and touched the sleeper gently on the shoulder.

"Wake up," said he, "and prepare for breakfast, it's just coming in. But how is this, doctor? why dear me! now that I'm near you, one would think you were after a week's march in the Indies. I declare a Sepoy after a three day's drill couldn't look worse. A tedious one, I suppose?"

"Very," muttered the doctor; "very bad, indeed."

"Don't doubt it in the least, you look like it."

"Shocking."

"I declare! and it detained you since midnight?"

"Yes, I left here a few minutes after twelve, with Father John," he replied yawning and rubbing his eyes as he spoke. "You heard the dog bark at the time under your chamber window—I was afraid he might have disturbed you."

"Heard him! why he set all the dogs in the parish a barking, and they didn't stop for an hour after. I declare he's the most unreasonable animal in that respect I ever heard, at home or abroad. Still it's a concientious matter with him I suppose, and so we shouldn't blame him. Hah indeed! it was a very shocking case."

"Fourteen of a crew cast ashore on Ballyhanan beach," said Dr. Chamberwell, raising up his sleepy eyes sympathetically to those of his venerable relation.

"Fourteen of a crew!! Oh, may the Lord have mercy on them!" exclaimed uncle Jerry in pious astonishment. That's awful."

"A schooner from New York, bound for Dublin," continued the doctor. "She foundered off Tory Island four days ago. The crew, with the exception of the first mate, who went down with the vessel, took to the long boat, and after drifting about all that time were at length driven ashore last night on Ballghanan strand."

"May the Lord protect us!" exclaimed uncle Jerry again, slapping his knees with the palms of his hand, and looking terrified at the doctor—"oh dear, oh dear, all dead, all dead?"

"No, no, not *all*," quickly responded the doctor. "Six of them are still living, the rest were dead before we reached the shore."

"The Lord have mercy on them," muttered Mr. Guirkie to himself.

"Were it not for the unwearied attention, and devoted charity of Miss Lee, the light-keeper's daughter, I verily believe every soul of them had perished."

"Perished!—after reaching the shore—that's terrible to think of."

"Well, under God, she was the principal means of saving their lives."

"The angel!" exclaimed uncle Jerry, "I must see her immediately."

"Upon my word I believe she's more of an angel than any thing else," said the doctor.

"She *is* one I tell you—there's no doubt of it whatever—you can see it in her face."

"So you have seen her, then. I thought

you had never called at the light-house since this new keeper came."

"Neither have I. 'Twas at the chapel I saw her—and that, only for a second or two. She was kneeling before the picture of the Virgin, and I declare, glancing from one to the other, I could hardly tell which was the lovelier. I have never forgotten that face since for a single day,—it haunts me sleeping and waking, every feature of it seems to me just as familiar as my own."

"It was really one of the most beautiful sights I ever saw," continued the doctor, "to see her kneeling there on the cabin floor administering relief to to the poor sufferers. She looked to me the very image of a young sister of mercy I used to see long ago, gliding round the sick beds in the Dublin hospital."

"So full of piety, and so gentle," said uncle Jerry.

"Yes, once as she touched the parched lips of the little cabin boy, with a spoonful of wine and water, her tears fell on his face, it was impossible —"

"I know it," said uncle Jerry, "it was impossible to look at her, without—hem, without feeling—hem, it was very affecting."

The warm drops as they fell made him raise his eyes to her face, and then such a look of love and gratitude as he gave her, I never saw on human face before."

"It's the goodness of God, doctor, that sends us such creatures, now and again to reconcile us to our humanity."

"Certainly."

"We should otherwise forget our destiny altogether."

"No doubt of it."

"He scatters them over the dark world, here and there, to brighten and beautify it, as he scatters the stars over the clouded heavens."

"But to return to the sufferers," said the doctor, afraid Mr. Guirkie should fly off into one of his rhapsodies, "one poor fellow, a negro, was all but dead when I left."

"Dear me! all but dead."

"Yes, and had seven of his toes broken besides."

"Lord save us!—seven toes broken!—that's frightful," exclaimed uncle Jerry.

"Four on one foot, and three on the other."

"Most shocking!—and what makes it still worse, he's of the despised race; but the rest—where are they?"

"In the cabin."

"What!—all huddled up together, the living with the dead."

"Why, there was no other place to put them—no house, you know, within a mile of the strand."

"Oh, no! of course not; why should there!" exclaimed uncle Jerry, a little irritated at the disappointment. "Why should there? No, no, there's never any thing where it ought to be. I believe in my soul if there had been a house, not a shipwreck should ever have have happened within leagues of it."

"Don't doubt it in the least," assented the doctor.

"Cross purposes, sir, that's it, cross purposes—every thing in creation pulling against every other thing. It's outrageous—no houses there, where of all places in the world it ought to be—I declare to my conscience it's insufferable."

"I know it," said the doctor, "it's too bad to be sure, but so it chances to be."

"Chances! nonsense—there's no such thing as chance—don't believe in it at all." And clasping his hands round his knee, he lifted up his little leg, and commenced rocking away in his chair—a habit he had when any thing troubled him. He asked no more questions; what he heard already supplied him with materials enough for a picture—and he drew it, and gazed at it, till the tears fell in big drops on the carpet. He saw the poor wrecked sailors, stretched on the damp floor of the warren-keeper's hut, as plainly as if he had been there in

person standing over them."

"Well, there's no use in fretting about it," said he at length, letting his leg fall, and looking out at the rain pattering against the window panes, "it can't be helped I suppose. They'll die, every soul of them, for want of good fresh air and kindly treatment. I know they will. Can nothing be done? I wish to heaven I was there myself; but where's the use of wishing any thing about it; the doctor would never consent to it in such a storm as this. So here I must wait patiently I suppose, and make the best of it. As for that negro, he'll die; oh there's no doubt of it in the world: he'll die, of course, just because he is a negro, and no one care for him. As for Mary Lee, she may be a tender hearted gentle creature as ever lived, and no one who ever saw her once, could think otherwise; but she's a timid fawny thing I fear, and won't venture near enough, to wet his lips with a spoonful of sangaree, or whisper a kind word in his ear, to keep his heart from sinking. Ay, that's the effect of a black skin—always, always. It was just so in St. Domingo and Alabama, and all over the world. But never mind, never mind, there's a good time coming. It won't be so in heaven, ha, ha," and Mr. Guirkie rubbed his hands smartly together, and chuckled at the thought, "no, no, that's one comfort at least, it won't be so in heaven."

"Why, dear me! there's the doctor fast asleep!" exclaimed the house-keeper, laying down the tray with the breakfast on the table. "Please wake him up, Mr. Guirkie, he needs some refreshment, and should take it hot."

"Never mind him," replied uncle Jerry, a little impatiently, "never mind him. Go away, Mrs. Motherly, if you please, and don't jar the door. I'll wake him the next time he turn over;" and wiping his spectacles with the tail of his morning gown, he commenced reading a newspaper that lay on the table.

Now it happened the paper was a week old or more, and Mr. Guirkie had read it over, advertisements and all, a good half dozen times already. For it being the only paper taken at the cottage, he always tried, as he said himself, to make the most of it. It was not, therefore, with a few either to entertainment or information that he snapped it up so suddenly as he did, but merely to divert his mind from thinking of the wrecked sailors, and particularly the negro with the broken toes. Mr. Guirkie, as the reader may have suspected, was gentle and full of tender sympathies, and when a case with any thing peculiarly melancholy in it, like the one in question, chanced to get hold of his heart, he never could manage very well to shake it out of it. It was only, therefore, with the desperate hope of excluding from his imagination the picture he had drawn so vividly but a few minutes before, that he clutched the paper so vigorously between his hands and ran his eye so rapidly over the print. It happened, however, notwithstanding the effort he made that his success was by no means complete, for he soon began a sort of low dry whistle without tune or music to it, evidently intended to help the newspaper. When he had read down half a column or more with this accompaniment, he found it, as he always founded it before, to be a total failure, and that do what he would, the picture kept always breaking in upon him. At last, unable to resist any longer, he flung the newspaper on the floor, and starting up in a sort of desperation, paced up and down the room, his slippers clattering the while against his heels and his hands as usual clasped behind his back.

"Mr. Guirkie," said the house-keeper, opening the door gently, "Mr. Guirkie."

"What," said Mr. Guirkie, turning on his steps and throwing up his spectacles from his forehead till they were lost in his bushy, gray hair, "what's the matter?"

"Lanty Hanlon's come for more of that medicine, sir, and says the child's doin

bravely, and sir, he brought ye the other wing of the wild duck."

"Mrs. Motherly," said uncle Jerry, approaching the door and drawing himself primly up, "I'm engaged. Don't you understand? I'm engaged ma'am."

"Yes, sir, but——"

"Well, but, ma'am, I'm not to be imposed on. That fellow has had more gin already than would cure half the parish---quit the room, if you please, and tell that scoundrel to quit the house."

Again Mr. Guirkie turned to the window and looked out on the stormy sky, muttering to himself all the while in short, ejaculatory sentences. At first they were low and hollow, but grew more audible and the words more distinct in proportion as the picture before his mind's eye grew darker.

"Oh nonsense," said he at last, in a declamatory whisper, for he was still afraid to wake the doctor. "Nonsense! nonsense! there's no use whatever in attempting it. And what's more, there never was any use. It was just so, always, just the same old story over and over again, and I verily believe I'm a greater fool now than I was twenty years ago. Last week I couldn't rest till I saw that distressed widow, just as if it were my business to console widows, just as if it ought to concern me a copper, whether her landlord ejected her or not. But the explanation of it all is, Mr. Jeremiah Guirkie, since that's the name you like to go by, the explanation of it all is, that you're an incorrigible simpleton. Yes, sir, that's the short and long of it. And I saw that very word, last Friday on the doctor's lips, when I gave Lanty the half crown for the hackle, as plain as the light there, only he didn't let it drop. Well, he thought so, of course, why shouldn't he. For ever meddling with other people's business, and neglecting my own. And now, here comes that shipwreck just at the heels of the Weeks' affair to worry me again. Well, all we can say about it, let the negro die, ---why not, he's not the first that died neglected. And why should it concern you?" he continued, stopping short and looking at himself in the mirror above the mantel, "why should it concern you, sir, one way or other? You're mighty charitable, ar'n't you? Take a friend's advice, sir, and mind your own business: you'll have plenty to do; ay, and if the truth were told, more than ever you did do in your life. Of all the people in the world, you're not the very man expected to keep the life in these sailors or solder new toes on that unfortunate negro, are you?"

Here the soliloquy was interrupted by the doctor speaking in his sleep. Mr. Guirkie turned his head slowly around, and stood in that twisted position for a second or two, looking at the dreamer and waiting to catch the next words. There was a wonderful deal of benevolence in his face as it thus appeared in half profile. The little round blue eyes so full of soft and gentle expression---an expression which his recent effort to steel his heart against the influence of pity had not abated in the least, the small mouth with the corners turned slightly up, like uncle Toby's when listening to Corporal Trim, the smooth, unwrinkled, rosy cheeks, and stiff gray hair standing on end, all tended to convince the beholder of Mr. Guirkie's eccentric habits and kindly nature.

Again the doctor muttered something, and then Mr. Guirkie moved gently over and bent his head down to catch the words.

"The negro! the negro!" ejaculated the sleeper.

"That's it---the negro, of course," repeated uncle Jerry. "He must die---that's what you mean."

"Mary Lee," continued the dreamer, "warm blankets!--the decoction!" and abruptly turning on his side he concluded with a groan that told how fatigued he was, after the labour of the previous night.

"Very well," said Mr. Guirkie, kicking off his slippers, "that puts an end to it. I

have no longer a shadow of doubt about my obligations. It's evidently my duty to go down and visit them. That's as plain as the sun, and the doctor's dream is clearly providential," and sitting down on the chair he put on his shoes, and then drew over his leggings from the footstool. "As for the rain," he continued, looking out of the window, "I don't care a farthing about it, one way or other. Neither the heat of Indies nor the cold of the Canadas has taken a feather out of me, yet. I'm just as good for all practical purposes as ever I was. To be sure it rains and blows hard and fast, but I'm no sugar loaf to melt in the rain, nor a jack straw to be blown away with the wind."

Talking in this strain he put on his leggings. But he put them on as he always did, in a very careless, slovenly sort of way ---omitting a button here and there in his way up to the knees. This time especially he was in somewhat of a hurry, and his thoughts had nothing whatever to do with the buttons. Next he opened his desk as silently as possible, and took out what seemed to be a pocket book, looking round stealthily at the doctor as he secured it under his vest, and finally retired to his chamber to don his seal skin cap and drab surtout with the double cape, a riding dress he never laid aside summer or winter, and from which no one in the neighborhood ever thought of dissociating the idea of uncle Jerry Guirkie. These hasty preparations concluded, he stepped on tiptoe from the parlor and closed the door noiselessly behind him, leaving the doctor sleeping soundly on the sofa, and the breakfast cooling beside him on the table.

On reaching the house-keeper's door, however, great as his hurry was he paused and seemed to deliberate. He was thinking whether he should apprise her of his intended journey, or steal out unobserved. There was danger both ways. If he told, she might wake up the doctor and detain him; if he did not, his absence in such stormy weather might occasion alarm for his safety. Three or four times he coughed and hem'd slightly at the threshold, bringing his knuckle each time within an inch of the door, and as often drawing it back. At length, however, the fear of giving alarm predominated, and summoning courage, he knocked—but it was a knock in which there was no sign of authority---or rather it was the gentle tap of a child coming to beg alms at a gentleman's back door.

"Mrs. Motherly!" said he putting his lips to the key-hole and speaking under his breath, "Mrs. Motherly! I'm going out a little, but you needn't disturb yourself. I don't require your services in the least—not in any possible way whatever."

But Mrs. Motherly knew better. She had lived now nearly five years in the family, and understood Mr. Guirkie well, and all about him. Her long residence and her well known fidelity gave her a respectable claim on his consideration, which indeed, however inconvenient he often found it, he never failed to acknowledge. For a long time after she came into the family, Mrs. Motherly kept continually remonstrating with Mr. Guirkie on his foolish ways, as she loved to call them, and frequently when provoked would venture even to scold him sharply, but still in a respectful and affectionate manner---sometimes for his reckless neglect of his health, sometimes for spending his money on objects undeserving of charity, (for uncle Jerry had the habit of slipping a sixpence now and again to the beggars whom Mrs. Motherly thought it her duty to drive from the door,) but most of all for his inveterate disregard of his dress and personal appearance. Of late years, however, she had given him up in despair; relinquishing all hopes of ever being able to correct him, and came at last to the wise conclusion that destined as she was to remain a fixture in the place, and since she could not reform him, why, like a prudent woman, she would let him have his

own way and try to do the best she could for him. Still there was one little peculiarity in Mr. Guirkie's conduct, especially for the last year or so, which Mrs. Motherly sometimes found it rather hard to put up with, and that was, his want of regard for her feelings in presence of third parties —the doctor and his sister of course excepted—this was particularly the case when company happened to be at the house or when he chanced to come across her any where beyond the walls of the cottage.—Alone with her at home he was as tractable as a child; for the fact was, and it may as well be told now as again, the fact was he feared Mrs. Motherly. It's no doubt a lamentable admission, but not the less true for all that. And the reason was clear: Mrs. Motherly was a woman of such excellent qualities in her way, that uncle Jerry could not help entertaining a great respect for her; then she took such a lively interest in his affairs that he felt she had a good right to his confidence, and he yielded it willingly; and last of all, with all her humility she had such force of character, that he generally found it easier to submit than to quarrel with her. Whether our readers of the sterner sex—and we write down the word sex in order to save it from growing entirely obsolete—whether they shall ever agree to adopt Mr. Guirkie's rule of conduct in this respect as the safest and wisest is more than we dare to predict; but still we might venture to say, judging from the present aspect of things and making all necessary allowance for the progressive spirit of the age, that such a revolution in the ordinary relations of life would not, after all, be so very extraordinary an event.

In the house and alone with Mrs. Motherly, uncle Jerry as we have said already was as tractable as a child. He would turn back at her bidding, were his very foot in the stirrup, and sit down to let her sew a button on his shirt or tie a more becoming knot on his cravat—nay, sometimes when hard pressed, would hand her his purse for safe keeping—a precaution, by the way, she generally took when she suspected him of going up to the Blind Fiddler's in the Cairn or down to the widow with the three twins at Ballymastacken. From home, however, or in presence of strangers, he was quite another man. On such occasions, his whole bearing towards her underwent a change. He would draw himself up to the very highest stretch of his dignity, address her in a dictatorial tone, and otherwise deport himself towards her as if he regarded her in no other light than that of an ordinary waiting woman. When any one about the table chanced to make honorable mention of Mrs. Motherly, which indeed those who were aware of uncle Jerry's little weakness often did for their own amusement, it was amusing to see then how the old man would part his lips, throw himself back, and admit with a patronizing air, that she was—really was an honest, trustworthy servant—had her little whims, to be sure, as every one had—but, nevertheless, was a right trusty and obedient housekeeper.

This change in Mr. Guirkie's conduct towards her, Mrs. Motherly was for a long time unable to account for, and the anxiety she felt about the cause of it was far more painful to her than the thing itself.—The secret of all was, however, and the reader must be told it by all means, the secret was, that uncle Jerry's friends were in the habit of plaguing him about Mrs. Motherly; that is to say, about certain little leanings in that direction. They made no direct, specific charges—not one—but they kept forever indulging in sly winks and inuendoes, which mortified the poor man much more than plain downright accusations. Amongst these friends, Mr. Thomas Petersham, or Captain Tom Petersham as he was generally called, held a conspicuous place. Mr. Petersham, as the reader may have seen already, was a good natured, jolly sort of a man as one might care to

meet with any where. He cracked a good joke, rode a good horse, kept a good table, sung a good song, sailed the fast yacht between Fanit Point and the Skerries, and never looked or felt happier in his life than when he had uncle Jerry at his elbow to hob-nob with him after dinner. This gentleman had so often plagued Mr. Guirkie—and he did it in a quiet, provoking way, his eye sparkling the while with the spirit of the grape and mischief together—that the good little man at last thought it prudent to assume a cold and distant reserve towards his respectable housekeeper in the presence of strangers, in order, we suppose, to offset disagreeable suspicions. Now of all men in the world Mr. Guirkie would be the last to think of such an attachment. The thing was entirely out of the course of his thoughts; or if the idea ever could by any chance cross his mind, he would very probably, walk up to the looking glass and laugh himself out of countenance for entertaining it for an instant. He was now sixty years, but as hale and hearty as he was at twenty-five---a wealthy, happy old bachelor, who had travelled half the world over---been in all sorts of society---studied men and books till he grew tired of both, and at last settled down quietly at Greenmount, resolved to spend the remainder of his days and his money as far away from city life as possible, without the remotest idea of ever changing his condition.

As for Mrs. Motherly, poor soul, the thought of a nearer or holier relation between them than that of an honest, faithful servant to a kind, indulgent master, never entered her mind. She never, to be sure, looked on herself as an ordiuary house servant. She was above that, both by early education and household accomplishments, and she knew it; and every one else knew it just as well, the moment she made her appearance. It was as plain as the alphabet. Her clean white apron, her neat well plaited cap, her bunch of polished keys at her girdle, and above all her intelligent, respectable countenance, bespoke at once her authority and the right she had to exercise it. As for any thing beyond that, she never dreamt of it. And so uncle Jerry and Mrs. Motherly lived very happily together, each well satisfied with the other, the latter yielding a reasonable obedience and the former exercising a reasonable authority. If any thing ever did happen, once in a long time, to create a little dryness between them, it was sure to be that unfortunate habit he had of treating her unkindly before company. In vain did she try to shame him out of it, when she had him to herself all alone of a quiet evening after tea---he with his flies and she with her stocking sitting cosily together; in vain did she draw on his nice sense of propriety to rebuke him, nay, sometimes when more than commonly provoked, actually charge him to his face with having taken an ungentlemanly advantage of her position to mortify her. All was in vain. To every complaint she made on that head, uncle Jerry turning away his face to hide his confusion, and making many a *hem* and *hah* to clear his throat, would invariable acknowledge that it might appear strange, but he had his own reasons for it. This indeed was all the explanation he ever gave, and do what she would, all Mrs. Motherly could ever get out of him. But to return.

"Mrs. Motherly," whispered uncle Jerry through the keyhole, "Mrs. Motherly," he repeated in a hard underbreath. "I'm going out a little, but you needn't trouble yourself in the least about it, and please tell the doctor when he wakes, that I'll return presently."

But the good woman turned the key in the lock, before he had quite done speaking, and presented herself before him, her left hand pressed against her plump side, and a look of astonishment, half affected, half real, pictured in her face.

Uncle Jerry raised himself suddenly up

from his stooping posture, and gazed at Mrs. Motherly without saying a word.

"Well," at length ejaculated the latter, breaking silence, "what's the matter?"

"Why!" responded Mr. Guirkie, "what *is* the matter. It's no harm to go out, I suppose."

"No, but what does it *mean?*" inquired the matron, surveying the diminutive figure of Mr. Guirkie from head to foot, "what does it mean, in such weather as this?"

"Well, that's it, it may look a little odd, to be sure, but I can't help it."

"Why good gracious, look at the rain streaming down the window. Is it crazy you are, to venture out in such a hurricane."

"Oh, its not so bad as that, Mrs. Motherly."

"Bad!—it's a downright water-spout."

"Well, never mind—it won't signify. I'll return as soon as possble."

"And where, may I ask sir, do you propose to go?" inquired Mrs. Motherly, folding her arms in her apron, and looking like one who thinks she has a right to put the question.

"Go," repeated uncle Jerry.

"Yes. It can't surely be any thing less than life and death, that would bring you out such a day as this, after the rackin cough you had yesterday."

"Well, that's just it," replied uncle Jerry—"it's a very serious affair; but you need feel no concern about my ketching cold. I'm now very prudent, I assure you in that respect," and he buttoned another button in the breast of his coat.

"Prudent! the Lord be about us, and save us, just listen to that! Well, may I never do harm, if that don't beat Banagher out and out. Prudent, humph! were you prudent, when you gave your new under coat to the Blind Fiddler last week, and came home to me shivering, like an old pensioner in an ague fit—were you?"

"Hush! hush!—you needn't speak so loud, Mrs. Motherly," he replied, glancing at the parlor door, "I acknowledge I was wrong in that instance, and what more can you expect of me?"

"And were you prudent, when you gave the five shilling piece to that villian of an old soldier, Manus McGillaway, till he got drunk and stole six of my geese, that the like of them weren't to be seen in the parish."

"And how could I foresee?—"

"Yes, sir, but you did, though; you knew in your heart and soul he was a thief, and especially when he got drunk, that nothing was too hot or heavy for him.—You knew that well, sir. And what's more, Mr. Guirkie, you encourage the villian in his thievery, to my own knowledge."

"I encourage him?" exclaimed uncle Jerry.

"Yes sir, *you*. When Mr. Petersham sent him that wet day last week for his coat to Castle Gregory, with a token to his sister, it was six bottles of brandy, he asked for instead of the coat, and you gave him a shilling out of your own very fingers, for playing the trick."

"I declare!" exclaimed uncle Jerry again, after a moment's reflection, "I believe I must admit—"

"Oh, admit—you're very good at admissions, but where's the use of them, ar'n't you just as bad as ever, after all your promises and admissions? God help me, any way, my heart's broke with you, so it is."

"Indeed," replied uncle Jerry, rapping his lips with the but of his riding whip, and looking as crest fallen, as a boy caught stealing apples, "indeed it's nothing but the truth, I'm very troublesome, I suppose, to every body I have any dealings with. But you'll excuse me, Mrs. Motherly, it's time I was gone, if I mean to go at all," and he began to side off from his housekeeper towards the hall door.

"Stop," cried Mrs. Motherly, as he lifted the latch, "you're not going out that

way, are you."

"What way?"

"Why look at your leggings," and she pointed towards them with her finger.

"My leggings!"

"Yes, don't you see you've buttoned them on the wrong legs."

"That's nonsense! that's absurd—the wrong legs!"

"Absurd or not, it's the fact, nevertheless, the tongues are both on the inside, and the buttons too."

"Well, I declare," said uncle Jerry, turning his little leg round and round, as if seeking for some pretext, on which to justify the blunder; "I declare," he repeated, "I declare upon my word and honor, it's very strange, but surely I must have been asleep, when I put them on."

"Oh you needn't be trying to make any excuses about it—it's just of a piece with all the rest," said Mrs. Motherly, handing him a chair to sit on, while she knelt down beside him, to adjust the difficulty, "that's the first time you buttoned your own leggings, these five years," she continued, "and you buttoned them wrong. It ought to be a lesson to you, Mr. Guirkie; it ought to teach you, that you can do nothing right."

"Well," replied Mr. Guirkie, with a little more attention in the tone of voice, than usual, "I'm not so particular about the buttons, perhaps, as I ought to be, but it's only a small matter at all, make the best of it."

"Small matter, indeed! I would like to know what part of your dress, you're particular about, large or small."

"Hush, Mrs. Motherly, hush I say, or you'll wake the doctor."

"I'll not hush, sir, I can't hush, I'm responsible for you, and I must speak."

"And can't you speak without raising the town," said Mr. Guirkie, slapping his seal skin cap down on his knees, and scratching his grey head in utter perplexity, "can't you speak with some sort of moderation, ma'am?"

"No, I can't, for you won't let me—but no matter, you may go—you may go, sir," she continued, rising from her kneeling posture, and shaking both hands at him, as if she would shake herself clean and clear of him for evermore. "You may go—I'll not be accountable for you any longer—not another hour, sir, and if you come back dead to us, don't blame any one for it but yourself."

"Mr. Guirkie, lost not a moment in quitting the house, as soon as Mrs. Motherly withdrew her opposition, but rushed out through the rain, ambling his way, as fast as his legs would carry him to the stable, and mounted Scotchy, already saddled and bridled, for a journey.

Hardly, however, had he got his foot in the stirrup, when Mrs. Motherly, accompanied by Dr. Camberwell, whom she had just waked up, came running out to detain him.

But it was too late; uncle Jerry was already in the saddle, and in the act of gathering up the reins.

"Let him go," he cried, as he saw the doctor approaching under an umbrella, bare-headed, and blear-eyed for want of sleep, "let the horse go you scoundrel, let him go," and giving Scotchy a cut on the flank, off he trotted down the avenue towards Ballyhanan beach, the rain pouring on him in torrents, and the cape of his drab surtout flapping about his ears.

"May the Lord pity you, poor man," exclaimed Mrs. Motherly, gazing after him till he turned the corner, "may the Lord pity you."

"Amen," replied the doctor, closing his umbrella at the door, and retreating backwards into the house, "he's an extraordinary individual."

CHAPTER VII.

Quitting the light-house apparently well pleased with his visit, Mr. Weeks threw his broken fishing rod on his shoulder and

set out for Crohan with as much speed as his long shambling limbs and slow habits would admit of. Already it was all but dark, and as the distance he had to walk, some four good Irish miles, and that over rough mountainous roads, he resolved to travel somewhat faster than usual, in order to reach Crohan before the family retired to rest.

And here it should be remarked that the Hardwrinkle family was a very grave and orderly family, a family in fact guided by rule in every thing. They never sat up later than nine o'clock on any occasion whatever. Even the night of Mr. Weeks' arrival, as soon as the deep-toned clock in the great hall struck the appointed hour the seven sisters in the order of seniority rose up each in their turn and approaching their American cousin, bid him good night with a gravity of deportment that well became the high reputation they had long acquired throughout the parish for ostentatious piety and evangelical perfection.

This strict mode of living was by no means new to Mr. Weeks, for he was bred and born in the land of steady habits himself, and therefore could well appreciate the value his cousins set upon that particular family regulation. This feeling added to the danger of being caught in the approaching storm amongst the wild gorges of Benraven, prompted him to tax his physical energies a little more freely than usual.

He had not proceeded very far, however, on his journey, when he found his rapid pace suddenly checked, by a tall muffled figure that rose up before him on the road and requested him to stop.

"Who's there?" demanded Weeks, coming to a dead halt.

"A friend."

"What friend—Else Curley?"

"Ay," said the old woman, wrapping her gray cloak round her head and shoulders, and advancing from the rock where she had been sitting, to the middle of the road.—"Ay, it's me. I stepped down to meet ye at yer up comin, to hear the news. Hem! what's the good word, sir?"

"Why all's about right there, I guess," responded Mr. Weeks, grounding his fishing rod and resting his hands on the end of it.

"Plazed with yer visit, I hope."

"Well yes—got along pretty slick."

"Ye seen her, then," said Else.

"Oh, can't say I saw much of her to speak of."

"But ye think she'll shuit ye, any way."

"Yes, reckon so, she's handsome enough, but kiner skittish, I guess."

"Oh, av course, what else could ye expect at the first goin off."

"No, that's all right. Irish girls are generally somewhat shy at the beginning.—But I've no fear we'll bring her up to the hitchin post."

"Humph!" ejaculated Else, "don't be too sure i' that. Remember she has the ould blood in her veins."

"Pshaugh! humbug! old blood."

"Ye don't believe in that."

"Not I, it's all sheer gammon.'.

"Humph! see that now! E'then, sure we poor crathurs down here always heerd it said that the blood of the Talbots was as hard to tame as the blood of the aigles."

"The Talbots."

"Ay."

"And who are they?" demanded Weeks looking sharply in the old woman's face.

"The Talbots—wby musha thin, did ye niver heer tell i' the Talbots?" said Else, eying him with a very equivocal expression of countenance.

"No—don't remember exactly."

"Hoot, jog your mimery a bit—the name's not so mighty scarce that ye niver heerd it afore. But no matter now, sure, time enough to speak i' them things, when we're better acquent."

"Them things," repeated Weeks, "what things? By golly you're quite mysterious, this evening, old lady: say what am I to un-

derstand by *them* things?"

"Oh, nothin, nothin, worth a talkin of," replied Else, "you're in a hurry now, ye know, and besides there's McSwine's gun tearin away like fury. Ye'd betther make haste sir, or the storm 'll be on, afore ye get home."

As Else spoke, a thundering sound broke like a peal of distant thunder, on the still air and echoed heavily and slowly along the shore and then away among the deep ravines of the mountains. The little fleecy cloud too which but half an hour gone, had been hardly perceptible on the western horizon, had now rolled up in piles dark and dense to the eastward, and past the light house, spread far and wide over the clear sky.

"What's that?" demanded Weeks, turning to look in the direction of the sound. "It's like a heavy broadside at sea, ain't it?"

"Ay," responded Else, "it's not unlike it; but the reports of all the guns on the say and the channell batteries to boot, never carried fear to as many hearts as that can call. God luk to the poor vessels out there the night, they'll need good gear and stout arms to win through Tory Island gut, if this storm catches them within thirty leagues of the coast."

"And what means that bright there? It looks like the flame of a burning ship reflected against the dark heavens.'.

"Oh, that's only from the lantern of Tory light," said Else, "McSwine's gun is just beyond it to the west;" and the old woman in reply to her companion's inquiry explained the cause of its loud report, assigning it of course as all such thing are popularly assigned to a supernatural agency. "It's said," she added, "by the ould people, that it niver was heard afore the Parliament was taken away from us, and niver will stop firing the death gun of the nation till it comes back."

"Pshaugh!" ejaculated Weeks, "what a notion. That's some of your priests' stories, I guess. But, see here, about that Talbot—"

"And there goes the Devil's juloh too," interrupted Else, "look at the spindrifts as they begin to fly across the iron bridge.---Take a friend's advice, Mr. Weeks, and hurry home as fast as you can, for my word on it if ye don't, ye'll find a wet jacket afore ye reach Crohan. Good night, sir, good night," and Else made another motion to leave.

"Stay, hold on," cried Weeks detaining her by the skirt of her cloak, "hold on, I can wait and hear what you've got to say about the Talbots. How can they concern me—eh?"

"Oh, not the laste in the world, how could they, since ye niver heerd tell i' them afore,"

"Well, but still I may have been connected with them somehow unknown to me."

"Ha, ha," laughed the old woman gathering the scanty cloak still closer round her shoulders, as she felt the first breath of the coming storm, and chuckling within its folds, like one of Macbeth's witches gloating over her boiling caldron. "Ha, ha, unbeknown to ye, indeed."

"Come, come," said Weeks, "I want no more fooling just now. You kinder insinewate I had some connection, I hadn't ought to, with folks name of Talbot."

"Hush," said Else looking about her, "don't spake so loud."

"Nonsense! loud! I'm an American born and aint afraid to speak out before any human in creation."

"That's mighty bould," observed Else, "but cowards they say sometimes spake the loudest."

"Well, that's *my* way of doing things, nevertheless."

'And a brave way it is too sir, for them that can carry it through, but sacrets ye know, shud be spoke in whispers, and above all, *deep dark* sacrets," and the old crone fixed her gray weasel eyes on the face of

the Yankee, and then added, "so don't mintion that name again above yer breath, for somebody might be listenin."

"What name, Talbot?"

"Whist! I say, the night's dark."

"Dark! I don't care a brass cent, woman; nonsense! Well, I swonnie if this aint the greatest attempt at humbug I have met since I left—"

"Ducksville," subjoined Else in a low stealthy tone, leering at him the while from under her hood. "And so ye'd like to hear the sacret."

"Yes, out with it," said Weeks confidently, "I aint afraid. If you've got a secret regarding me, tell it. For my part I know of no secret, and I dread none either."

"And might I make bould to ask ye what brought ye here then, if ye hav'n't."

"Why I came to visit my cousins; and besides, that consignment you're aware of."

"Humph, yer consignment, and are the Hardwrinkles yer cousins?" demanded Else.

"Well, mother says so; she ought to know something about it, I guess, being the only surviving sister of the late Mr. Hardwrinkle, and so," continued Weeks, "rather disposed to marry, I took a fancy to offer my hand and fortune to Mary Lee."

"And what wud ye marry her for, if it's a fair question?"

"Her beauty, of course, she has nothing else to recommend her, I reckon."

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed Else, in hoarse hollow tones, that sounded like the voice of the dead from the depths of a church vault, her toothless gums mumbling the words as she uttered them, "ha, ha, her beauty indeed—the beauty of William Talbot's gold, id be nearer the truth, I'm thinkin."

Weeks heard the name, quite distinctly, and the hearing of it seemed to paralyze him, for the fishing rod fell from his hands, without his seeming to notice it.

"Humph!" said Else pursuing her advantage, "marry Mary Lee for her beauty, a girl ye niver set eyes on, till ye seen her, not three hours ago, on Loch Elg.—Hoot, toot, sir, don't be foolish; yer a grate aisy spoken man to be sure, and might pass for what ye plaze with the simple counthry gawkies here on the wild mountains, but as for me, I'm a little too ould in the horn to be blindfolded in that way."

"You misunderstand me, old lady," said Weeks, picking up his fishing rod and endeavoring to compose himself.

"Well, listen to me for a minit and ye'll hear my raisons. Didn't ye bargain with me for my good word with Mary Lee."

"Yes."

"And didn't ye bargain with me moreover if my good word id fail to delude her with spells and charms, an that afore iver ye seen a faiture of her face."

"No, that's a mistake," responded Weeks, "I saw her at the Catholic Chapel before I saw you, and determined to have her at any sacrifice."

"Saw her, may be so, but ye didn't see her face; she was veil'd, wasn't she?"

"Can't say as to that; saw enough at least to know she was a handsome girl.—Why should she be veil'd—eh?"

"Niver mind; she has her own raisons, I suppose, but this much I can tell ye, that many's the little up settin squireen and purse proud *budagh* threw themselves in her way the last twel'month and more, as she went in and out of Massmount Chapel of a Sunday mornin, lanin on her uncle's arm, to stale a glimpse at her 'bonnie 'een,' and got little for their pains when all was done. No, no, sir, ye seen that bright sunny face this blissed day for the first time in yer life, or I'm far out o' my recknin."

"Well, saw enough to know she's a handsome girl," stammered out Weeks, hardly knowing what to say in the face of Else's positive assertion.

"And listen to me again," continued the latter, still following up her advantage,

"why didn't ye thry the girl yerself afore ye came my length? Yer not so handsome that she'd be lakely to fall plump in love with ye, to be sure; but still yer not so ill lookin aither for a foreigner, and then, to the back i' that, ye've as many goold rings, chains and guglygaws about ye, as might set any young crathur's heart a flutterin. Why in the name i' wondher, I say, didn't ye thry what ye cud do yerself afore ye'd go to the expense of engagin me."

"Why I wanted to be spry about it," responded Weeks. "Time's money to me, I count hours dollars and minutes cents. I couldn't afford to wait no how. But pray, how does it concern you what my views and motives are, if I pay your price when the job's done."

"Ay, ay," muttered Else; "that's it—that's it. Ye thought ye'd make short work of it, for fear the sacret id lake out. Humph! I see; and yer cousins, as ye call them, the Hardwrinkles made ye blieve I was a witch I'll warrint, and cud do more with spells and charms, than you with all yer fine airs and boasted riches. Ay, ay, ye thought I was an ould hell born divil ithout sowl or conscience, ready to do yer dirty work an ask no questions aither. But yer mistaken Mr. Weeks, cute as you are ye'll find me just as canny; and I tell ye what it is, may I niver see the sun again, if all the dollars in America, cud buy me over to move one hair's breath in this dark plot, if it wasn't for the sake of Mary Lee, herself."

Weeks paused for an instant ere he replied. The solemn declaration he had just heard, and made with so much apparent sincerity, completely puzzled him. It was a phase in the ould woman's character, he had never noticed before. Already indeed he had penetrated enough to see that she was by no means the kind of person common report represented her, nor such as he took her for himself on his first visit to the Cairn. Since then however, her character had been slowly and gradually developing itself, but still in such a manner as neither to surprise nor startle him. He hardly knew what to make of her. Every mark—every characteristic of the original woman seemed to have gradually vanished one by one. Her decrepitude, her stupidity, her peevishness, her deafness, her blindness had all disappeared day after day, and so completely that at last he could hardly believe in her very identity. The wretched being he found but a month gone, sitting over her peat fire with her goat by her side, and looking as stolid as if all her mental faculties had fled, now stood before him, an active, shrewd, energetic woman. All about her was changed—all save the furrows of her brown skin, and the gray elf locks which still stole out from under the band of her ruffled cap. After such a metamorphosis, what wonder if Weeks began to suspect, (and especially after so solemn a declaration as he just heard) that her reputed lust of gold was like all the other charges made against her, and which he himself had found to be false. And how could he tell now but it was her love of Mary Lee, rather than her love of gold that led her to take so lively an interest in his affairs. But be that as it might, Mr. Weeks felt confused and puzzled to his wit's end, and finally resolved to let Else have her own way, believe what she pleased of him, and carry out her own views to benefit her protege after her own fashion.

"So it's entirely for the girl's sake," he at length replied, "that you consent to aid me in the matter of this marriage."

"Humph, I love gold," responded Else, "but I love Mary Lee better."

"Then you should relinquish your claim on the remaining three of the five hundred dollars I promised you," said Weeks, "since you serve her interests, not mine."

"Not a brass copper of it," replied Else; "not a copper. No, no; so far from that, I'll be expectin another hundred by this time next Thursday."

"Another, whew! Well, well, you shall

have it," said Weeks, promptly, "for after all, it don't matter a punkin seed to me what your motives are, if you only secure me the girl."

"Nor the girl's love or beauty a punkin seed aither, if ye can only make her yer wife."

"Well, don't know about that."

"Hoot, sir, ye know, as well as the sowl's in yer body, that ye don't care a chaw i' tabacky for her beauty. Yer afther somethin ye value more nor beauty, or I'm not Else Curley i' the Cairn."

"You're not what I once took you for, that's certain," replied Weeks. "You may be the d—l for what I know—and just as like as any thing else, for aught I can see to the contrary."

"Ha, ha, I'm not the dotin old crone yer friends id make me out, that id sell her sowl to fill her pockets."

"I required no such sacrifice," responded Weeks. "I employed you to serve me in a perfectly lawful transaction, from which no injury could possibly result to either party."

"Humph! and suppose the girl was left a fortin by a friend in *furrin parts*," said Else, "what then? Who'd be the gainer? I'd like to know."

"Gainer? Why, I guess I'm good enough for her, any way you can fix it, fortune or no fortune," said Weeks, thrusting his hands into his breeches pockets and hitching up his cap behind with the collar of his goat. "Yes, old lady, good enough if she had fifty fortunes."

"Good enough for her!" repeated Else, looking into his face, her thin, wrinkled lips turning up in scorn as she spoke.—"You good enough for Mary Lee!"

"Ay, or for any other Irish girl, by crackie, that ever stepped in shoe leather," cried the Yankee, jingling up the silver change in his pockets.

"Hah, hah!" laughed Else, "that's mighty modest."

"Well, them's my sentiments."

"Yer wakeness, ye mane."

"No, ma'am, my solemn conviction. The son of an American revolutionist is good enough, I take it, for the biggest—darndest old aristocrat's daughter in the land, all-fired proud as they feel."

"May be so, may be so," quietly replied Else. "But if that's yer way i' thinkin, I'd advise ye keep it to yerself. Such talk as that may sound big in America, but it on't go down here."

"Here—and what the tarnation are ye, that an American born can't speak his sentiments right out, just as he pleases."

"Oh then indeed it's true for ye; bad scran to the much we are. But still ye know we have our feelins as well as other people. And in troth now, between ourselves, Mr. Weeks, it's not to say very seemly to hear a man like you, without a dhrop i' dacent blood in his veins comin over here and settin himself up as an aiqual for the best in the land. Wow! wow! sir, it's mighty provokin to see a stranger takin sich airs on himself afore he's a month in the country."

"My dear woman, you're behind the age I guess, two or three centuries down here, in this section. If you only kept run of the times you'd soon come to find, that an American always makes himself at home wherever he goes—that his very name's a passport to every country in creation."

"Bedad thin if ye thry that same passport here I'm afraid it won't take, if ye don't spake a little modester nor ye do now. Little as ye think iv the Irish abroad, faith there's some i' them at home here, that'll make ye keep a civil distance, if ye don't keep a civil tongue in yer head.—Mind that, sir, and don't forget it, aither, as long as yer in the country."

"Well," said Weeks, somewhat taken aback by Else's contemptuous disregard of a claim, which he thought irresistible all over the world, and especially in poverty-s'ricken Ireland, "well, I was always taught to reckon a free born American

good enough for any woman in creation, and I rather think, old lady, you'll have to try hard before you unsettle that opinion. Cousin Nathan—I mentioned his name once before, I guess—cousin Nathan was considerable of a shrewd man in his way—as shrewd, I presume, as most men in that section of the country—well, he was a man that was always posted up in every thing relating to Europe and European aristocracy, and he told me often and often that a free born American was good enough ——"

"Paugh! free born fiddlesticks!" exclaimed Else, "What the plague do we care about yer free born Americans or yer cousin Nathans aither. We're obliged to ye to be sure, for sending us over what ye did in our time of need, an ill it be our common to forget it, or indeed our childher after us for that matter, but in the name i' patience have sense, and don't take the good out in all ye do by going about boastin and puffin yer Americanism that way, like an Auctioneer selling calicoes at a fair."

"Boasting," repeated Weeks, "well, there! Boasting, why if there's any thing in this world I hate more than another, it is boasting. I never boast—never. The people of these old reduced nations here, may boast, and the poorer they happen to be, the greater braggarts they are. But our nation is too dignified, too intelligent for that; she's too great to stoop to such trifles. No, no, I merely stated a fact, and I repeat it again, that a free American, a son of the immortal Washington, is good enough for the best and the highest blood in creation."

"Very good," said Else, "every body has a right to his own opinion, I suppose. But don't talk that way to Edward Lee, if you don't want to pick a quarrel with him. For never was flint fuller iv fire than ye'll find him if ye touch his family pride by such presumin talk as that."

"Well, hold on a bit. I've got an all-fired sure way of bringing down that same family pride a peg or two, and without a quarrel either. See if I ha'n't."

"Why, indeed an word," said Else, "and to tell ye truth, may be that itself wudn't be the worst thing ye cud do after all, for I'm thinkin they'll have to be beggared before they're betthered, the crathurs.

"What does that mean?" demanded Weeks.

"Why, that afther all our schamin, Mary Lee won't have ye till she finds there's no other way to save herself and uncle from the poor-house or the jail."

Whilst Else Curley was yet speaking the crack of a pistol made Weeks turn his eyes quickly up in the direction of the little cabin on the Cairn. The night, however, was so pitchy dark, that he could see nothing beyond the edge of the road, and still judging from the sharpness of the report, he suspected the weapon must have been discharged within a dozen paces of where he stood. Wondering what this could mean in a spot so remote and a night so dark and threatening, for the breeze of evening had now changed into occasional gusts, and big drops of rain began to fall so heavily as to disturb the dust under his feet,—wondering and still keeping his eyes turned towards the Cairn, he was again startled by a shrill whistle twice repeated, and seemingly as close to him as if it had come from himself. Turning short to demand from his companion what this signal meant, and why she replied to it, he found much to his surprise and vexation that he stood alone—Else was gone. The moment after, however, an answer came to his question, but in a form somewhat different from that in which the astonished American had expected. For hardly had he called the old woman a second time to come back and explain the mystery, when a flash of lightning, instantly followed by a clap of thunder, shot across the road and revealed for a second

the form and face of the handsome young sailor, whom he had seen conversing with Mary Lee but an hour before on the edge of the precipice. It was but a single flash and lasted no longer than the twinkling of an eye, and yet he saw the young man distinctly—standing on a little knoll within a short call of him, and resting on the boat hook in the very position he had seen him last.

Weeks' first impulse was to follow Else and demand an explanation. The presence of the stranger in fact, at such a time and place, appeared to him rather suspicious, and being inquisitive by nature as well as somewhat apprehensive of Else's fidelity, he resolved to have the mystery cleared up at once, let the storm rage as it might.

With this magnanimous intention, he strided over the low fence on the road side, and boldly advanced up the hill towards the Cairn. Breathless, as much from agitation of mind as of body, he made his way within fifty paces of Else's cabin, full determined to have his mind satisfied at all hazards —when, alas for human hopes! he was again destined to meet with disappointment; for just as he had gained the top of the first slope, Nannie presented herself before him, right in the middle of his path. In a second he came to a stand still; the halt, in fact, was as sudden af if he had run against a post.

"Well, there!" he exclaimed, gazing at the old white goat standing before him as stiff and resolute as a sentry on guard—"there! you're ready for mischief again, I see; but go ahead, old belzebub, I'll be darned if you stop me this time," and clutching his fishing rod Celtic fashion, he straightway put himself on his defence.

Nannie, true to the well known habits and instincts of her species, now backed slowly away, till she had receded some ten or twelve paces, and then rearing on her hind feet for an instant made a rush full against the intruder, and would probably have upset him, but Weeks who had some experience of the animal already, evaded the blow by stepping aside at the critical moment, and as she passed struck her on the horns. The goat however seemed not to notice it in the least; for immediately turning and running up the hill to intercept him, she again drew herself up in a position to renew the encounter. It should here be said perhaps, that Nannie had somewhat the advantage of Mr. Weeks, inasmuch as the latter was a stranger in the country, and had but a very indifferent knowledge of the use of his weapon; whereas Nannie, according to common report, was already the "hero of a hundred battles." Besides, she knew her ground better and could see more distinctly in the darkness. With such odds against him, however, Mr. Weeks did his devoir bravely and showed no lack of courage in addressing himself to so strange a combat. At length Nannie again rose up and plunged forward as before with a furious rush, and again missing her aim received a second blow on the horns as violent as the first.

"Come, old she-devil—half catamount, half Lucifer—fire up again; I'll teach you a Yankee trick or two, come on old rattlesnake." But Nannie it seemed was not disposed to renew the encounter so readily as he expected; and taking it for granted she would a second time repeat her manœuvre of running on before him and heading him off, he resolved to benefit by her loss of time in checking her headlong course, and have the start of her for the Cairn. With this object in view he made all possible haste up the hill, and had gained on her a considerable distance, when all of a sudden, and without the slightest anticipation of it on his part, something struck him from behind and threw him back headforemost down the hill. A statute of stone thrust back from its pedestal down an inclined plane, could not have fallen more helplessly than did Ephraim Weeks. The crash of his body on the beaten foot path might have been heard distinctly at the

cabin. He was now completely at the mercy of his enemy. Twice he essayed to regain his feet, and twice did Nannie lay him flat on his back. At length, however, he succeeded so far as to scramble up on his knees, and—as the goat now in the heat of encounter closed in upon him, no longer retreating and advancing as before,—he finally seized her by the horns, and speechles, breathless, furious, there he held her. But what was he to do now? He could not remain kneeling, in that attitude looking in his enemy's face all night, amid the rain and lightning. He was sorely perplexed, for never was he between two such horns of a dilemma before. To let go his hold and strike with the butt of his fishing rod, would only enrage her the more, without in the least extricating him from his embarrassment, and to hold her with one hand, whilst he drew out his pocket pistol (a weapon he always carried about him) with the other, was more than he could accomplish. In either case he was likely to find himself as helpless and prostrate as ever, before he could strike a blow or draw a trigger.

"Tarnation seize ye," he cried, looking into the animal's face and shaking her by the horns "are you man or beast or devil or what ye?"

Nannie bleated a reply. It was her defiance *a l'outrance*.

"Oh good heavens!" cried Weeks in accents of despair, "is there such another country as this in all almighty creation? Here I am on my knees, pelted with rain, half singed with lightning, and nearly beaten to a mummy by a goat, the very first day I entered on my plans and speculation."

But this condition of things could not long endure—and so Mr. Weeks at last prudently determined to run for it, since he could see no other way of terminating the fit. It was the resource of the coward, to be sure, but what else could be done?—Making a desperate effort, therefore, he threw the goat on her side by a sudden wrench of the horns, and then jumping on his feet fled down the hill, over the fence, and along the road, as fast as his long legs could carry him, cursing lustily as he ran, the unlucky day he ever had the misfortune to meet Else Curley of the Cairn. And here we must leave him to pursue his dreary journey, and return to other actors in the play.

CHAPTER VIII.

Castle Gregory, the family seat of the Petershams, on the banks of Loch Swilly, was an old fashioned place as could be seen any where in Ireland or out of it. Standing all alone, cold and bare against the side of a mountain, it looked more like a Rhenish fortress or soldier's barrack than a gentleman's residence. To the traveller whether he approached it by sea or land, it presented a bleak and desolate appearance. There was neither tree to shelter it from the storm, nor portico to break the blast from the hall door. It consisted of several piles of buildings erected at different periods and jumbled together without the least ornament, or the slightest regard to congruity of outline. High dormer-windows and tall brick chimneys rose up together in remarkable confusion, and so closely packed together that all the swallows and jackdaws of the parish seemed to gather there in the season to build their nests. As to the pleasure grounds, if indeed they could be so called, they had neither gate or stone wall to inclose them. All round about the place was open and bare; indeed save a few acres of green lawn before the hall door where the old sun dial stood between the two lions *couchant*, there was nothing to be seen any where but bent and sand hills. In front of the castle, Ballymastocken strand and rabbit warren stretched away to Rathmullen head, from the brow of which Dunree battery pointed its guns across the narrows of the frith, and behind

it Sugar Loaf Hill rose up a like a pyramid with its little coast guard-station and signal pole on top.

Approaching Castle Gregory by water, from the direction of Araheera point, the immense precipices which line the southern shore, completely hide it from the traveller's view, till he comes within an oar's length or two of the usual landing place. It was on this account probably, that the occupants of a small sailing boat, which glided up the channel the evening after the painful events related in the second last chapter, seemed quite unconscious of their near proximity to the place, for the steersman put up his helm, and sent the boat sheering away in an opposite direction, just as she had almost touched the nose of the quay.

"Hilloa! there," exclaimed one of the passengers. "Where away, now? you're taking us over to Innishowen instead of Ballymastocken. Put her about man, put her about directly."

"Why, sir, you must be mistaken," said the man at the rudder.

"Not very likely," replied the first speaker. "After boating about here nearly every week of my life for the last fifteen years, I should know the lay of the land at least."

"Well there's Doughmore, where you see the smoke—and there's Burncranna —"

"Burn—fiddlesticks! don't you see the spars of the 'Water Hen' here over the rocks behind us; round with her sir, and let us ashore."

"Begorra, I believe you're right," muttered the skipper giving the helm a jerk, when he saw the mistake. "You're parfectly right, Father John—what in the world could I be thinkin iv!"

"Some deviltry, I suppose, what you're always thinking of."

"Oh don't be so hard on me, yer riverince, you can't expect every one to know the place as well as yourself after cruisin about here on sick calls so many years."

"Humph! Oh ay. You're a pretty pilot, to carry us through these rocks and currents," continued the priest, in a half bantering, half serious tone. "If you knew only half as much about piloting as you do about poaching, you would do well enough —there now—take care of the shoals here —steady that, steady that, and the tide will set us into the basin itself."

When the boat touched the ground, the steersman stepped ashore and drew up her bows as far as he was able on the hard beach, (for it seemed the regular landing place at that time of tide was rather inconvenient for his purpose) and then prepared to land his passengers.

"Lane on me, yer riverince," said he, as the priest stood with his foot on the gunwale ready to jump, "lane on me, the shore's rough."

"Yes, lean on you, till you break my neck, as you came within an inch of doing last week—away—I'll never trust you again."

"But you'll hurt yer feet, Father John," persisted the skipper, with more concern for the clergyman's safety than the danger seemed to warrant.

"Never mind my feet—stand off—I'll none of your help."

"Why these hard, rough pavin stones—they're terrible on the g—— on tinder feet, I mane; plaze yer riverince, just lane on me once more."

The priest as he stood there with his foot on the gunwale appeared to be a man of middle age and stature, and active enough, one would suppose, to jump twice the distance; but the skipper, who was evidently a humorous fellow in his way, had probably discovered his weak point, and seemed disposed to teaze him about it in requital for his having rebuked him in the presence of strangers.

"You may take my word for it I'll lean on you some of these days, my good fellow," said the priest, pushing the skipper

aside, and stepping ashore with the greatest ease imaginable. "I'll lean you the right way, too."

"But shure, yer riverince, accordin' to yer own words, we're all bound to forgive one another.

"Very well, sir, I have a crow to pluck with you, notwithstanding."

"A crow!" retorted the skipper, "be-dad, sir, that's tough picking. But sure if ye'd accept of a brace of grouse or wild-duck, I'd bring them up —"

"Hold your peace, Lanty Hanlon," exclaimed the priest, (for the skipper was no other than our quondam friend) "hold yer peace, you're growing quite too malapert of late. Perhaps if you thought I heard all about your treatment of Mr. Johnston's gamekeeper, last Monday night, you would hardly be so bold."

"Me! sir."

"Ay, you, sir."

"Why now just listen to that, gentlemen. May I never do harm if it don't beat Banagher out and out, upon my conscience it's the most astonishin —"

"Oh you needn't affect all that innocent surprise," said the priest, interrupting him. "I know you too well to be hoodwinked in that way, Mr. Hanlon. So not another word now but make haste and land your passengers."

"Oh to be sure—av coorse—that's always the way with ye," muttered Lanty, making a show of hauling up the boat's side to the beach. "Oh no, why shud I be allowed to clear myself. Av coorse nobody in the whole parish does the laste harm in life, from Monday mornin till Saturday night, but Lanty Hanlon. But isn't it mighty odd," he continued, winking slily at one of the occupants of the boat, "how bad entirely he feels about the game-keeper, when, if report be true, he was himself once in his days, the terror of all the game keepers in the barony. But it's not that ails him—there's somethin else in the win. I'll wager he's angry about that salmon I sent him last week," and closing one eye hard, he looked with the other at a little man seated apparently in the bottom of the boat. "Sure if I cud only be sartint it was that, I'd ask his pardon and promise niver to do the lake again."

"Ha! ha! Capital, capital, Lanty," ejaculated the little man from under the thwarts—"promise never to send him a salmon again, if he only forgives you, he! he! excellent, I declare!"

"Salmon! What salmon, sir, do you mean?" demanded the priest.

"Oh nothin worth speakin of, yer riverince," replied Lanty, pushing up his rabbit skin cap from his eyes, and giving the boat another pull, "nothin but a small twenty poundher I speared under Mr. Watt's mill-dam and sent up to the house-keeper for your Friday's dinner; but av coorse yer riverence niver suspected how it came or ye wudn't taste a morsel of it for the world."

"Ha! ha!" laughed the same voice, "that's it, give it to him, Lanty—that's just his deserving."

"Lanty Hanlon," exclaimed the priest, laughing at the joke himself, for he saw in an instant he had been made unwittingly to entertain those very friends now sitting in the boat to a poached or stolen salmon, last Friday at dinner, despite all his public threats and denunciations against so unjust and mischievous a practice. "Lanty Hanlon," he repeated, "should you attempt such a trick again, you may depend on it I shall report you to the constabulary."

"Hah! Lanty, listen to that—eh, how very big spoken he is; why I vow and declare, Lanty, I hav'n't seen a bit of game at his table these five years but he threatened to throw out of the window."

"Oh it's wondherful, yer honor, how mighty tender his conscience is in regard of game; but isn't it quare, sir, this weakness niver comes over his riverince while there's a bone to be seen on the table afore him."

"Hold your scandalous tongue," cried the good natured priest, raising his cane over Lanty's head, "hold your impudent tongue, I say, or I'll be tempted to make this acquainted with your ears," and shaking the weapon at the provoking fellow he moved away from the shore, out of hearing of his voice.

", Mr. Horseman," said Lanty (now that Father John had gone off beyond earshot) and changing his voice from the long drawl of the dry humorist to a more business-like tone. "Mr. Horseman be plazed, sir, to step ashore, till we thry and lift that crathur out, he looks like a mummy poor sowl, he's so quate and paceable."

The individual named Horseman, had been attentively reading a book through a pair of gold spectacles all the time since the boat came in sight. So absorbed indeed was he in the subject, that he never raised his eyes even for an instant, during all the previous conversation, not even when the boat first struck the beach and shook him in his seat.

"Come, sir," repeated Lanty touching him on the shoulder, "step out av ye plaze, we must hurry or be late."

"What's the matter now?" demanded Horseman in a deep gruff voice, raising his eyes and looking about him as he spoke.

Lanty again repeated his request.

"Humph," ejaculated the other, growling out his dissatisfaction at being disturbed, and limiting his reply to the monosyllable, he rose slowly up from his seat, squirted a shower of tobacco juice from the corner of his mouth, and stalked over the boat's side with the book under his arm.

It may be as well perhaps to say a little here of this gentleman's personal appearance, since he happens to be somewhat concerned, (though it be indirectly) in the moral of our story; a word or two may serve to give the reader an idea of his personality, which to keen observers of character is not by any means a bad item to begin with.

He was a man somewhere about fifty-five years of age, of rubust constitution and muscular frame. His chest was broad and round as a gladiator's, and his height full six feet or upwards. His features looked coarse and strongly marked, and his skin rough and swarthy like one born under the tropics. As he turned to gaze back on the long white beach, where the waves broke in regular succession in the calm summer's evening, the expression of his face was stern and dark. Still though repulsive, he was not in any sense a vulgar looking man. On the contrary, there was that in his [illegible] which spoke him a man of deep study and strong, vigorous intellect. His dress was a plain blue dinner coat with gilt buttons, (which now as he moved up from the shore, appeared somewhat shorter of skirt than the fashion of the times warranted) a buff summer vest, and pantaloons of gray kerseymere, which like the coat appeared to have been also rather stinted in the measure.

After gazing about him for a while, he walked leisurely up to where the priest stood, and folding his arms on his broad breast turned his face once more to the beach and began to converse with his reverend companion. The attitude he assumed, and the air of self satisfaction with which he pursed out his lips when he spoke, could hardly fail to impress the most careless observer with the conviction, that he was a man quite conscious of his own mental powers and fully alive to a sense of his own personal importance. But we must leave him for the present with the priest and return to the remaining occupants of the boat.

"It's a bad case," said the little man under the thwarts, "a very bad case. I'm afraid one great toe and the two little ones are gone, entirely."

"Oh well, sure if they're gone atself, yer honor, he can do very well without them," replied Lanty, "two or three toes, is nei-

ther here nor there."

"Certainly not in one respect, I admit—but this is an extraordinary case, Lanty, you can't deny that. It's a very deplorable case, and calls for a world of sympathy," and as the speaker raised his eyes up to Lanty's face, now bent over him, there could be no mistaking the mild, benevolent countenance of uncle Jerry Guirkie.

Lanty looked kindly down for an instant on uncle Jerry's upturned face. Not a word he said, for there was no need of saying any thing; but the smile on his honest countenance was more eloquent than words, it seemed to say as plainly as looks could say it, "God almighty bless you for your kind heart—you're the best sowl in the whole world."

"I hope," said uncle Jerry endeavoring to draw up his little gaitered legs from their painful posture, stretched out as they had been so long in the bottom of the boat, "I hope the poor fellow may be nothing the worse for the long voyage."

"Oh, begorra there's not a bit a fear of him," replied Lanty, "the craythur's as strong as a bullock. But isn't it mighty strange, sir, ye tuck such a liking to him all at once; why one id think you had Christians enough down there to take yer pick and choice iv, insted of carrying away a blackamoor like that with ye."

"Why the difference is only in the skin, Lanty."

"The skin! bedad, sir, and that atself's no thrifle."

"Well, but he's a Christian."

"What!—that fellow?"

"Yes, indeed, that very negro, and, perhaps a better Christian, than a great many of us."

"Hah, hah, ha," cried Lanty, breaking into a loud laugh, in spite of his stoical gravity, for he had never seen a negro before in his life. "Hah, ha, Mr. Guirkie, I see you can joke as well as another.—But come, we must thry to lift him out any way, whatever he is."

"I don't joke upon my honor, Lanty. He's really a Christian."

"Oh, it's no matter, sure I don't care a pin about it, he's good enough in his own way I'll warrint—let me help you out sir."

"Nonsense, Lanty, you don't seem to believe me; I tell you again he's a Christian, like yourself, and perhaps if the truth were known, a much better one too," repeated uncle Jerry, slightly vexed at Lanty's incredulity.

"Well bedad, yer honor," replied the incredulous Lanty, scratching his head, "I can't spy the compliment's very flatherrin, any way. Feth, may-be it's in regard of his strength of religion you like him so much, sir."

"No, not for that either. It's because one of his race saved my life once in Alabama, at the imminent risk of his own, and I made a vow then never to forget it to the poor fellows wherever I met them. There's another reason besides, I know their natures better than most of my neighbors here, and think I can nurse him with greater comfort to himself and pleasure to me."

The unfortunate African, of whom Dr. Chamberwell had told so pitiful a story, was there indeed in *proprio colore*, sitting down low in the boat and resting his back against uncle Jerry's breast, while the kind hearted soul's little arms encircled the sufferer's breast, with as much tenderness as if it were his own son he had rescued from the jaws of death, and was now bringing back with him in triumph to his paternal home. In this affectionate manner he supported the poor invalid all the way round Araheera point from Ballyhernan to to Castle Gregory, a distance of nearly ten miles. Often did he speak to him during the voyage in the kindest and most soothing tones, carefully did he wrap the blankets closer and closer round his all-but naked shoulders and stiffened limbs, and pour into his parched lips a mouthful of cordial from his pocket flash. Once only

did the party stop on their way, and that was at the light house, to exchange courtesies with Mr. Lee and his fair niece, and inquire after the little cabin boy, whom the latter had carried home with her that morning in her cockle shell over Loch Elg. At the priest's signal, Mary came running down the steps to great him, and receive his blessing,—which indeed the good man seemed to give with all the fervor of his heart,—whilst uncle Jerry looking lovingly up in her face, stole her hand back and kissed it with a tender respect, that was in admirable keeping with his own modest character and the maiden's pure and gentle nature. When the boat shoved off, the fair girl ran up the steps, and stood for a minute or two on the edge of the precipice, under which the boat passed, her face radiant with smiles, and her uplifted hand waving adieu like a spirit about to ascend into the regions of air.

During the remainder of the voyage hardly a word was spoken. The priest and Mr. Horseman had been discussing questions of theology and canon law all the way from Ballyhernan to the lighthouse, and now, on resuming their journey, seemed to think they had said enough on those grave subjects for the present, and turned to occupy the remaining time each after his own fashion. Father John opened his breviary and began to read his office. Mr. Horseman drew out a number of the "British Quarterly" and pulled down his gold spectacles from the top of his head, where he had put them out of his way. Uncle Jerry gave the negro a mouthful of wine and gathered the blankets close round him, and Lanty Hanlon took another hitch on the running sheet, and laid himself over quietly in the stern. In this way the little party composed themselves to rest after the fatigues of the morning, while the boat glided slowly up the loch. As they rounded Rathmullen Head, however, an accident occurred which might have proved of serious consequence to the whole party.

At this point Rathmullen Mountains runs out into the Frith till it almost butts against Dundrum Bluff on the opposite shore. On each of these headlands a battery of of some ten or twelve guns protects the narrow channel, and so strong is the current here, particularly at half-tide, that it is quite impossible for a sail boat to stem it, except under a strong breeze from the mouth of the loch. Lanty saw the ebb-tide was beginning to tell upon him as he reached this spot, and making the helm and sheet fast, he stepped forward and slipped the bow oars to help him against the stream; but hardly had he pulled half a dozen strokes when a large boat, rowed by four stout men and steered by a tall old woman wrapped in a grey cloak, shot out from one of the dark corners under the headland, and passing the jutting rock, round which he was endeavoring to make his way, struck his little craft so violently as almost to jerk his unsuspecting passengers out into the sea. As it was, he lost one of his oars, which, breaking the rowel pins, came within an inch of breaking his own head as it swept round and fell overboard.

"Hah!" cried Lanty, when the boat righted again after the stem of the other had shaved its way down her side, and fell off across her stern into the stream, "Hah! that was near nickin."

"Who are they?" demanded the priest, turning suddenly to look after the boat.

"If she's living, that's Else Curley, of the Cairn, in the stern sheets," replied Lanty, "I know her by the hood of her cloak."

"What, the blind fiddlers wife!"

"The very woman, sir; she's round here on some smuggling trip, I'll warrint her."

"Rather old I should think for such work."

"Humph!" said Lanty, "you know little about her, I see;" and trimming his boat again, he succeeded at length in passing the rock and gaining Castle Gregory's

landing place, as we have already seen. But to return to Mr. Guirkie.

After some little exertion the latter succeeded in extricating his limbs from their disagreeable position, and with Lanty's help found himself safe at last on *terra firma*. The three gentlemen then came together to consult about transporting the negro to Greenmount. Uncle Jerry was for sending immediately to the next village for a horse and cart, and stretching him on a mattrass laid on the bottom of it. Mr. Horseman, on the other hand, thought he might do very well in the boat-house for the night, with some clean straw, and Lanty to watch with him; more especially as the boat-house was close at hand and the night pleasant and warm; while they themselves could return home and send over an easy conveyance next morning. But the priest was of a different opinion from both, and thought it much better for all parties to sleep at Castle Gregory. "The night would be very dark," he said, "the roads both deep and rutty after the late rains, and, besides, t'would take two hours, at least, to procure a suitable conveyance for the negro if they carried him home, or for themselves if they left him behind." As to accommodations for the invalid, he had no doubt Mr. Petersham would cheerfully order him a comfortable berth and send his servants, besides, to carry him up to the Castle. After some objections on the part of Uncle Jerry on the score of delay and the immediate necessity for medical attendance—objections which we fear very much were a little aggravated by the dread of Mrs. Motherly's grave displeasure at his long absence—and on the part of Mr. Horseman against, what he called, an unpardonable intrusion into a gentleman's family, particularly at so late an hour, and accompanied, as they were, by a notorious poacher and a half-dead negro; "hawking the latter about all day," he added, gruffly, "in a most absurd and ridiculous manner, from house to house and rock to rock, till he expected the whole country round should ring with it for the next twelve-months to come." After these objections, we say, were made and disposed of, the party, at last, concluded to leave the negro with Lanty, in the boat-house, and put up at Castle Gregory for the night. Accordingly, they advanced to the house, and Father John, raising the knocker, knocked loudly at the door.

CHAPTER IX.

Mr. Ephraim Weeks, as the reader may have already suspected, came to Ireland to speculate in matrimony and tobacco. He left home with a cigar in his mouth, and stepped aboard the packet as she moved past the wharf, with as careless and indifferent an air as if he were dropping down to Sandy Hook to visit a friend. As to meeting with any serious obstacle, in a country whose inhabitants, to take them in the lump, were no better than South Sea Islanders, he never dreamt of it for a moment: why should he? He knew what the Irish were, every soul of them, and could read them through as he could the alphabet. He met them on the wharves, on the railroads, on the steamboats, in the police offices, saw them dramatized on the stage, tried at the bar and dissected in the pulpit. In a word, he knew what they were at home in Ireland, just as well as if he had been living with them there all his life time. What had he to fear? He had succeeded so far in various speculations in New England, and how could he possibly fail in a land of such ignorance and beggary as Ireland. To be sure, there must necessarily be some intelligent men in the country—it could not well be otherwise—but what of that—there were no smart men amongst them. *Smartness* to him, was every thing. It was the embodiment of all the virtues, moral and intellectual—the only quality for which man deserved

admiration or respect. The estimate he formed of his neighbor's moral worth was not in proportion to his integrity of character, but to his ability for speculating and driving hard bargains. The man who contented himself with a competence and a quiet life at home, he despised, but the jobber in stocks, who was smart enough to make a hit on change, though he risked half a dozen men's fortunes in the chance, was the man after his heart. Such were Mr. Weeks' sentiments. Nor was he much to blame for them either. For he was bred and born in the midst of speculators. Every man he met in the street, from the news-boy to the judge, from the policeman to the governor, was a speculator in something. He began himself, in his very infancy, to speculate in marbles and hobby-horses; and if he made but a cent a week, his father patted him on the head, and prophesied his future greatness. When arrived at man's estate, he found himself in the company of young men, whose sole study was to make money in the easiest manner and shortest time. He saw them every where engaged in some kind of traffic—no matter what, if it only happened to be literature. Whilst in other countries each grade in the community had its own legitimate trades and occupations, it was not so in the States. There was a universal scramble, in which every body snatched at what came the handiest. The tailor dropped his needle and mounted the stump, the lawyer burned his briefs to trade in molasses, the shoemaker stuck his awl in the bench, and ascended the pulpit, and the shop-boy flung his yard stick on the counter, and went off to edit a Sunday newspaper. Surrounded on all sides by such influences, what could Mr. Weeks have possibly been but what he was—a speculator in chances—a man of one idea—one object—one aspiration—money.—Learning was nothing in his estimation, if it failed to realize money; nay, the highest mental accomplishment was not only valueless but contemptible without money. In this respect, Mr. Weeks represented a large class of his countrymen of New England—we say a class, for it would be unjust to say more. After having passed through various trades and professions in the middle ranks of American life, he was now at last a country lawyer, of limited practice, and all things considered, a pretty fair specimen of his countrymen in the different grades of society through which he had graduated. He was not an American gentleman by any means, either in habits or education. That was plain the instant he spoke a word or moved a muscle, and those of his fellow citizens who could rightfully claim that distinction, would never have recognized him as one of their number. He was, in short, a Yankee—a man to be met with every day and every where—on the side-walks—at the banks—in the theatre—in the cars—standing at hotel doors picking his teeth—or lobbying for a patent right behind his agent's back in the senate house. But to return.

With such views and sentiments as we have here ascribed to Mr. Weeks, it may be easily conceived, with what assurance of success he landed in Ireland, and with what confidence he entered on his plans and speculations. The venture of tobacco was only to defray expenses, according to the custom of his country, but the possession of Mary Lee as his lawful wedded wife, was the great secret of his journey. Why it was so, the sequel will tell. It appears, however, he had but a limited time to accomplish his designs, for hardly had he reached Crohan, when he called to see Else Curley. The reputation she had acquired, all the country round, for an ungovernable passion for gold, and the wonderful stories told of her power led him to attempt the gaining of her over to his interest by tempting her cupidity, and that she as a secret agent might do that which it would otherwise require a long courtship to effect. How his expectations were met,

in this respect, will be seen in due course of the story. For the present we must leave him to battle with the storm, as best he may, after his desperate, but disastrous rencontre with "Nannie," and follow Else and the stranger to the "Cairn."

CHAPTER X.

When Else had placed a rush-light in the wooden candlestick affixed to her spinning wheel, and thrown off her grey cloak, she drew a small silver mounted pistol from her bosom, and laying it on the table, motioned the young man to a seat.

"How come ye here, Master Randall, at this hour?" she demanded.

"The fates drove me, I suppose," replied her guest, smiling.

"Psaugh!—this is no time to play the fool—why are ye here, I say?" drawing down her shaggy eyebrows, and looking sternly at him as she spoke. "Mary Lee's hopes isn't worth a rap farthin in the keepin of sitch a love-sick baby."

"Why, how now!" exclaimed the stranger, "is Nannie sick, or old Batt's fiddle broke, that you're so much out of sorts?"

"Master Randall, look at that weapon," said Else, "I risked my life for yer sake and her's within this very hour, and carried that with me to defend it. I made this Yankee feel he was in my power, and for that raison didn't know the minit he'd silence my tongue for ever, with a pistol ball or a dirk knife. Now I ask ye, is it manly in ye, after this, to come back here again, to idle away yer time tryin to get a word or a look at this silly girl, when it's in Dublin or Cork ye'd ought to be strivin to keep her and her uncle out iv the walls of a jail. Hoot, toot, sir, I thought there was more i' the man in ye."

"Well, of that," replied Randall (for we must call him so in future,) "of that I can say little; but be assured Else, no trifling obstacle could baulk me on such an errand. Nothing but absolute necessity compelled me to return."

"Necessity!"

"Yes. The police headed me off below Burnfoot, after landing from the ferry-boat at Rathmullan, and chased me through Burncranna to Lamberts-point."

"So ye escaped in the skig, I suppose?"

"Just had time to jump in, cut the painter, and shove off, when three of my pursuers sprang down after me on the beach."

"Hah! and fired?"

"One of them only. The ball hit me on the head, but did no harm."

"Humph!" said Else, sitting down slowly on her low 'creepie stool,' and resting her cheek in the palm of her hand, "and so that's the way of it; humph! the bloodhounds got on yer trail after all."

"Yes, fairly started me," responded Randall, "when they'll run me down, however, remains yet to be seen."

"It looks mighty quare," said Else, half speaking to herself.

"What looks quare?"

"How they know ye in that disguise."

"It does look a little strange, I must confess," replied Randall, "for I thought it impenetrable to every eye but those of Else Curley and Mary Lee. Judge of my astonishment then, when I beheld straight before me, on the first public house door I passed, a full length figure of myself in this very dress."

"Tell me," said Else, after reflecting a second or two, "didn't ye wear that dress onst at Father John's?"

"Yes, but it was night then, and no one saw me except the priest and his housekeeper."

"Don't be too sure i' that, Master Randall."

"Quite sure."

"Humph! did'nt ye tell me about passin somebody that night, on the road near Crohan gate-house, that seemed to look sharp at ye?"

"Crohan gate-house—let me see. Yes,

I remember now. Oh that was some traveller, some stranger, I suspect."

"Was he a tall thin dark avised man?"

"Yes—rather."

"Wore crape on his hat, and carried a numbarell in his hand?"

"Yes."

"Humph! I thought so. He's the very man."

"Who?"

"Robert Hardwrinkle of Crohan."

"What! your great enemy—this Yankee's cousin?"

"Ay indeed, that very Yankee's cousin. He's the man that bethrayed ye."

"No, no, Else, you must be mistaken. Mr. Hardwrinkle's a gentleman, and could never be guilty of so treacherous an act."

"Cud'nt he then? humph! may be so."

"No, Else, it's nothing but your inveterate hatred of the man makes you suspect him."

"Hoot, toot, Master Randall, dont be foolish," replied Else. "I know what he is kith and kin, father and son, mother and daughter, for three score years an' more. Ay, ay, to my own grief I know him. But let him luck to himself, for the time's not far away, when the long recknin atween him and me must be settled---let him look to himself!"

"Do the man no harm on my account, Else Curley," said Randall, "if he has really sent these officers on my track, it's only what a thousand others have done with as little shame or scruple. For my part, I forgive the man, nor would I hurt a hair in his head this moment, if he lay at my feet."

"Oh forgive him, an welcom," said Else, "since yer so good a Christian, forgive him by all manes. I'm sure it's none o' my business if ye forgive him, and marry his lean sister Rebecca, the psalm-singer, into the bargain. All I say is, let him be ready, there's an account atween him and me any-way, that nothing but his cowardly blood can settle."

"Why, Else, this is sheer madness," said Randall, reprovingly. "How is it the very thought of this man inflames your resentment so much?"

"So well it might," responded Else, raising her head and folding her arms on her hard, weather-beaten heart, as she looked across the table at her companion. "So well it might. Listen to me Randall Barry,—listen to me, and answer me. If this man's father first brought yer only sister to sin an shame, and then sent yer brother to die with irons on his limbs in a strange land, for no other earthly raison than bekase he demanded satisfaction for the injury done his own flesh an blood—if he turned out yer mother, ould and helpless from the homestead she was born in, and her people afore her, for three generations when the father died,---if the son sent yerself to jail twiste in five years on false charges—when ye came out and built with yer own hands a sheelin to shelter ye from the storms on these blake mountains, if he burnt it over yer head; ay, ay, and if he driv ye at last, Randall Barry, as he druv me to burrow here like the 'brock' on the craggs of Benraven---I ask ye, would ye forgive him if he did that to you and yours, I say, and ye felt his neck undher yer heel, wud'nt ye crush it down---down in the dust with as little pity as ye'd feel for the wasp that stings ye?"

"Not I," replied Randall, "not I. To kill even an enemy, whom you happen to find in your power, is an act of cowardly murder. And, believe me, Else, your own sleep would be none the sounder in the grave for having this man's blood upon your hands."

"And yet," retorted Else, "you and yer companions id stain yer hands with the blood iv thousands, that did ye far less wrong than he did me."

"Perhaps so, but in broad-day light at least, not assassin like, in the dark, as is evidently your purpose in this case."

"I see no difference," replied Else,

, night or day---it's only death any-way."

"Ay, but surely it's a less crime to put the enemies of your country and of human liberty to death, in fair field and open fight, than to commit a midnight murder like a cut-throat or incendiary, with the dirk or the hand."

"Who spoke of dirk or hand?" demanded Else.

"You did, replied Randall, promptly.---"You did, a dozen times within the month. And now my fear is your new charge against this man will bring down your long threatened vengeance on his head sooner than I anticipated. But hear me, Else Curley,——"

"Hould yer tongue, Randall Barry," interrupted the old woman, "hould yer tongue, yer but a silly boy. Ha! ha! its little ye know iv Else Curley 'i the 'Cairn.' Humph! d'ye think after waitin, and watchin for my hour of revenge so many long years, I'd bungle it now for your sake?---ha, ha, poor foolish boy. D'ye think a woman like me, that fursaked God an salvation thirty-odd years ago, for fear they'd come atween her and her dark thoughts—a woman whose hopes iv vengeance, day after day, wur like draps iv new life blood to her withered heart; d'ye think an outcast like me, a bein that men dread to luck on, an women spoke iv undher their breath wud drag out life as I did, for no other raison or motive, but waitin patiently for my hour to come? D'ye think, I say, Randall Barry, I'd let the paltry matther of bethrayin you to the spies in the castle, bring down the blow one minit sooner than it ought to fall? Pshaugh! man, ye don't know me yet."

"I know you to be a dangerous woman," responded Randall, rising from his chair, and buckling his belt tighter round his waist, as if preparing to leave. "But I warn you," he continued, "I warn you I shall be no party to this contemplated murder; and much as you have befriended me, Else Curley, I shall nevertheless, do all in my power to thwart your designs against this man. Rebel and felon as I am, I shall never abet or connive at murder, notwithstanding."

"And what then"—again demanded Else—"wud ye turn informer?"

"Assuredly—the instant you attempt to execute your hellish purpose."

"Then," cried Else, snatching the pistol from the table, and raising up her tall form from the low stool on which she sat, till she stood erect as a statue before the young outlaw, her grey eyes flashing fire, and the muscles of her face quivering with emotion as she spoke: "I swear by them heavens I never expect to enther, if ye were my own born son, Randall Barry, and offer to save that man from the clutches 'i my vengeance, ye'll die the death."

"Tigress," muttered Randall between his teeth, as he threw his sea cap on his head and turned to quit the cabin. "Tigress, I despise your threats."

"Stop," said Else, stepping back and leaning against the door; "stop young man, and listen to me. It's now fifty long years since yer grandfather, Lieutenant Dick Barry, saved my life at the risk iv his own. It was the day Colonel Clinton tuck Madeira. He carried me in his own arms from the spot where my husband fell. I made a vow then, on my knees afore God, if iver it come in my way to befriend him or his, I'd do it."

"I release you from your vow," said Randall, "let me pass."

"Hould yer tongue, boy, and listen to me again," cried Else; "you'll not pass here till I spake. Listen to me. I love Mary Lee more nor iver I loved woman afore barrin the sister that died from me, in shame an a broken heart. Ay, she died in these withered arms, she died laughin, Randall Barry, for she died mad—mad—mad; she died with the bloom of seventeen still on her cheeks. Listen to me. I love Mary Lee more nor iver I loved woman but her; and well I might too, for it was

these hands nursed her on Nannie's milk for eighteen months, till them came to claim her that had the right to claim her. Oh, no wondher she's dear t'me; no wondher I'd watch her an guard her like the apple in my eye. But still mutch as I love her, an much as I love yerself, Randall Barry, for yer grandfather's sake; still I say as there's a heaven above me, I'd rather see ye both dead at my feet this minit, than part with the hope iv payin back the Hardwrinkles, mother and son, for the wrongs they did to me and mine. Ha, Ha," laughed the old woman bitterly, as she grew more and more excited, "ha, ha, they burned my cabin twiste to the groun, and driv me out to sleep at night with the black cock an the plover, and to wondher by day, over the dreary mountains, hungry and barefoot, but their hour'll soon come. Ay, ay, I'll be even with them yit. Their own fine house will one day burn brighther than iver my cabin did. Ay, an their own bodies too 'ill shrivel up in the flames till their as spent an weasoned as mine. Ha! ha! let them luck to themselves, the blind fidler's wife, the worker of spells an charms, the woman that'd sell her soul for money, ould Else Curley i' the 'Cairn,' has strength an courage enough left yit, to handle a dirk, or fire a faggot."

Randall gazed at her with astonishment as she spoke. Her person seemed to dilate and grow younger as her face swelled with passion. She had broke, with a sudden snap, the string that confined her cap, to relieve her throat from a sense of suffocation, and now, as her short grey hair fell in tufts over her forehead and cheeks, she looked like a pythoness, breathless under the frenzy of inspiration.

"My God," said Randall, still gazing at her as she stood, now silent, before him, "is it possible that so much gratitude and love can exist in the same breast with such demoniac hatred for a fellow-creature.—Here is a woman---aye, a very woman---who has lived since before I was born, on the bare hope of being one day able to revenge her wrongs. That hope was the only ray of consolation that ever fell on her desolate heart. How great must have been her injuries to have earned so terrible a resentment. And yet this creature loves Mary Lee like a mother, and already has risked her life, more than once, to save mine."

"Else," said he, at length, laying his hand kindly on her shoulder, "I pity you from my heart. Sit down and compose yourself. I would speak with you more reasonably on this subject."

She obeyed him instantly, for the touch of his friendly hand softened her more than words could have done.

"Tell me," said Randall, "is this Yankee, this cousin of the Hardwrinkles, to be included in the catastrophe?"

"No," replied Else, "he niver did me harm."

"What business have you with him then?"

"I make use iv him to sarve my own ends, nothin more."

"And these are"---

"First, that he'd supply me with money for thravelin expenses, and, secondly, that he'd be an excuse for drawn me about Crohan to watch my chances an lay my plans."

"Hah! I understand you. But the travelling expenses---where?"

"New York, or wheriver else he comes from. He must send a thrusty messenger to make out where he lives, and ye may be sure Edward Talbot's not far from that."

"So you'll employ his own money to defeat him?"

"Av coorse," replied Else, "what bether dis he desarve?"

"And why, then, did you acquaint him with your knowledge of the secret?"

"That he'd pay me well for keepin it."

"Good; but are you sure he'll not feel apprehensive of your disclosing it to Mary or her uncle, at least?"

"Not a bit in the world," replied Else, "for he thinks I know nothin sartin about it, an for that raisin won't be in a hurry to bungle it, an, may be, spoil all---loose my own roun hundher, and Mary's fortin into the bargain."

"Still Else, the whole affair is but a suspicion of yours after all."

"What? about Mr. Talbot being living?"

"Yes."

"Well, call it whatsomiver name ye plaze, it's sartinty enough for me. An, indeed, for the matther i' that, Masther Randall, I niver thought anything else; but that he was livin somewhere in furrin parts, afore I seen the letther at all or read a word iv it."

"An how will you account for this Yankee's correspondent speaking of the dying man as Lambton, if he be really Edward Talbot?"

"Quite aisy," responded Else. "It was the name he went by in America."

"Nonsense, woman! you make the most absurd and ridiculous suppositions; would you have him change his name with his country?"

"Feth wud I, an good raison he had to do that same, let me tell you. Did'nt he fire a pistol bullet at his wife, in her own room, with the wean in her arms, the very same evenin he come home after killing Captain Blenherhasset in a jewel that his own infarnal jealousy driv him to fight, for her sake; an was there a corner in London nixt day that had'nt a bill pasted up on it, offerin a reward iv a thousan pounds to the first man 'id take him. Humph, raison indeed, bedad I think that 'd surely be raison enough for any man to change his name wheriver he went. No, no, Masther Randall, Edward Talbot's livin jist as sure as you're livin, if he did'nt die since the first iv May last."

"Perhaps so."

"Oh, seen a doubt iv it, and ye'll see that too, when Lanty comes back."

"What, Lanty Hanlon?"

"Ay, Lanty Hanlon, that's his name an sirname; ye heerd of him afore I'll warrint."

"And saw him too. Don't you remember to have sent him to me two or three weeks ago as a trusty messenger, to send on a certain business to Derry?"

"An so I did! to Father John's it was ---well, see there now! I niver mind any thing a minit. An so ye sent him?"

"Certainly, on your recommendation."

"Well?"

"Well, he broke trust at the very outset."

"Lanty Hanlon!"

"Ay, Lanty Hanlon. Instead of crossing the loch at Doughbeg, he strolled down the shore to Ballymastocken, to see a cock-fight, and missed the tide."

"Oh, feth, as to that," said Else, "I wud'nt put it past him. He's the very ould boy himself in regard to cock-fightin."

"Yes; but he was made well aware of the urgency of the message, and should have postponed his personal gratification till his return."

"Auch! hoh! postpone indeed! In troth, Master Randall, he'd postpone goin to heaven, if there wus a cockfight ithin five miles of him; that an huntin's his wakeness, poor fellow. And what excuse did he make when he came back?"

"He never came back to make any.---Instead of that, he sent me word he was in the hands of the police for beating a game-keeper, and would see me as soon as he got clear."

"Humph! not the least doubt of it," said Else, "that's another iv his wakenesses."

"Ha! ha! it's rather an odd kind of weakness," observed Randall.

"Well, its natural for him, poor fellow, any way, the whole breed of him hated game-keepers for five generations back.---And so the man was too many for him?"

"No, he made his escape then, but the

police caught him next day. It appears, on his return, he crossed the mountain with his dogs, and met Lord Leitrim's game-keepers, who gave him chase. Two of them he distanced, and the third he led into some lonely spot, beat him there soundly, and then left him gagged with his own handkerchief, and tied neck and heels to an old hawthorn tree beside a well, where he was found next morning, half dead from cold and hunger."

"It's jist like him," said Else, "for the villain's niver out of mischief. But still he's as true as steel when ye keep him away from timptation."

"And how is that to be done, pray; will he not meet with as much temptation on his way to the United States and back, as he does here in the parish of Cloudavadac?"

"Not he," replied Else, "I'll trust him for that. The minit he finds it's on Mary Lee's affairs, he's goin, the sarpint himself wud'nt tempt him."

"Is he so devoted to her?"

"Ay, ye may well say it. He'd lay down his life for her every day i' the year. There's not a livin thing he loves lake her in the whole worl."

"Possible?"

"There's not in troth. He cud sit luckin at her from mornin to night, an niver be dhry or hungry. An its a queer notion too he has about her.',

"What's that?"

"Why, he thinks it 'id be a sin to love her as he'd love any ither girl."

"How so?"

"Bekase she's so good, he says. And it's all come iv a dhrame he had onst about the Blessed Virgin, (och, och, said Else," suddenly interrupting herself, "an many a purty dhrame I had of her myself in my young days, when I uste to wear her scappler, an gather the May flowers for her althar; but them things is all over now. I can niver dhrame or pray to her again, for the black thoughts druv her image out iv my heart for ivermore. And Mary Lee, too, the crathur, whin she spakes to me sometimes iv an evenin sittin out here on the hill side, about the marcy of Christ, an the bright heavens above, an the goodness iv God to thim that repent, her words an looks make me thrimmel all over like a dry wind straw) but, as I was sayin," she continued, wiping her face with her apron, as if to brush away every thing that could blunt in the slightest degree her keen and long cherished resentment. "As I was tellin ye about Lanty; he had a dhrame one night, when he thought the Blessed Virgin come to him houldin Mary Lee by the han, an tould him to watch her an take care iv her as long as he lived, on her account."

"A delightful illusion, I must confess," said Randall. "I'm not a Catholic, you know Else, bet there is a part in the Catholic conception of the attributes of the Virgin, which always had an inexpressible charm for me. I once saw a beautiful little beggar girl at Florence, kneeling before one of the shrines, her hands and eyes raised in mute supplication for the crippled mother who sat by her side, and I thought I had never seen a finer picture of religion in all my life."

"Humph!" ejaculated Else, "I don't know any thing about sich picthers now, at all. I ust once, but that time's gone. But, as I was sayin, since he dhramed that dhrame iv the Blessed Virgin, (God forgive me for mintionin her name,) an Mary Lee, he can't think iv one without the tother, an ivery wish iv Mary's is like a command to him from heaven."

"How very extraordinary!" said Randall.

"The dhrame?"

"No, but that every one's so peculiarly effected by the words and looks of this girl."

"Well, it's jist the same with the children she taches the Christen docthrin to them down there in her little chapel undher the

rock; they'd pit their very heads undher her feet, an whats quarest iv all, there's a dog in the town there below that tears ivery body he can get a hoult iv---the crossest animal iver run on four feet; well, that dog the first minit he seen her, crooched at her feet, an kissed her hand, jist us if she fed him all his life time; an iver since as soon as he sees her, he runs away whinin after her, and never quits her company till he leaves her at the Light-house gate."

"And old Drake too, is very fond of her," observed Randall.

"Hough, as for Drake," replied Else, "Drake can read her countenance betther nor you or I can. He knows who she likes an dis'nt like, the minit he sees them. Sure when she lay sick last Holiday, he niver left her room night or day, nor niver as much as tasted mate kind for a whole week, till Rodger had to lift him on a chair by her bed side and let her feed him with her own hands. Rodger swears he saw the tears fallin down the dog's cheeks, when he lucked up in her face, an tuck the food from her fingers."

"She's too good and too pure for me, Else," said Randall, thoughtfully, "and I fear such a creature could never be happy with the heretic and revolutionist I am."

"Ye'll not be aither long, if she marries ye," said Else, "take my word for it."

"And why not?"

"Oh, the Lord luck t'ye, Master Randall, she'd make a Catholic iv ye in three weeks ithout one word's spakin."

"Indeed, by what means pray?"

"Why, she'd make her religion luck so good an holy in yer eyes, jist by her ivery day ways, thut ye cud'nt help lovin it yerself. An as for the rest, she loves her ould country as well as you, Randall Barry, woman an all as she is, an wud suffer as willingly too, may be, if all comes to all—but hush, whisht, did'nt I hear some noise outside?"

"No—it's only the storm whistling in the thatch."

"Well, its time anyway, ye'd have somethin to ate afther yer long race," and rising from the 'creepie,' she produced a cold towl from the recesses of a little cupboard concealed in the thickness of the cabin wall, and laid it on the table. Then stooping, she raised up the hearth-stone, and disappeared in the dark opening beneath with surprising agility for a woman of her years. The action, strange as it was, did not appear to excite the young man's curiosity in the least; he glanced merely at Else as she descended, and then leaning his head on his hand, he composed himself to wait patiently for her return

As he sat there by the table in the dim light of the rush candle, there was nothing about his person worthy of special notice. His figure was light and graceful, his limbs well moulded and muscular, and his height, if we could judge fairly in the posture he had taken, a little above the middle size. His long black hair fell in disorder over the low collar of his blue jacket, from the breast pockets of which the butts of a pair of travelling pistols still peeped out. His cravat, as we have said already, was knotted loosely in front, sailor fashion, and revealed a neck by far too fair, for a sea-faring man, and one it would have puzzled a detection-officer to reconcile with his general apperance. But if there was nothing striking in his person, there was that on his handsome face which gave character and interest to the whole man—a shade of quiet melancholy, which at once impressed the beholder with the conviction that the young outlaw was no lover of war or blood-shed for the gratification they afforded him, but reluctantly adopted as a last and desperate resource for retrieving the fallen fortunes of his country. His countenanc was calm and composed, without a trace of the socialist or the red-republicm to vulgarize its fine expression.

"Ay, ay," said he at length, his voice barely audible as he murmured out the words, "let my father disinherit me if he will, and the spies of the government dog me step by step till they drive me at last to bay, like the stag among the rocks of the ocean, still, I shall neither sue for pardon, nor fly from the land of my birth and my affection, to beg a home on a foreign shore. To abandon Mary Lee would now be impossible, were she as indifferent to me as the meanest peasant girl in the kingdom; but were she even dead to-morrow and all my hopes buried with her in the grave, I should wait, and watch, and bide my time to renew the contest, I should still cling to the hope that God in his own good time would inspire the young men of the land to rise once more—not as wranglers and brawlers—not as mercenary anarchists and sordid demagogues, but like spartan brothers to do and dare, and die for their country's weal. To see that blessed day I could eke out life in the lowest caverns of my native hills. To behold the sun-burst, as of old, waving once more before an army of gallant young Irishmen—true to the sacred cause, and to each other—true to right, to justice and to honor. Oh, to see such an army in battle array on the sunny slopes of old Clontarf, marching down with fife and drum and colors flying, to drive the Saxon dogs from their long lost homes and pleasant firesides, and to be allowed to strike one good blow myself for the sake of old times and old memories, oh Mary Lee, Mary Lee—much as I love you, I could abandon you for this. But, alas! alas! years must elapse ere this can happen; meanwhile I wander among the hills a rebel and an outlaw, hunted and proscribed like the vilest malefactor. Be it so, I have risked my all on a single cast and lost it. Well, I shall try to abide the consequence as best I may. Let them hunt me and catch me then, if they can. I'll disappoint them so long as I'm able to defend myself. When I can no longer do either, I needs must submit."

"There," said Else, emerging from the dark opening, and laying a bottle on the table, from which she had already drawn the cork—"there's a bottle of ould port that lay down there below these twenty years and more, take a drink iv it with that could pidgeon Rodger left me yesterday; it'll do ye good afther yer day's fatigue."

Randall had just emptied the first glass, laid it on the table again, add was about to address himself to the cold pidgeon, when Else laid her hand on his arm, and looked significantly towards the door.

"What's the matter?" enquired Randall.

"Whisht, that's Nannie's blate—there's somebody comin."

"Oh no, it's the poor beast asking shelter from the storm.

"Humph! I know Nannie better than all that—hush! there it's again."

Randall rose, threw on his sea cap and buttoned his jacket. "If they want me," he said, "they must follow me down to Arranmore. Good night, Else."

"To Arranmore?"

"Yes, there's no possibility now of reaching Dublin by any other route. I hope to find a fishing smack there from the Skerries, to take me off."

"Take another glass, Master Randall."

"No more—good night, Else," and jumping into the mysterious opening, he disappeared, leaving Else to replace the covering, remove the viands, and receive the newcomer, whose footfall she could now hear distinctly at the door.

CHAPTER XI.

It was now within a short hour of midnight, and Mr. Weeks, drenched and weary, still plodded his lonely way over the hills of Benraven. The night was very stormy, and Mr. Weeks very much out of sorts. In truth he was troubled exceed-

ingly, both in mind and body---especially in the latter, for he had unfortunately lost his cap in his rencontre with "Nannie," and was obliged to use his pocket handkerchief instead. It was a poor substitute to be sure, but what else could he do. He had already drawn his coat tails over his head, but found it impossible to keep them down on account of the violence of the wind. Still the wind and the rain together, though bad enough, were not the worst he had contend with; the darkness was the great difficulty, for he could hardly "see his finger before him," nor tell whether he was going to Crohan or back again by some circuitous route to Araheera Head. Twice indeed, he had the good fortune to meet with benighted travellers like himself, who seemed to know all about the roads, and took, as he fancied, very great pains to set him right. They kindly informed him he had lost his way, and gave him strict caution to take the left hand road, which curious enough, was the very thing he intended not to do. But he was a stranger in the country, and of course should take the directions of those better acquainted with it than himself. Yet as it was now nearly two hours since he met the latter of the two parties, and still, strange to say, he was as far from Crohan, for ought he knew, as ever. On he went, notwithstanding—on he drove through the pitchy darkness, butting his bare head against the pitiless storm, and seeing nothing but the lightning flash as it shot across his face. Many a lusty malediction did he vent, that night, on Ireland, and the unlucky day he first took it into his head to speculate in matrimony and tobacco on her barbarous shore. At last he topped the summit of a hill, which must surely, he thought, be Benraven Scalp, and had began to descend the opposite side, when much to his relief, he heard a voice shouting through the storm—

"Hoagh!!"

"Hilloa! who's that?" he cried, turning round, "who goes there?"

"Hoah!" was again repeated.

"Come nearer," bawled Mr. Weeks, "come nearer; can't hear you with this infernal whistling." And no wonder, for in turning, the wind blew the skirts of his sporting frock about his ears, which now kept flapping so rapidly against his cheeks, that he could hear nothing distinctly.---"Come nearer," he repeated, "come nearer; I'm here on the middle of the road."

"Hoagh! hoagh!"

"Tarnation to your 'Hoagh!' hai'nt ye got English enough to tell what's the matter."

"Hoagh!"

"Oh darn your gibberish—you're the most confounded barb"—

"Hoagh! hoagh!"

"That's it; go it again! by thunder, he bellows like an ox."

"Ho-hoagh!!"

"Well there! By crackie, if you're sick it's not with the lung complaint, I reckon, any how. But hold on, you may have got into some fix—hold on. I'll find you out, I guess."

Mr. Weeks, actuated by compassion for the sufferer, as well as by the hope of gaining some information respecting his whereabouts, began to grope his way towards his companion in distress. He felt quite sure the unfortunate man must not be far away, for it was impossible for human lungs to make the voice tell at more than a few yards, in the teeth of such a furious gale. With this notion in his head, he commenced his search along the road side, floundering, as he went along, through the water tables, and tripping occasionally over the slippery rocks which had fallen from the banks into the deep ditches. As it was impossible to see any thing in the darkness, his only alternative was to keep sweeping both hands out before him in semicircles like a swimmer, with the expectation of at length touching something with life and warmth in it. In

this manner he searched up and down both sides of the road, for a considerable time, calling loudly to the man in distress, but receiving no reply, and was at last on the point of abandoning the poor wretch to his fate, when he fancied he heard a heavy groan as of some one in his last agony, and stretching out again both hands, to feel in the direction of the sound, stumbled once more and fell—alas, not like Homer's heroes, "with their arms resounding over them," but as "horsemen tumbling on the watery plain."

Just as he had expected, Mr. Weeks felt something warm and hairy under his open palms.

"Well!" he exclaimed, "the fellow's got corn'd and fell in the ditch. I swow he has, and lost his hat too, for his hair's as wet as the very grass. Say! what's the matter," he continued, shaking him. "Say! wake up, if you don't want to die here right off."

No answer came.

"Look here!" and he pulled him by the hair of the head, to make him speak.---"Look here, you're got drunk, ha'int you?"

At this moment, and just as he had inserted his right arm under the helpless creature's head to raise him up, a flash of lightning illumed for an instant the person of the prostrate sufferer, and revealed to the astonished eyes of Mr. Weeks, the face and form of a young steer quietly chewing his cud under the shelter of a projecting rock.

"Heavens and earth, what's this!" he exclaimed, snatching his arm from under the animal's neck, and jumping on the bank at a single bound. "Well there! if that ai'nt the darndest sniggle—I swonnie if I did'nt take the critter for a drunken Irishman shouting for help all the time. Oh Ireland, Ireland! if there's such another country in all universal space—well—if there be, I'd like to see it—that's all."

"Not so fast, my fine fellow, not so fast," shouted somebody in his ear, "you've driven that baste far enough. I'll take charge of him now, if ye plaze, and yerself too, into the bargain."

"Me!"

"Ay in troth, honey, just your very self. You're the Queen's prisoner."

"The Queen's humbug—for what, pray?"

"Stealing that yearling."

"Stealing! You don't say! ha, ha."

"I do say."

"You're mistaken, aint you?"

"Not in the laste, my good man."

"Well, I kinder think you be."

"Kinder think. Ay, exactly—that's one of the tokens; you're a Yankee they say."

"Well, I always reckoned so—happened to be born in New England, any how."

"Just so—in Ducksville."

"In Ducksville!—why, how the thunder came you to know that---eh?"

"Never mind---I know more than all that, my fine fellow. I know you've stolen three more of the same stock from Benraven Mountain, within the last fortnight, and this one makes the fourth."

"My dear man," said Weeks, "let me tell you again, this is a great mistake---I'm a private gentleman."

"Feth, may be so. Hilloa, come on here Tom Henley---come on with the lantern;" and as the latter came up, the speaker raised the light to the face of his prisoner, and deliberately scanned his person from head to foot. "Let me see---*six feet in height, slender make, knock-kneed, long sandy hair, grey frock and trowsers, several gilt chains, rings brooches*, &c.---Very good---you're just the person I've been searching for these three nights past. Come, my lad, you must trot to Mr. Johnston's."

"Well, I'd rather not"--coolly replied Weeks. "I sorter think I'll sleep to-night at my cousin's, Mr. Robert Hardwrinkle's."

"Not till you see Mr. Johnston first.---I'm his bailiff, and must do my duty.---Come, trot, and no more palaverin about it."

"Look here," exclaimed Weeks, as the bailiff laid his hand roughly on his shoulder—"look here—hold on a minute—don't you think you're carrying this joke a leetle too far? I told you already I was Mr. Hardwrinkle's cousin-german."

"What, of Crohan?"

"Ye-e-s."

"Just so---precisely---that's another token. You've been trying hard to pass for the foreigner visiting there."

"Trying to pass? My dear man, I'm that very individual himself, and was on my way to Crohan from Araheera light-house, when I heard that animal"——

"Ha! ha! a likely story indeed," exclaimed the bailiff---"on your way to Crohan---here on the very top of Cairnerit---three miles further from Crohan than when you left the light-house, and the very animal we're lookin for, too, in your company."

"Well, I reckon I must have been directed the wrong way."

"And how did you happen to get in company with the steer?"

"Why, I heard the critter bellow, and seemed to think it might be an Irishman shouting for help."

"Ha! ha! upon my conscience now, that's mighty flatterin, so it is---heard a steer routing under the rain, and took it for an Irishman in liquor."

"Is'nt he mighty cute, intirely," said Henley.

"Wonderful, out and out---but tell me Tom, did'nt Lanty say the fellow generally carried a fishing rod with him."

"Ay, did he, but who the deuce could carry a fishin rod with him such a night as this, when the strongest of us can scarcely carry ourselves against the storm. Oh! as for that, you need'nt be the laste afeerd in life; he's the very man yer looking for as sure as your name's Ned Griffin."

"Say, what Lanty d'ye mean," said Weeks, "Lanty Hanlon—eh?"

"Niver mind," replied the bailiff, "it makes no difference to you who he is."

"Well not much, I guess, but if I could see him just as well as not, I might save you further trouble on my account. Let me see, he lives in this here neighborhood somewhere, don't he?"

"Come, come, my good fellow this hoodwinking won't take just as present. You may be very smart and cunning, and all that, but I have had some twenty years experience of gentlemen of your profession. So come on, we'll take you down here to one of these houses in Ballymagahey for the night, and carry you before Mr. Johnston to-morrow. You can then call on Lanty Hanlon to give you a character, and as many more as you plaze. Lift your feet, and they'll fall themselves," he added, grasping the unfortunate Weeks by the collar. "Come away out of this rain; come, trot, my customer, trot---you've legs enough if you only use them."

"Trot h---ll!!" vociferated Weeks at last, loosing patience; "if you don't let go my collar this instant I'll blow your brains out. Away you ignorant, beggarly savages—confound you, to take me for a cow thief. Away—make tracks this minute or by"——

"Be aisy, my valiant fellow, be aisy," said the bailiff, still gripping him by the collar.

"No, I sha'nt," cried Weeks---"let me go---I'll not put up with this, no how."

"Don't fret---we'll put you up, and in lavender too, never fear."

"I tell you once more I'm Ephraim C. B. Weeks, cousin-german to the Hardwrinkles of Crohan."

"Oh thin, bad scran to the much ye need boast of the connection," replied Henley, helping the bailiff to drag him down the hill.

"Unhand me, villians, unhand me, I'm a

stranger here—I'm a foreigner."

"An sure we're only helpin to send you to foreign parts again—oh faith, honey, we'll accommodate ye that way, and welcome."

"Look here—hold on," vociferated Weeks, as they ran him down the hill, "I want you to understand who I am—I'm a citizen—a free born citizen of the United States, under the protection of the stars and stripes, and I protest againt this violence—I command you in the name of my country to let me go."

"Bedad, that's very alarmin, Ned, is'nt it?"

"Ha, ha, mighty alarmin intirely," responded the bailiff. "He speaks like a Yankee fellow in Dublin last week, who threatened the magistrate with the stars and stripes because he fined him five shillings for spitting tobacco juice on a lady's dress."

In this way the bailiff, assisted by Tom Henley, continued to drag the unhappy Weeks down the south side of Benraven Mountain, despite his solemn protest against the outrage, and his frequent assurances of his innocence, and finally succeeded in conveying him to a house in the little village of Ballymagahey, where, late as the hour was, a light was still burning.

As the party approached the house, several voices were heard within, some speaking loud, some laughing, others singing, and now and then the squeak of a fiddle breaking out at intervals.

Without pausing an instant, the bailiff knocked loudly on the door, and the next moment pushed in before him Ephraim Weeks, haggard and torn, and dripping like a water god.

The fiddle stopped short in the middle of Miss McCloud's reel, and the affrighted dancers fell back, and left the room clear to the new comers.

"Oh *hierna!*" cried some one in a stage whisper, "he's mad—see how his eyes rowl in his head—he'll tear us in pieces."

The young females hearing this, took alarm—and ran out of doors screaming for protection; the older ones ran after to bring them back; the men shouted to the runaways to stop in twenty different voices, till in a shorter time than we have taken to describe it, the place was a scene of unutterable confusion. Nearly all the females disappeared one after another. The haunch-back fiddler jumped through the window with his instrument under his arm; and to make the din still more intolerable, the house dog set up such a howling outside as if the world had actually come to an end, when the baliff, seeing how matters stood, stepped on a chair and began to address the company, assuring them the man was not mad by any means, but a notorious cow thief he had arrested in the act of stealing Mr. Johnston's cattle from the mountain, and then proceeded to give the details of the capture.

Whilst the bailiff thus endeavored to quiet the apprehensions of the ladies, Mr. Weeks stood stock still in the centre of a curious and wondering group—his hands thurst down as far as he could drive them in his breeches pockets, and his eyes wandering round and round in search of some one to recognize him—but alas! the faces he saw there were all strange faces to him.

It was some time before the bailiff's repeated guaranty of his prisoner's sanity of mind and peaceable disposition, could induce the ladies to return to the dancing room; and when they did return each fair one as she entered was seen to cast a fearful glance at the tall stranger, and press closely the side of her partner. Last came the little-fiddler, looking twice as big as when he fled through the window but a moment before; and swearing all kinds of anathemas against the bailiff and his prisoner for exposing his instrument to the rain.

Still amid all the noise and bustle, Mr. Weeks stood there in the centre of the now laughing group of Celtic faces, as calm and

solemn as an undertaker. He was no longer excited---that state of feeling had given way to a calm, contemptuous, silent indignation. He felt precisely as an unfortunate Irish Catholic feels in New England when arrested for robbery, and happens to reflect he is the only stranger in the township, and without a friend to say a word in his favor. But we must not stop to moralize; we can only say---to borrow a line from the poet,

"We have seen such sights, but must not call to mind."

Suddenly, however, Mr. Weeks' attention seemed to be attracted by the entrance of an active, curly headed, humorous looking fellow, wearing a rabbit skin cap jauntly set on the side of his head, and supporting a laughing, dark haired girl on his arm.

"Stay, hold on there, you," cried Weeks, at length, breaking silence, and motioning to the new comer.

The individual made no reply, but hastened to escape further observation by ensconsing himself behind a door in a remote corner of the room.

"Look here!" persisted Weeks, breaking through the group, and holding out his hand in token of recogntion, "Look here ---how do, old feller, got into a sorter snarl here, and glad you turned up to see me out."

"Me!"

"Why, yes---you're Lanty Hanlon, ai'nt you?"

"Ay, that's my name and surname."

"All right; I knew you by your cap as soon as you entered. Well---I want you to clear up a mistake. This here bailiff, or constable, or whatever darned thing you call him, has arrested me for sterling a steer, up thereaway, ha! ha! and won't believe I'm Mr. Ephraim Weeks no how you can fix it."

"Mr. Ephraim Weeks!" muttered our friend Lanty, slowly repeating the words, and looking up in affected wonder in the man's face, "Mr. Ephraim Weeks---you're a stranger in these parts."

"Why, what d'ye mean?"

"No offence in the world, only you've the 'vantage of me."

"Advantage! How's that?"

"Why I don't remimber iver to see you afore in my life."

"You don't, eh? Look at me again."

"I do luk at ye agin, and the Lord bless the mark, you're not the kind 'i man to be aisy mistaken, anyway."

"Why, darn ye, hai'nt you seen me every day this month past?"

"Me! bedad, may be so. Whereabouts if it's a fair question?"

"Now you go to grass," cried Weeks; "you know me as well as I know myself."

"Faith, and that same might'nt be much to brag of aither."

"Why, tarnation t'ye, haint you sold me two dozen flies, last Thursday, at Kindrum pond?"

"Me sell you flies; ha, ha, ha! Why upon my conscience, my good fellow, you must be ravin."

"Well, there!" exclaimed Weeks, looking at the imperturbable Lanty as if he could run him through; then drawing a fly-hook hastily from his pocket, he pulled it open, and holding the flies before Lanty's face, demanded to know if they were of his dressing or not.

"Mine—begorra, it wud'nt be aisy to tell that in the state they're in now, anyway."

"Ladies and gents," said Weeks, appealing to the bystanders, "I vow I bought these flies from this here fellow last Thursday. And, what's more, he stuck me in them too, to the tune of twenty-five cents a-piece."

"Why, don't they ketch?" inquired some one in the crowd.

"Ketch-- no, guess they don't ketch---they're the darndest things ever fell in water. Why I niver could turn a tail with them, if I fished till doomsday."

"I admit," said Lanty, "I sold flies to a gentleman of the name of Weeks; the gentleman that's on a visit to the Hardwrinkles, of Crohan."

"And thunderation to ye! aint I that same Mr. Weeks?"

"You! ha! ha! ha! begorra, that's capital---you Mr. Weeks."

"What! will ye dare deny me to my face, you scoundrel?"

"Deny you, oh holy patience, did man or mortal iver hear the like."

"Shut up, you lying rascal," shouted Weeks, gesticulating at his innocent looking tormentor, "shut up, you unprincipled scamp, you know in your soul who I am---if you have a soul---but you hai'nt dang the one you have!"

"Oh my poor man," responded Lanty, looking at his victim with all the gravity of a judge about to pronounce sentence, and shaking his head sorrowfully as he spoke. "My poor man, how hardened a sinner you must be, to pass yourself off for the good, innocent, modest gentleman that's now lyin sound aslape on his vartuous bed."

"Well, if there be a devil on earth," exclaimed Weeks, "you're that individual or his nearest relation, that's sartin. You stepped out from the lower regions to-night to get a cooling, and met me some two hours ago on the mountain. You're the person planned and played this here trick---no mistake about it."

"Is'nt he bowld spoken to be a thief," said one of the by-standers, knudging his neighbor's elbow.

"Ay, and purshuin to him, see how innocent he tries to look," replied the other.

"Oh the dear be about ye man, one 'i them fellows that's used to it 'd chate St. Pether."

"Whist! whist! boys," remonstrated Lanty, waving his hand for silence. "Let him alone, let him alone, we shud niver rejoice in another's misfortune. May be, if you wur like him yerselves, ye wud'nt care to be laughed at."

"Come, come, my good fellow, interposed the bailiff---you're only making matters worse. Let us go some where and get rid of them wet clothes."

"Ay, do Mr. Stranger, take a friend's advice," said Lanty, "and don't expose yer precious health. The truth will all come out th' morrow. If yer innicent, so much the betther, an if yer not, why, ye'll only be thransported two or three months afore yer time; so take courage and don't be onaisy."

Lanty's cool impudence at last so provoked the Yankee that he could hardly restrain himself. Once or twice indeed he hitched up his shoulders and showed symptoms of battle, but his resentment as often cooled down again without further trouble. Like poor Bob Acres, Mr. Weeks could never get his courage up to the fighting point; some how or other, it always escaped through his fingers' ends, like that of his illustrious prototype.

"Well, ladies and gents," said he at length, falling back as a last resource on his soft sawder, "Well, I must confess I feel kinder disappointed. Now I do, that's a fact. "Why, it's just like this---I always heard the Irish cracked up all over creation for their hospitality to strangers. At hum, in New England, they're up top in that line. Well, they're about as hospitable folks I guess as you can scare up any where between Maine and Georgia. We get along with them slick, I tell you. And as for extending them the right hand of fellowship, why golly, we love them like brothers"——

"Phew!" cried Lanty, "just listen to that. He's puttin his foot in it deeper and deeper. Oh faith, my fine fellow, it's aisy seen ye niver was much in New England, or ye'd know a little bether how the Irish are thrated there."

Weeks suddenly drew in his horns---to use a homely expression. He saw, in an instant he had touched a delicate subject,

and the sooner he dropt it the better. Like many of his countrymen, he fancied the Irish he saw about him never could have an idea in their heads above the pick or the spade; a ragged coat and an Irish *brogue*, being in his mind synonymous with consummate ignorance and absolute barbarism. He now felt he had gone a little too far, and that any attempt to hoodwink his tormentors by such barefaced humbug as he was then attempting, would only make matters worse, since to all appearances they knew as much about the persecution their countrymen suffered in New England as he did himself. The broad grin that overspread every face as he went on to speak of the love which the citizens of New England cherished for their Celtic brethern assured him of this, even before Lanty could say a word in reply. Affecting, therefore, to disdain further conversation on the subject, after hearing the laugh with which Lanty's humorous but cutting rebuke was received, he turned to the bailiff and demanded to be taken forthwith to some resting place for the night.

"You'll get comfortable quarters," said Lanty, "never fear, but av coorse you'll take *dhoch an dhorris* with us, afore ye go, to the health of the new married couple."

"What's that?"

"Why, something to warm ye afther the could rain."

"Don't drink," said Weeks.

"Nonsense."

"No, sir. I'm a Washingtonian."

"A what?"

"A Son of Temperance."

"Pshaugh---son of botheration. I'm ashamed of ye. Hilloa there Hudy Branagan, bring in the bottle."

"You may bring in a hogshead," said Weeks, "I sha'nt taste it."

"And you in that condition! Why, the heavens be about us; d'ye mane to pit a hand in yer own life."

"None of your confounded business. I sha'nt drink none of your darned liquor, that's all."

"Well, ye'll die if ye don't---and that'd be a burnin disgrace to the country, if ye were even as great a thief as James Freney himself. Hoot, man, what'd yer people say of us if we let ye die here in ould Ireland, for want of a glass of stout potheen. Here, take this, and swallow it, like a sensible man."

"Away with it, cried Weeks.

"Be aisy, avourneen, be aisy."

"Take it away, or by thunder I'll break your bottle and glass in pieces," and making a plunge, he attempted to force a passage through the croud, but was again driven back into the centre of the group.

"Let me out," he shouted, now completely excited, "let me out, ye beggarly Irish vermin. I despise your liquor, and your country to boot. I spit upon you and your nation, for you're both as mean as dirt."

"Ha! ha! there now"---cried Lanty, laughing, with the bottle and glass in his hand, "there now, that's more of yer New England friendship. But niver mind, if ye were a Yankee fifty times over, we won't thrate you worst for that. Come, take this drop---you'll be the betther of it."

"Let me out."

"Whisht, man; sure it's all for yer own good. Arrah, don't refuse to drink to the bride and groom. It's as much as yer life's worth to refuse. Take it, it'll warm ye ---taste it, any way---it's the deuce 'i the barley, it's the rale ould Innishowen," broke out from several voices, each rising higher than the other, till poor Mr. Weeks knew not what to say, nor what side to turn to. Still he obstinately refused to touch the beverage.

"Well boys," said Lanty, at last, "take hould iv him, and lay him down, since nothin else will save him. Whatsomiver the crathur is, we're christians sure, any way, and can't let him, to be sure, but still it's betther do that, than have yer death on our sowls, the lor between us an harm."

"The sorrah take him, the spalpeen," said one of the by-standers, "is'nt he nice about it, feth ye'd think it was physick he was goin to swallow."

"Begorra, I niver heard the like of it---why, it's punch it they ought to do for the gintleman."

"It's a bad sign to see him refuse the liquor, any way."

"Indeed, then Andy, it's the truth ye're tellin, so it is, for in troth it's not much depindence iver I had in the man'd refuse a glass in dacency."

"Oh there's a bad dhrop in him any way. And begorra he desarves all he'll get and more, for he's niver aisy but when he's running down the Irish---jist for all the worl as if we were dogs, every one of us."

"So I'm tould. He thinks no one in the whole country fit to spake to him. As for the Doghertys and Currans and Johnstons here, why, they're not fit to tie his shoes."

"Ladies and gentlemen," exclaimed Lanty, stepping up on a bench, and still holding the bottle and glass in his hands, "I'm goin to give ye a toast, and may the man's heart niver again warm to good nature, that dos'nt drink it."

"Silence there, silence---till we hear the toast."

"Stop that fiddle there, and listen to the spaker."

"Here's then to the honest man," cried Lanty, raising his glass, "here's to the honest man all over the world, and confusion to the narrow minded knave who'd make religion or birthplace a test of friendship," and tossing off the bumper, he ordered the company to pass the bottle.

Round went the toast, and off went the glass with many a loud hip-hip, hurrah.---There was shaking of hands, and touching of cans, accompanied by snatches of songs suitable to the toast, and pledges of friendship to one another, not forgetting long life and happiness to the bride and groom; all seemed as joyous and happy as they could wish to be, Mr. Weeks alone excepted, who stood still there in the centre of the crowd, looking silently on the noisy enjoyments of the company, and obstinately refusing all participation in the hilarity of the occasion.

"Where, in the name of patience, were you born at all," demanded the bailiff, "that you won't drink at a weddin."

"He's an unnatural lookin thief, any way," exclaimed another.

"Stand aside boys," commanded Lanty, waving his hand from his elevated position, "and let us give the stranger fair play.---He's all alone here amongst us, and we mus'nt be hard on him. Jemmy Branigan fill that glass, and offer it to him again. And now, my good man," he continued, addressing Weeks, "you heerd the toast 'the honest man all over the world, and bad luck to the knave who'd make religion or birthplace a test of friendship'---will you drink it?"

"No," replied Weeks, "darn me if I do."

"Then gintlemen, lay him down and administher the medicin."

Four or five stout fellows now laid hold of the unfortunate Weeks, and were deliberately proceeding to execute Lanty's orders, when a new actor suddenly appeared in the scene, and commanded them to desist. It was the handsome dark haired girl whom the reader saw a few minutes before entering the room, leaning on Lanty's arm.

"Shame! shame!" she cried, "are ye men, to treat a stranger in his way?"

"Don't be onaisy Kate," replied Lanty, "we don't intend him the laste harm in life."

"Well, you've carried the joke too far already, Lanty Hanlon; let him come with me—I'll take care of him."

"Why, Kate, it's only a bit of a frolic he brought on himself. He tould me a dozen times the Irish were no better nor

savages, and we jist want to shew him how much he's mistaken."

"And you do this to a furriner not a month in the country—paugh! purty hospitality, that."

"He's green, you know, Kate, and we want to saison him."

"Ha, ha, saison him."

"It's for his own good—saisoning in time will make a dacent man iv him."

"Hould yer tongue, now Lanty, ye'd provoke a saint, hould your tongue, and let us out. I must go and find some dry clothes for him, or he'll die in this condition. Stand back, gintlemen, if ye plaze, and give us room to pass."

"Bedad, Kate, I'm afraid to trust ye with him, feth may be he'd take a fancy to ye, and cut me out."

"Whisht now, and let me go. That tongue of yours 'll hang ye up on the gallows yet some day," and taking Weeks familiarly by the arm, in she led him through one of the inner doors of the apartment.

The dance was now resumed, and mirth and music made the time pass quickly and merrily for the next hour. Lanty danced with every girl in the room, and when he could no longer find a partner, he danced a hornpipe himself on a door, amid the shouts and cheers of the party. Every one seemed to share in the general joy. Even the grand parents of the happy couple, old as they were, took each other's hands and went through some ancient saltations to the great amusement of the younger spectators.

On went the mirth and up rose the song, and the little haunch-backed fiddler had just tuned his instrument once more, and commenced to rattle away at a country dance with renewed ardor, when all of a sudden a shout was heard at the door, followed instantly by bravos! bravos! echoed and repeated, till at last, in the midst of a wild hurrah! in drove Ephraim C. B. Weeks, dressed in an old blue swallow-tailed coat, and pantaloons that descended but an inch or two below the knees, dragging in the young lady who had so kindly rescued him from his late tormentors, and in rather unsteady accents, commanded the fiddler to "fire up, and let him have something to dance to." Every body now crushed and crowded round to welcome him back.—Those who but a short time before were disposed to mortify him to the very utmost in revenge for his insolent abuse of their religion and their country, were the first to call for three cheers for the "bould American," and foremost among the first was Lanty Hanlon, who clapped him lustily on the back, and ordered the fiddler to strike up something with a "sowl in it to shuit the taste of the jolly Yankee."

It is needless, dear reader, to describe what followed. Weeks seemed to have abandoned himself entirely to the excitement of the moment. How that excitement was brought about, however no one could tell. He drank, and drank freely—as was evident the moment he made his appearance at the door, but whether at the solicitation of his fair friend, or merely to preserve his health after so long an exposure to the storm, was never discovered; certain it is he was completely fascinated by his lovely partner, and danced with her as long as he was able to move a foot—swearing all the while by his "crackie," she was the finest gal in all creation, and went through her figures like a real thorough bred Yankee, "no mistake about it."

"Here, dear reader, we must stop, leaving the last scene in the little comedy to your own charitable imagination; for a description of our friend Mr. Weeks' position on the stage as the curtain fell, would be more than we should dare attempt.—One thing, we ought to mention (just to relieve your anxiety), he was conveyed safely home that same night and awoke in his own comfortable bed next morning in Crohan house.

CHAPTER XII.

"Is Miss Petersham engaged, please?" said a servant, opening the parlor door.

"No: what's the matter?"

"Father John sends his compliments, and wishes to see the Captain."

"Father John!—is it possible!" exclaimed Kate Petersham, wheeling round on the piano stool, and running to the door to receive him. "Ho, ho, indeed, so there you come at last, and Uncle Jerry too, surely something extraordinary must have happened to bring you all the way to Castle Gregory. Has there been a conflagration or an earthquake in your neighborhood?"

"Hold your saucy tongue," said the priest, slapping her affectionately on the cheek, "you're never done scolding, 'pon my word, I had better come here, bag and baggage, and live with you altogethether."

"You'll do no such thing, sir—I hate you. You're a barbarous man. You're the most unsocial, ill-natured, hard-hearted creature in the whole world."

"Oh! to be sure, because I don't spend all my time playing chess with the greatest mad-pate in the province."

"Do you hear that, Uncle Jerry," exclaimed Kate, turning to Mr. Guirkie, "and the man has'nt been here to see us once in a month."

"Never mind, we'll have our revenge of him yet depend upon it. His neglect of you is absolutely unpardonable, after all the professions of regard you made him, ha! ha!"

"Psaugh! he's not worth my revenge. I renounce him, I shall take you for my gallant in future, and leave him to his beads and breviary. So come over here to your old easy chair and let us have a quiet chat, together," and running her arm into his, she was hurrying him away to a corner of the room, when the priest laid his hand on her shoulder.

"Not so fast, Kate, not so fast. You've forgotten there's a stranger in the room.—Miss Petersham, let me present to you Dr. Horseman, of B——, United States. Dr. Horseman, Miss Petersham, of Castle Gregory, one of the most mischievous and ungovernable of her sex."

"Don't believe him, Doctor Horseman. I'm no such thing. Welcome, sir, to Castle Gregory."

"How d'ye do, my dear, glad to see you," said the latter, bowing stiffly, and raising his gold spectacles to look at her more in detail. "Don't trouble yourself about what Father John says. It's not all gospel, I guess."

"Nor his preaching either, if what his Bishop says be true."

"Ha! ha! A very serious charge, indeed," laughed Uncle Jerry, "and I have no doubt reason enough for it too."

"I see you've been reading Swift, Miss Petersham," said Horseman, taking a volume from the table. "Do you admire him?"

"Swift—of course I do. Did you ever see an Irish woman who did'nt?"

"Well, I don't remember particularly as to that. But his moral sentiments are"

———

"Oh, as to his morality, we must let that pass. Swift is an elegant writer, full of wit and humor—and best of all, he loved his country and never was ashamed to own it."

"Ah! and do you think he deserves credit for that?"

"I do indeed, sir—why not. He lived in times when devotion to his country and her cause was a disqualification for office both in Church and State; besides, Dean Swift was a near relation of ours by the Willoughbys, as my venerable aunt would tell you if she were here."

"Ah—that indeed!"

"But don't you like him, Dr. Horseman?"

"No: I don't," replied the Doctor, gruffly.

"You don't! is it possible! Why, I thought Swift was a favourite everwhere."

"He's only fit for girls and school boys."

"You must admit he's witty and humorous, Doctor."

"Well, yes—that and a keen sense of the ridiculous is about all that's in him."

Oh, no, no, Doctor, I won't agree to that at all; you quite underrate Swift.—For my part, I think there's more sound philosophy in Swift than in any other man's work I ever read."

"Humph—have you read much?"

"No; sometimes when the fit takes me, I pick up a book and read a page or two here and there."

"But do you study what you read?"

Not I, I'm too great a mad-cap for that. I can ride a horse, though, or sail a boat, as well as any girl in Ireland, and these are the only accomplishments I pretend to lay claim to."

Not very feminine, I should think," ejaculated Horseman, pursing out his lips in his peculiar way, and looking over at the priest, with his eyes dilated into what he intended for a smile.

"No, sir; but they suit my turn of mind. And yet Mr. Guirkie here will tell you I've got some philosophy in me, too."

"I'll have nothing to do with your philosophy," said Uncle Jerry, pacing up and down the room, and bobbing the skirts of his coat on his hands behind him. "I wish to the Lord the Captain would come home; that's all I wish."

'Father John, go to the sideboard there, and find some refreshments. Come, Doctor, you must pledge me in good stout Burgundy, and I'll forgive what you said of Swift."

"I shall wait for the Captain," replied Father John, looking up from the newspaper, "the Doctor there will oblige you at present."

"You shall not, sir; he may not return for an hour yet. Wait for the Captain! Am I not as good company as the Captain. Oh, Dr. Horseman, these Catholic priests are the most ungallant people in all creation, as you say over there in the States."

Dr. Horseman took a quid of tobacco from his mouth, flung it into the grate, and then emptied the glass which Kate filled for him, adding, as he laid it on the sideboard, "you're not so mawkish, I perceive, as our young ladies generally are."

"Oh, I'm an Irish girl, you know; I do what I please—no one minds me; Father John there once thought he could manage me, but it failed him."

"Not I," replied the priest, "I never was so silly as to think any such thing."

"You did—you need'nt deny it, you had me in leading strings for a whole week or more."

"How was that said Horseman.

"He tried to convert me, ha, ha. Kept me reading night and day"——

"Convert you—what from, sin?"

"No, from Protestantism—sin, indeed! why, Doctor, I'm ashamed of you."

"Well, Protestantism is sin—and most grievous sin too," exclaimed Horseman.

"There now, you're at it again," muttered Uncle Jerry, still pacing the room in his usual way. "You're at it again; I vow and protest it's outrageous."

"You frighten me, Doctor," said Kate, "upon my word I'll run away and leave you."

"But don't you know my good girl, that if you die out of the Catholic Church you'll be lost?"

"Listen to that," exclaimed Kate.

"I hear him—the Doctor's very strong on that point."

"Well, Doctor, I'm not prepared to dispute with you about the matter, at present," said Kate, "but I'm pretty sure of one thing—you could never make a Catholic of me in that way."

"He's got himself into trouble again," said Uncle Jerry, sitting down on a chair beside the priest.

"He deserves it," responded the latter, in a tone of displeasure.

"I declare I never saw a man in my life so fond of differing with every body as he is. Why, I vow to goodness, I thought he was going to swallow me neck and heels this morning in the boat, when I attempted to defend Tillotson and Burnet."

"That's his greatest fault, he can never dispute five minutes without losing his temper."

"And does he suppose people must put up with it when he chooses to lose it? Ha, ha, I declare that's very fine."

"It's a great weakness in him, and I'm sorry, for he's a man of great mental ability."

"Oh! who cares for his mental ability. I would'nt give a brass button for a man who can't talk with you on any thing but great heavy subjects. And then he goes at them in such a way too, with all his might, just like a dray horse starting a load."

"Heavy subjects are his especially," observed Father John, "he don't pretend to handle any thing else. And indeed, as a polemic and logician, he has very few equals."

"But he *does* pretend to handle *every thing* else. Why, he reviews every book he can lay his hands on—stories, novels, poetry, every thing—from a primer to a course of theology. Speciality, indeed!"

"You're right; he has been doing something that way of late, now that I remember. But the truth is, I think so little of his literary criticisms that I don't care to read them. He never should attempt to criticise such books at all. They are entirely out of the sphere of his taste and acquirements."

"To be sure they are," said Uncle Jerry.

"And then he goes about them so awkwardly."

"He! he! he!" chuckled Uncle Jerry, "awkwardly—that puts me in mind of his last number. Did you see his criticism there on Cameron's Book of Poems?"

"No—what does he do with it? Strangles it, I suppose."

"No he makes an exception to his rule in this case. He praises it gently. Cameron's a Catholic, I understand."

"Ah, yes, there's something in that.—Well."

"In speaking of some of the fine passages he tries to be exceedingly nice in his appreciation of the beauties."

"Nice. Ha! ha!" laughed Father John, "that's good; I must read the criticism."

"Do. It's worth the reading, I assure you."

"But he must have gone about it very awkwardly."

"Awkwardly. He! he! he reminded me of an elephant I once saw picking up a boquet with his trunk. He first made a.—

"Hush, here he comes," interrupted Father John, "and full of indignation at Kate's presumptuous boldness. See how he runs his thumbs into his waistcoat pockets—that's a sure sign he's ruffled. Kate," he added as an offset to further controversy, "can't we have some music?"

"Certainly—what shall it be?"

"Yankee Doodle!"

"Excellent—just the very thing," she cried, opening the piano and rattling away. "How do you like it, Doctor?"

"Well, so, so. Associations make it pleasant just now."

"Make you think of home!"

"Yes."

"What think you, though, of our Irish music?"

"Very fair, but it always give me the blues."

"The blues!"

"Yes. It's so melancholy."

"Moore's songs are indeed, rather melancholy, but exquisite of their kind, nevertheless."

"Yes—he's a very decent lyric poet, is

Moore, and still there's nothing in him after all but sentiment and fancy—he's greatly wanting in force and power of thought."

"That is to say, he's neither Byron nor Milton!"

"No, I don't mean that, either. But he tires you with the incessant play of his fancy. He is forever hopping from bower to flower, like a butterfly."

"Ah! then you adopt the criticisms of the Edinburgh Review."

"I adopt no criticism. I make my own," replied Horseman, gruffly.

"Well, you think with the Scotch Reviewers, that his poetry is too full of beauties, and hampered too much with imagery?"

"I think simply this; he was a very respectable songster in his way, but an immoral man and a bad Catholic."

"Oh Doctor, that's not fair. I must protest against your bringing up our poet's private character. It's not magnanimous of you at all."

"His poetry, take it all through," persisted Horseman, spitting into the grate, "has done more to enervate and corrupt the minds of young men and women, than any other I am acquainted with. And do you know the reason, Miss Petersham?"

"No."

"Well, it was simply because in losing his faith he lost his morality also."

"My dear sir, we have nothing to do with his faith," replied Kate. "Why, you bring faith into every thing. Can't we admire a man's writings without first inquiring what his faith was?"

"Yes, that is very true—but it strikes me you value faith too little, and for that reason you cannot properly estimate a man's writings. We Catholics disapprove of all books and writings injurious to morals.—You Protestants have no faith at all, and you let your morals take care of themselves."

"Highty tighty," muttered Uncle Jerry, running his hands again under his coat tails, and pacing the room as before, "he's at it again."

Father John rose also, and turning Kate round on the piano stool, commanded her under pain of disobedience, to play "the Last Rose of Summer," with Henry Hews' variations first, and then sing it.

"Now!" she exclaimed, when she finished the song, "now, Dr. Horseman, I put it to you as an honorable man, did you, or did you not ever hear so exquisite a song as that.?"

"The words or the music?"

"Both together, I mean, when played and sung as they ought to be."

"Y-e-e-s, it's light, and pretty and fanciful, and"——

"No, no, sir. I shall not be put off with that; but tell me what poet ever wrote a song of its kind, equal to that? I give you the whole world to find him."

"I never trouble myself much about such trifles," responded Horseman. "I leave them to the boys and girls."

"I wish to goodness you did," muttered Uncle Jerry, looking at the priest.

"Just so," replied the latter, "and if he only knew himself well enough he would. *Ne sutor ultra crepidam.*"

"There, listen to him now. I wish to patience the Captain was come, for the man will never stop disputing and fault finding. 'Pon my word I don't think he'll do here at all."

"As Professor, you mean!"

"Yes; he is so disputatious and dogmatic. They'll never put up with him. But is he really appointed?"

"No, not quite—they have written him on the subject, I believe, and he has stolen over here to see how things look."

"So his visit's all a secret, then!"

"Entirely so; his friends at home don't know but he's in some of the southern or western States."

"Ho, ho! I declare! so that's the way of it."

"Dr. Horseman is undoubtedly a clever

man," observed the priest, "and I believe a pious man and a strict Catholic, but his anti-Irish tendencies are too strong I fear for the men he has to deal with."

"And why did they think of him at all, then?"

"Well, he's a distinguished man, you know, and the founders of the institution are desirous of securing men of ability and reputation, of course."

"Of course—but they should have made some inquiry about the man's personal character. Ten chances to one they'll strive to get rid of him as quietly as possible, when they come to hear how anti-Irish he is."

"Hillo! what are you doing there, Mr. Guirkie," exclaimed Kate, "chatting away with Father John, and I all alone here with this great foreign Reviewer, trying to defend my country from utter annihilation; come to rescue, or he'll not leave us one of them."

"What's the matter?" inquired the priest, looking over his shoulder.

"Why, he's actually making mince meat of all our celebrities. He has come down as far as Burke, and is cutting him up at such rate that nothing will be left of him, by and bye, but the bones."

The priest threw his legs across and pulled down his waistcoat with a jerk, but said nothing in reply.

"You're growing angry," said Uncle Jerry.

"No, I'm not angry, I'm too well accustomed to him, for that."

"Poor Kate's as mad as a hatter, look how she shakes her curls at him. The man might try to be a little more courteous, I think, even on our account."

"Were he in any other place but Castle Gregory, he wouldn't come off so easily I assure you," responded the priest.

"There now," cried Kate, running away from her antagonist, and flinging herself down beside Uncle Jerry on the sofa, "I won't dispute another syllable with him—he has no mercy at all. He opens his great broadsides on every thing indiscriminately, and goes firing away atyou all the time his ponderous logic. He has murdered me out and out, I hav'nt had such a quarrel these five years. Heigh! he looms over me like a nightmare."

"And why did you continue at it so long?"

"What could I do, am I to be challenged at my own fireside, and by a stranger too, and not fight? O could I only get him once aboard the Water Hen with a stiff breeze from the southard, or on 'Moll Pitcher's' back for a morning's heathing, if I would'nt have my revenge no matter."

"So you've surrendered at last, Kate," said the priest, walking over leisurely to the sofa, and tapping his snuff box on the lid.

"Of course I have, how could I understand all the theories and philosophies and systems into which he dragged me. If he only could talk as other men do, and on subjects that girls like me are generally acquainted with, I might do well enough; but, botheration to a thing you can say but he reduces to logic in a minute, and measures it by some one of his new theories, as a haberdasher would measure a yard of tape."

"He don't give latitude enough, Kate," said the priest, taking a pinch.

"No, he holds you like a vice. And then he so bewilders you with his newly imported principles and methods, and so on that you don't know what you're saying. But Father John, could you guess how he tries to account for the decay of nations?"

"Oh! hoh! the decay of nations, no less."

"Yes, indeed—a subject I know as much about as old Thomas there. Thomas, tell Aunt Willoughby, Father John wants to see her."

"Well, let us hear how he accounts for it."

"Why, sir, he accounts for the decay of nations generally, and of the Irish nation in particular by the laws that regulate the circulation of matter."

"Ha! ha! Go, you mad creature," said the priest, again slapping her on the cheek, "you're a making him worse than he is."

"It's a positive fact, sir," persisted Kate. "He says as the world is developed, the attractive power of new countries becomes greater than those of the old, and carry away from their weaker neighbors, through the atmosphere, more than their share of animal and vegetable life."

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed Uncle Jerry, quitting the sofa, and bobbing his skirts up and down the room. "Ha! ha! the man's fit for the mad house. I declare! account for the decay of nations by laws regulating the circulation of matter. Oh the Lord be about us, what's the world coming to, at all, at all."

"That reminds me of an article I read in some magazine last week, where the writer discovers the antipathy of the Irish to the English people to have originated in the difference between the Roman and the Celtic civilizations."

"Ha! ha! he went far back to find it, did'nt he," said Uncle Jerry, bobbing away as he spoke.

"He was right, nevertheless," said Horseman, who had been listening. "I agree with him."

"Right or wrong," said the priest, "of what earthly advantage is it to us to discover the cause—is not the fact enough?"

"No, sir, it is not enough," replied Horseman, "as a priest and a Christian, you should feel happy to be able to ascribe this national antipathy to a more creditable cause than the memory of past injuries."

"That rebuke is unmerited by me, Dr. Horseman," responded the priest, kindling up a little. "I deplore those unhappy differences between the two countries as much as any man."

"And still you're never done dinning in our ears how you've suffered and bled, all that under the lash of the Saxon,—in America we are sick of it."

"Humph! don't doubt that the least. There has been, I must confess, rather too much of this clamor about our rights and our wrongs. But my dear Doctor I suspect very much *your* sickness arises from another cause."

"What's that?"

"Your Anglo-Saxonism."

"I am an Anglo-Saxon," responded Horseman, promptly, "and what of that. Have I not reason to feel as proud of my Anglo-Saxon, as you do of your Celtic origin. Has not the Saxon been as good a Catholic as the Celt—and as good a soldier. I am an Anglo-Saxon, sir, and to the back bone."

"Precisely—and that's one reason you dislike the Irish so much."

"You're mistaken, sir, I do not dislike the Irish. I love and admire them for their staunch adherence to the faith of their fathers—but"——

"Ay, ay, but,—that's the rub. You love them in the abstract, but you hate them in detail."

"Mr. Brennan, I see you're determined to misunderstand me," exclaimed Horseman, drawing himself up, and running his thumbs into the arm holes of his waistcoat. "You're disposed to regard me as your countrymen do in the States."

"How is that?"

"Native American."

"Precisely. You're as much a Native American as you can, and be a Catholic, or rather you're first American and then you're Catholic."

"Sir, I protest this is the most extraordinary"——

"Oh pshaugh! Doctor, don't try to play that trick on me. You've caught the con-

tagion, that now prevails all over the United States, and in its most malignant form."

"You mean"——

"I mean hatred of the Celt. And how a man of your intelligence and Catholic sentiments can entertain such feelings, is more than I can well understand."

"You're personal, Mr. Brennan."

"I'm candid. You dislike the Irish, that's my firm conviction."

"It's your assertion, sir."

"Dr. Horseman, I am not disposed to quarrel with you on the subject, nor indeed is it worth quarreling about, for it matters little to the Irish, whether you happen to be their friend or foe. But it appears very odd to me, after all your professions of regard for the Irish, how you manage to see their faults sooner than their professed enemies. Since you landed on these shores nothing seems to please you. Our people are lazy and ignorant, our clergy indolent, our schools and colleges slow and undisciplined; even our great men have not escaped your contempt—Burke, Grattan, O'Connell, Curran, Goldsmith, Sheridan, Banim, Swift, Moore—not one of them you have not spoken of in terms of the grossest disparagement."

"Sir, I'm not to sit here, and listen to all this"——

"You have drawn it all on yourself, Doctor. "Why, you've been hardly introduced here to Miss Petersham, when you offended her national pride, by the contemptuous language you use in speaking of her countryman—confessedly one of the greatest men of modern times."

"I may express my opinion, I presume?"

"Certainly, sir, but you should reflect that you're a stranger, and expected to treat us at least with common civility."

"You are very severe Mr. Brennan."

"I speak the truth, sir, and that I fear is something you cannot very well bear to be told."

"And pray, sir, how come you to know that our acquaintance is but short."

"Long enough to discover that you cannot bear the least contradiction without losing your temper. Simple differences of opinion expressed in the most respectful manner, excites you."

"And yet strange to say, since I joined the Catholic Church, I have submitted with the docility of a child to the corrections, and even the rebukes of the humblest of her priests."

"Upon my word then, Doctor," replied the priest, laughingly, "humility, so far as I can learn, is not a virtue you have ever got much credit for. I am aware you profess great respect for the clergy of the American Church, but I fear you sometimes forget to practice it."

"That's a calumny, sir. I could appeal to the whole body of our American B——, if I have ever been wanting in respect to a single individual amongst them. Their endorsement of my Review is a sufficient guaranty on that point."

"Humph!" said Father John, "that happened some years ago, if I don't mistake. Were the endorsement to be made now—ahem!"

"What, sir?"

"Nothing let it pass. The endorsement however, did you no good, Doctor, It gave you a credit on which you depended too much—it spoiled you."

"I presume you mean to say, the B—— approval of my Review has made me insolent?"

"That is not exactly the word I should use—though the word is a good English word of three syllables."

"Humph! I understand you," growled the angry Doctor, and spitting the tobacco he had been fiercely chewing for the last ten minutes, into the grate, he replaced it by another quid from his silver box, and looked over at the priest as if he could have annihilated him with a glance.

"And now, Doctor, as we have been quarreling," resumed the priest, without taking the least notice of the Doctor's an-

ger, "let us fight it out and be good friends again. Let me ask you then how it happens, that you dislike so much every thing Irish, especially for the last five years?"

"I tell you again, sir, you are mistaken—I am unconscious of any antipathy to the Irish people, whether at home or abroad."

"Is it possible you can so far deceive yourself on this point? Can you tell me of a single instance, wherein word or writing, you have these five years manifested a friendly feeling for us. I have read your Review for six years, from cover to cover. I heard you lecture before Irish audiences seven times, during my stay in the United States, have been in your company and conversed with you freely and frequently during that time, and I protest I could never discover the slightest indication in any thing you ever wrote or said, of friendship for the Irish, priest or people."

"Humph! You would expect me to shew my love for Ireland in blowing about Brian Boru and Tara's Hall, and that sort of humbug, I presume?"

"No sir, I despise that as much as you do. I should merely expect you, as a Catholic, to cherish Catholic sentiments towards us. I should expect that when you profess friendship for us, you would at the same time give us some proof of your sincerity?"

"And have I not given such proofs?—Did I not, six years ago, devote all the energies of my mind and body to the improvement of their political and social condition in the States—and what have I gained by it?"

"Nothing—and you deserved to gain nothing, for your motives were selfish."

"Selfish!"

"Ay, selfish. You aspired to the leadership of the Irish in the United States, without a particle of love for them in your heart. You would be the O'Connell or the Montalembert of America, but you failed, for you possess neither the talent of the one, nor the self-sacrificing spirit of the other to sustain you."

"The charge is false," exclaimed Horseman passionately.

"No, sir, but as true as you now stand before me, and when the Irish withheld their confidence, which nothing but your own vanity could have led you to expect, your pretended love for them turned to hatred. I know well, Dr. Horseman, and yet nothing but the provocation I have had from you to-night, could have drawn from me this rebuke. I introduced you here as my friend, and you have hardly entered the room when you tell the young lady of the house she's on the straight road to damnation, and then you set about deliberately abusing her countrymen without distinction, and in a manner so overbearing, that no man with a particle of feeling left in his heart could tolerate. How would you feel, sir, if one of our reviewers, after landing in your native city, commenced a general attack upon your American authors and orators, Prescott, Bryant, Cowper, Webster, Clay, Calhoun, and the rest of your great men? How would you like to hear a foreigner in one of your drawing rooms speak in that style?"

"Sir, I have never withheld my opinions any where. When I form opinions I am not ashamed to avow them."

"But I tell you, Doctor, you ought to be ashamed to avow such opinions as you have just expressed here. I have listened to you in my own house speak in the most contemptuous manner of our Irish writers and statesmen, and borne with you patiently, for I was then your host; but I cannot sit patiently here and hear you outrage the feelings of a young and gentle girl at her own fire-side, and on your very first introduction, beeause she happens to be a Protestant and is national enough to feel proud of her countrymen."

Horseman again took out his tobacco box, and was about to reply, when the door opened, and Mrs. Willoughby entered, car-

rying a letter in her hand. She was evidently beyond three score and ten, to judge from the deep furrows of her cheeks and thin white hair, and yet she walked as sprightly and upright as a girl of sixteen. Approaching Father John and Mr. Guirkie with a smile of welcome, she extended a hand to each, and expressed the pleasure she felt in seeing them at Castle Gregory.

"Kate," she added, "where are you, Kate?"

"Quarreling with Dr. Horseman," replied the priest.

"O the wild creature. She's always at some mischief. Kate, here's a note from Mary Lee."

In a moment the delighted girl was at her aunt's side, and kissing her hand fervently for having carried the precious billet, she bounded off again to read it.

"News for you, Uncle Jerry," she exclaimed, as she ran her eye rapidly over the contents; "Mary Lee comes to-morrow, and you must stay to see her. You can't refuse, for you know how anxious you've been to converse with her."

"Come over," said Uncle Jerry, "and sit beside me here on the sofa we must talk a little of your friend. Do you really know what this girl is, or whence she came, and what's to become of her?"

"Not I," replied Kate. "All I know is, I love her dearly, and that's all I want to know."

"But of her father?"

"She never speaks of him; I never even heard her mention his name."

"I declare!—is'nt it strange, and you so intimate?"

"Very—she told me all about her uncle's embarrassment, though. She fears he cannot hold out much longer. His creditors in Dublin and Cork are pressing him very hard, and he has no means to meet their demands."

"God help him, poor fellow, if he did'nt happen to be a gentleman, it had'nt been half so bad."

"Have you called to see him yet, as you promised?"

"No, I thought better of it," replied Uncle Jerry.

"How so?"

My visit might be disagreeable perhaps."

"Disagreeable?"

"Yes—he might feel embarrassed."

"What! ashamed of his poverty, you mean?"

"No, but if he knew me to be the purchaser of Mary's pictures, what should I do then? Rodger would never sell me a picture again."

"He knows nothing about it," said Kate. "Rodger would die sooner than tell him; even Mary herself don't know who buys her pictures. She thinks Rodger sells them in Derry to a picture dealer.—All she don't understand about it is the high price she gets for them."

"Nonsense!" ejaculated Uncle Jerry, she receives the value of them, and not one stiver more or less. I'm not such a fool as to throw my hard earned money away for nothing."

"Fool," repeated Kate, looking at Uncle Jerry, till the tears came to her eyes. "I wish to God we had more fools like you, for then the world would be both better and wiser."

"There it is again," said Uncle Jerry, turning away from his companion, for nothing irritated him more than to charge him with the crime of benevolence: "there it is ngain, always harping on the same string. I'll stay at home, in future," he continued, "for I sha'nt be plagued in this way any longer. I'll not let a beggar—I'll not let a man with a torn coat, nor a woman with a child in her arms, within a league of my house."

"Don't grow angry with me, Uncle Jerry," pleaded Kate, taking his hand in both hers.

I will grow angry; I can't help it;

saint could'nt stand it. I'll turn off Mrs. Motherly too, for she's the cause of all this, I can't fling a copper to a beggar, but she reports it a pound. Upon my word it's a pretty thing, to be taken as a simpleton at the age of sixty years."

"I only hinted at your generosity—I mean your goodness—in-a-in-why, in giving a fair price for Mary's pictures."

"Fair price"—

"Yes, and I thought you would'nt be angry with me for saying that."

"Of course I would'nt, but you said nothing of the kind—not a syllable," replied Uncle Jerry, softening down a little.

"I meant to say so," said Kate, "but you would'nt hear me. I certainly think it's very good and kind in you to buy these pictures from the poor girl when you don't want them yourself, I say *that*, Mr. Guirkie, and I shall always say so."

"But I do want them—I want all she can paint, for a twelve month to come, and I would'nt give one of them for twice the price they cost me. Do you hear that, Miss Petersham?"

"Oh well," said Kate, humoring the whim, "that accounts for it then."

"Certainly. You thought all the time, I suppose, I bought these pictures as an act of charity. He! he!" he chuckled, endeavouring all the while to belie his own heart, "when I buy, Kate, I have an eye to business."

Kate raised up her eyes in appeal against the sacrilege, but dared not venture to say a word.

"And that's the real reason, Kate, I don't visit at the Lighthouse," added Uncle Jerry, holding his head down, for his conscience smote him for bearing false witness against himself, "that's the reason, precisely."

"Oh, very," said Kate, "I'm satisfied if you are."

"I must acknowledge it's a selfish motive," continued Uncle Jerry, "but I have been a man of the world and doubtless my feelings are hardened by long intercourse with it."

"Humph, and so you won't visit at the Lighthouse, lest Rodger should never come with his pictures again?"

"Precisely. If the old man saw me once there, he should never, never come knocking at my door again. He's a wonderful man, that Rodger, and I think I should miss him very much."

"He's a faithful creature," replied Kate; "like the ivy, he clings on to the last; when the old house falls into ruins he falls with it."

"He is very obliging to me, at all events," said Uncle Jerry, "to make me the first offer. But you'll keep the secret to yourself Kate, (and he whispered the words in her ear,) there's no need you know of telling every body the value of these pictures. 'Let that flea stick fast in the wa,' Kate."

"Never fear; I'll not discover on you."

"And now, can you tell me if Mary Lee has any friends or relatives in or about Rathmullen?" inquired Uncle Jerry.

"No, not that I know of."

"You're not certain, I suppose?"

"Well, as certain as I can be, without actually hearing her say so."

"Then I must have seen her ghost."

"Her ghost, forsooth! where?"

"In Rathmullen grave yard."

"Oh, it was only some one like her, you saw. She has no relatives buried there. The Lees, you know are absolute strangers in this part of the country."

"So I understood, and yet upon my word, I could almost swear I saw her there, at two different times, as plainly as I see you now. On both occasions it was late in the evening, and she passed within a few yards of me, apparently on her way to the shore."

"It was some one else, you may rest assured. Mary never goes there; I should hear of it if she did. Sometimes in calm evenings, she and Lanty Hanlon take a run

up the loch together, bnt I never heard of her visiting the grave yard."

During this little conversation between Uncle Jerry and Kate, Dr. Horseman and Mrs. Willoughby were busily engaged talking on various subjects, particularly those relating to America and American society. Being of a very old aristocratic family herself, the good lady was very fond of speaking of her ancestors, dating them back as far as the conquest, and of the various noble houses all over England and Scotland, with which she had become connected during a long succession of years.—Dr. Horseman, on the other hand, coming, as he did, from the Puritans of Plymouth Rock, and still proud of the grim old warrior fathers, was not inclined to set much value on his venerable companion's reminiscences of the past, and indeed went so far in his rough, brusque manner of speaking of the English nobility, as to shock the old lady's prepossessions very much. Fortunately, however, a circumstance of rather a ludicrous character occurred just then to prevent an open rupture between them.

Lanty Hanlon, as the reader may remember, was appointed to take charge of the negro in the boat-house, and keep him as comfortable as possible under hay and blankets, till a carriage could be sent next morning to convey him to Greenmount, if indeed it should so happen that no accommodation could be had for him at Castle Gregory. Lanty waited patiently till the half hour was up, expecting by that time to see some of the Castle servants coming down to relieve him. But when the half hour was past and gone and no one coming, he began to feel somewhat uneasy at the prospect of being obliged to sit up all night with so unsociable a companion. The next half hour passed away also, and no one came. Lanty went to the door to listen—but all in vain—not a sound could he hear, but the occasional screech of the peacock on the old sun dial.

"Begorra," he muttered to himself, at last, scratching his head and returning to his weary post, "begorra, it's a mighty agreeable akipation, sittin here all alone nurse-tendin a blackamoore, an not a sowl within call of me. I'd know what Mary Kelly 'ill say when I'm not there to take her up to Ned Callahan's christenin. I'm sayin, Mr. Blackamoore," he continued turning to the negro, who now lay motionless on the flat of his back, "I'm sayin, ye'd do me a mighty great favor if ye'd let me off till day break. I've some weighty business on my hands the night."

"Bery sick, massa."

"Oh I don't dispute that in the laste.—But there's no fear of you till mornin, any how."

"Bery bad, massa," repeated the negro, "bery sick; no tink me live."

"Oh musha, bad luck to the fear of ye, my *augenach*, yer more frightened than hurt, I'm thinkin."

"Me no feel toes—none at all."

"Confound your toes—I'm not goin to stay here all night nursin them, without as much as a drop 'i drink, or even a draw of the pipe to warm me. So start, my darlin; I'll carry ye to the castle."

"You kill me, massa."

"Dang the fear of ye—come, up my fine fellow—ye'll ride on a Christian's back, any way, and that's an honor ye little expected."

The poor negro begged hard to be left where he was for the night, but Lanty was inexorable; the dance at Ned Callahan's christening, with Mary Kelly for a partner, was too strong a temptation. After various twistings and turnings, he succeeded at length in seating the invalid on the top of an empty barrel, and then backing in, wound the creature's arms round his neck and tied them there with his handkerchief, lest he might happen to grow faint, and fall on the road. In this fashion Lanty started off with his burden, intending to leave him in one of the out houses till morning.—

When he reached the Castle, however, he found all the office houses locked. The only door in fact he saw open, after hawking his load all over the place, was the great hall of the castle itself. So after some hesitation he took courage and in he went. Looking round the spacious hall for some time, and seeing no one coming, he determined at last to deposit the negro on a door mat, and then having rung the bell, to disappear as fast as possible. Unfortunately, however, he selected the wrong place but worse still, in turning round to drop the negro behind him, he stumbled backwards, burst open the parlor door where the company we have just left were quietly seated, and rolled into the middle of the room, with the negro's arms clasped around his neck like a vice.

The uproar was awful. Mrs. Willoughby screamed, Mr. Guirkie shouted thieves and murder, Dr. Horseman upset the table with the lights, in his effort to lay hold of his aristocratic antagonist, as she fell fainting from her chair. Kate ran to one door, and the priest groped his way to another, calling on the servants. Within the room all was darkness and confusion. Uncle Jerry, in his attempts to escape, upset chairs, tables, tumblers, decanters, dumbwaiters, and every thing else that came in his way. Mrs. Willoughby, in a fit of hysterics wriggled furiously in the stalwart arms of the burly Reviewer, whilst Lanty kicked and swore lustily at the "blackguard blackamoore" to let him go.

At length the servants came running in with lights, one after another, all out of breath, and inquiring what had happened. The shouts and screams of the party had attracted to the spot every domestic in the house, from the boot-boy to the steward. But their stay however, was short, for the instant their eyes fell on the negro's black face, they mistook him for a certain gentleman of the same color, and away they fled, treading on each other others heels, and screeching like very demons, till the din grew ten times greater than it was before.

"What's all this clamor about," cried the priest, motioning back the affrighted servants. "Brave fellows you are to be scared in this way by the black face o a poor African. But where's Lany Han on," he added, suddenly recollecting h "away, and bring the villian here forthwith, he's the cause of all this trouble. Bring him here instantly."

"Lanty Hanlon, where are you?" shouted one.

"Lanty Hanlon, the priest wants you!" cried another.

But no answer came. Lanty was gone.

CHAPTER XIII.

Captain Petersham, booted and spurred, and accompanied by an officer in undress constabulatory uniform, entered the parlor the moment the servants rushed in with the lights, and there beheld to his utter amazement the insensible form of his venerable aunt in the brawny arms of a swarthy looking stranger. The groans of the unfortunate African on the floor, and the cries of Uncle Jerry mingling with the screams and confusion of the affrighted servants, left him no room to doubt the man in the short-skirted coat and stinted pantaloons was a burglar; and fired with indignation at the outrage thus offered his relative, he snatched a pistol from the mantle piece, and bounding over chairs, tables, broken glasses, and every thing else that lay in his way, presented the weapon at the head of the bewildered and astonished reviewer.

"Villian, desist," he cried, "or in half a second I'll blow your brains out."

"Hold on sir," ejaculated Horseman,—"remove your weapon."

"Lay down the lady on the sofa, sirrah—lay her down instantly!"

"Are you mad, sir,—I have no, no——"

"Down with her, or by ——".

The Doctor feeling the cold muzzle of

the pistol touch his forehead, dropped his burden as suddenly as if he had been a bar of hot iron, and then drawing himself up and pursing out his lips, demanded to know who he was that dared assault him thus.

"Silence, villain," again thundered the Captain, "silence."

"Sir, I'm no villain, and I demand ——"

"Another word," and the excited Captain again raised his weapon."

But the police officer fearing the Captain's fiery temper might drive him to extremities, arrested his arm, and begged him to see to the lady while he took charge of the prisoner.

"Hold him fast, then," he cried. "Let him escape at your peril. Ho! there," he continued, shouting to the servants—"ho! there, rascals, let two or three of you remove Mrs. Willoughby to her room and the others start off and scour the country for the rest of the gang; five pounds for the first capture; come now, my lads, lose no time, tumble out and be active."

As the excited Captain rushed from the parlor after issuing his orders, he came full tilt against Uncle Jerry, and laid him sprawling on his back.

"Thank you," said the latter, "that's very nice, upon my word,—well, I vow and declare," he added, as he kicked up his little gaitered legs, and wriggled like a capsized crab, "I vow and declare there's not such another place as Castle Gregory in the whole world."

"Kate Petersham! Kate Petersham; Hilloa, Kate, where are you?" cried the Captain, leaving Mr. Guirkie to his own resources.

"Here," said a voice behind him.

The Captain turned, and to his surprise beheld Kate in an arm chair, her head thrown back, her hair all down over her shoulders, and her whole frame convulsed with laughter.

"What in the name of all the furies does this mean?" exclaimed the Captain beginning to suspect some mistake.

But Kate, to save her life, could not articulate a syllable; all she could do was to point to Uncle Jerry, on the floor.

"Who is he?" said the Captain—and turning to the prostrate man, he seized him by his arm and raised him on his feet.

"Why, how now, is it possible—good heavens!—how came you here, Mr. Guirkie?"

"That's not the thing, Captain; the question is, how I'm to get away, for the devil's in the house."

"Where is Dr. Horseman?" enquired the priest, stopping a servant running across the hall.

"Who the deuce is Dr. Horseman?—What—and Father John here too. Can you explain this uproar, Father John?" said the Captain.

"Lanty Hanlon's the cause of the whole of it—but I must leave you with Mr. Guirkie—he can enlighten you on the subject whilst I go in quest of the Doctor."

"Lanty Hanlon! he's the very devil, that fellow. Why, there's an officer of police in the house this moment, in search of him."

"For what?"

"For an aggravated assault on a foreigner of the name of Weeks."

"The Yankee?"

"Yes, the Crohan man."

"Well, upon my credit," said Uncle Jerry, "I'm quite sure he deserved all he got, for he's a very presumptuous fellow. What d'ye think, Captain? He had the impudence to tell me that a horn on a hair's ear for a June fly, was all a humbug.—He, he—just imagine a stranger tell me that, after fishing over five years in these waters."

"Can no one tell me where is Dr. Horseman?" enquired the priest a second time, accosting Mr. Guirkie and the Captain.

"Dr. Horseman again. Who the mischief is Dr. Horseman?" demanded the Captain.

"A friend of mine I brought with me to see Castle Gregory."

"A very weighty man," muttered Uncle Jerry.

"Weighty man?"

"Yes, indeed—he's that both in mind and body. He wields theology like a sledge hammer."

"Hold," exclaimed the Captain, "I fear I've made a confounded blunder. Does this Doctor wear a short-tailed coat and ——?"

"He, he! rather stumpy," giggled Uncle Jerry—"something like a thrush that lost the tail feathers."

"Good heavens! what have I done!—That must be the very man I left just now in the breakfast parlor, in custody of the officer."

"Ha! ha! he! he!" chuckled Uncle Jerry again, "that's glorious!"

"Why, I took him for a robber in the act of carrying off my aunt."

"Excellent! he! he! excellent. Capital idea, such a man as Dr. Horseman carry away your aunt in his arms. Ha, ha!"

', Are you ready?" cried Kate, marching up to the Captain with a cutting whip in her hand, and the strap of her riding cap under her chin.

"Don't provoke me, Kate."

"What, sir, turned coward? and your whole retinue in the field."

"Begone, I say."

"And your venerable relative wrested from the very arms of one of the gang. Oh, my valiant brother, how low hast thou fallen!"

The Captain retreated into the parlor, but Kate followed him.

"Shall I have the five pounds if I succeed?—five pounds you know, for the first capture."

"Begone this minute," ejaculated the mortified Captain, turning short and pursuing her; but the mirth-loving, mad-provoking girl, was too swift for him, and fled from the room laughing till the spacious hall rang again.

But to return to the prisoner in the breakfast parlor.

The wrath of the distinguished reviewer, on finding himself shut up in custody of a police officer, knew no bounds. "Open that door, sir," he exclaimed, violently, pointing at it with his finger—"open that door instantly, and give me free passage from this infernal house."

"Keep quiet, my good man," coolly replied the officer—"keep quiet."

"Stand from the door," vociferated Horseman, raising his ponderous arm, "or I shall fell you to the earth."

"If you don't keep your temper, I'll handcuff you again," replied the officer with as much coolness as before.

"Handcuff me! Sirrah," cried Horseman, running his thumbs into his waistcoat and swelling up till he looked like a Jupiter Tonans. "Handcuff me,—caitiff."

"I have shackled as strong men in my time."

"You presumptuous pigmy," growled the Doctor, and he shot at his keeper a look of withering scorn like Glenalvon when he said to the young Douglas:

'Knowest thou not, Glenalvon, born to command
Ten thousand slaves like thee'—

"Pray, fellow, what do you take me for?" at length he added, a little cooled down under the officer's imperturbability of look and tone.

"A robber—caught in the very act of abducting one of the ladies of the house.

"A robber!—look at me again, sir; but go ahead, play out the play. This is my first Irish lesson, I presume."

"And you'll find it a sharp one, I suspect, before it's over."

"Humph! you're an Irishman, I take it."

"I am—what of that?"

"Why I guessed as much by your insufferable insolence."

"See here, my good man, that's a reflection on my country," said the officer, "and I don't like it. Say what you please of myself, as you're in my custody—but if you value your health and ease let my country alone; for my knuckles itch when I hear it lightly spoken of, especially by a stranger."

At this moment a knock came to the door, and presently Captain Petersham entered.

"I hasten," said the portly Captain, with a smile on his honest, jolly face—"I hasten, Dr. Horseman, to offer you an apology for this ——"

"Sir, I shall accept no apology," growled the Doctor. "All I require is permission to quit this house—and that instantly."

"But, my dear sir, will you ——?"

"No, sir; you've offered me an unpardonable insult."

"Will you not listen to an explanation?"

"No, sir; no—I'll listen to no explanation."

"Psaugh, nonsense, my dear friend,—don't take it so ill. Why, I've been making and apologising for blunders all my lifetime. Father John here will tell you the little boys on the streets call me nothing but blundering Tom Petersham."

"That's a positive fact, and good reason for it, too," muttered Uncle Jerry, ambling about the room, and bobbing his skirts up and down as usual.

"Come, come Doctor," persisted the Captain, again offering his hand, "let us forget this foolish mistake, and drink success to the stars and stripes over a good stout bottle of old Rhenish—supper awaits us in the next room."

"You must excuse me, sir; I can't partake of your hospitality," said the Doctor gruffly, turning away and moving to and fro like a lion.

"Don't you remember Eolus," said Uncle Jerry, whispering in the priest's ear, "*Vadit per claustrum magno cum murmine ranco.* He, he! he's the very man."

"Is there no way to conciliate him?" enquired the Captain, turning to the priest.

"None that I know of."

"And what the blaz—excuse me.—What is he, an American, eh?"

"Yes, he is an American, but a bad sample of his countrymen. The American of the true stamp is a fine, generous, noble-hearted fellow; but I don't know how it happens, the Doctor, with all his great mental abilities, is yet so full of self-conceit, that the least contradiction puts him out of temper, and the least freedom offends his dignity."

"Let us start Kate at him," said the Captain; "if the man has a soft spot in his heart she'll find it."

And Kate did beg and intreat of him to stay for the night, and begged and begged again, but all to no purpose—the Doctor was inflexible. Nay, he went even so far at last as to rebuke her harshly for her familiarity! and Kate, the poor kind-hearted girl, unaccustomed to such a language, blushed like a child under the reproof, and stole away from the room.

"Now, in the name of all the gods in Olympus," exclaimed the Captain, who had been watching Kate, and witnessed her repulse, "that makes an end of it: an apology is as much as one gentleman can require of another, and I've already satisfied my conscience on that point. Ho, there, who waits—Thomas?"

"Here, sir."

"Let the coachman drive up instantly and take this gentleman home. Confound such stubborn—sulky—mawworms," he added, turning again to the priest. "I'm sorry, sir, for this ridiculous blunder on your account, but hang me if I can play the supplicant any longer."

"You're right, Captain—perfectly right—his stubbornness is inexcusable. For myself, I exceedingly regret having brought

him with me to Castle Gregory. But there was no help for it. The night was dark, and Mr. Guirkie absolutely refused to part with the negro till he had seen you, and placed him under your special protection. I'm sorry also—I must accompany the Doctor; for I had promised myself a long chat with Kate on a certain interesting subject which ——"

"Which is neither more nor less than the comparative merits of the Anglican and Catholic Churches. I suspected all along, my dear fellow, what you and Kate were about; but it's no concern of mine—let her please herself. If she wishes to adopt a new form of religion, I'm satisfind—only let it be a decent one; for by all the saints in the calendar, if she dared look even sideways at any of those tinkering religions they manufacture now-a-days, I'd hang her up for the crows to pick."

"Ha! ha! you don't like these new fangled systems, I perceive?"

"Like them, why they're the most damnable nuisances in the country. One of those canting fellows who peddle them round here, called on me last week, and after disgusting me with his hypocritical twaddle, had the impudence to invite me to what he called a prayer-meeting. Ha! ha! By George, I had a good mind to fling the fellow, neck and heels, out of the window. No, sir; I was bred a Protestant myself, and intend to live and die one; but Kate is old enough to judge for herself, and she may, for aught it concerns me, turn Mahommedan or Catholic, if her taste lies that way—but let her keep clear of these pettifoggers, that's all the stipulation I make—let her keep clear of them."

"Well, but suppose," observed the priest smiling—"suppose her taste led her to adopt the Methodist ——?"

"Oh! blame the Methodist. I'd rather see her peddle eggs with a basket on her arm."

"You don't apprehend much danger of that, I suppose? Kate's not exactly of that turn of mind."

"No; but you can't tell, sir, what may happen. These Hardwrinkles are here night and day since she stopped going to church on Sundays."

"Humph, these visits are intended to counteract the influence of Mary Lee, I suspect."

"Poor Mary. Is she not a most fascinating creature?" said the Captain, earnestly. "I tell you what, sir, I believe in my soul I'm in love with that girl."

The priest looked at the burly Captain and smiled.

"Well hang me if I know what to make of it, but I feel sometimes as if I could propose for her myself. Ha, ha, what think you of that, sir, from a bachelor of forty-five?" and the Captain laughed till his fat sides shook again at the idea of such a match.

"You would have but little chance against Randall Barry, I fear," replied the priest.

"The young outlaw?"

"Yes, and the foolish boy is now somewhere in the neighborhood, I understand."

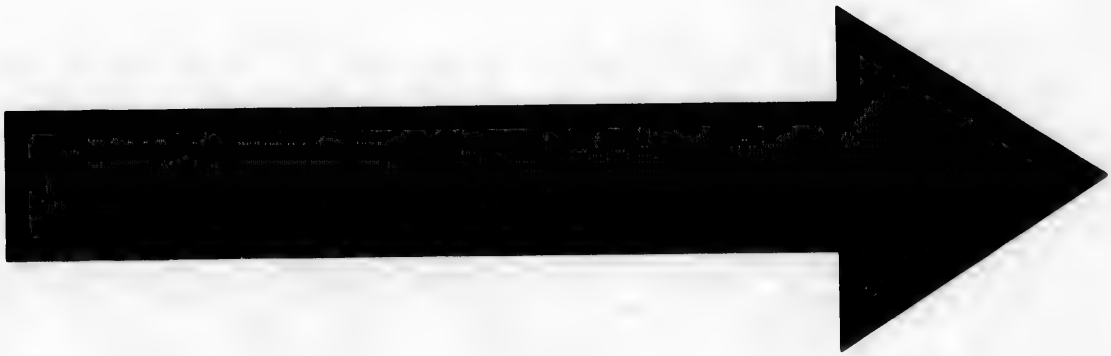
"Saw him myself," replied the Captain, "and a devilish fine looking fellow he is—saw him at the light house yesterday."

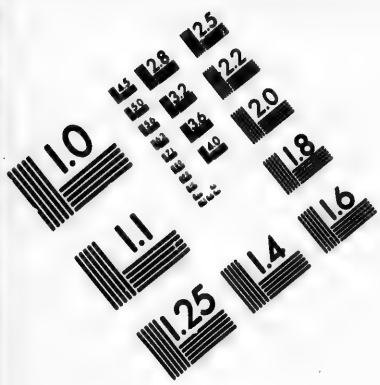
"Is it possible! and you did'nt arrest him, as in duty bound. You're a very pretty magistrate, indeed. Why, Captain, I must report you to the government as an abetter of treason."

"Nonsense—I'm not a policeman to carry hand-cuffs in my pocket."

"But you might have ordered his arrest."

"Humph! when I order the arrest of a fine young fellow like that," said the Captain, laying his hand on the priest's shoulder, "whose only crime is to love his country, I shall be no longer Tom Petersham. Still, if he happen to be brought before me, you know, as a justice of the peace, and fully identified, I must commit him."





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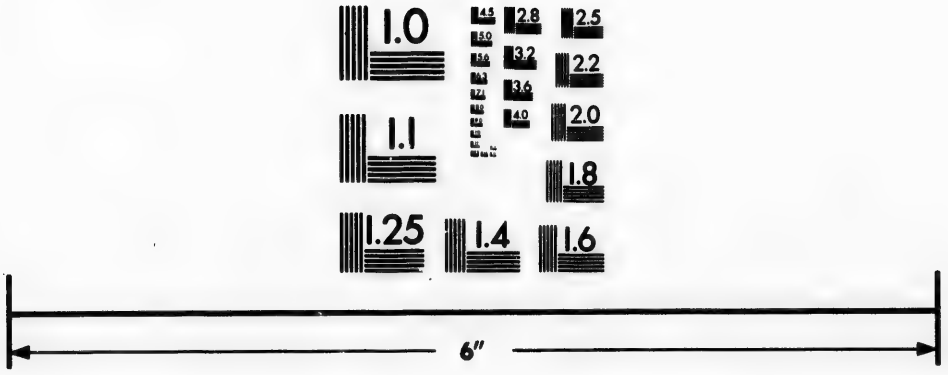

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"Of course you must. The boy is acting very rashly in coming here at all, after all the warnings he has had."

"He must be a bold fellow, knowing there's a reward of two hundred pounds offered for his capture."

"I wish to mercy he could be induced to quit the country for a time, for if he happens to be taken, Mary will break her heart."

"Well, he will be arrested, you may depend on it, sooner or later. Two hundred pounds these hard times, is a strong temptation. Why, this very officer in the house now, chased him two days ago from Buncranna to Lambert's Point."

"Carriage at the door," cried a servant.

"And what of supper?"

"On the table, sir."

"Come then, my dear friend," said the Captain, taking the priest familiarly by the arm, "let us pick a bone together before you leave. Kate, go ask Dr. Horseman to join us. Where's Mr. Guirkie? come forth—come forth thou man of indescribable sensibilities."

But Mr. Guirkie had left the parlor a few minutes before, and was now making arrangements with the steward for the safe conveyance of the African to Greenmount next morning. He soon made his appearance, however, and joined the Captain and the priest in a glass of wine. It was all the refreshment they ventured to accept, as Horseman still doggedly rejected every attempt at conciliation.

"Well, good bye, Doctor," said the good natured Captain, accompanying the party to the steps of the hall door, "I'm sorry you leave us in anger—but I know you'll think better of it to-morrow. Good bye, sir."

The distinguished reviewer growled something in reply.

"Kate," said the priest, giving her his hand to shake, and whispering the words in her ear, "don't neglect to cultivate the acquaintance of Mary Lee, not forget to read that work I lent you on the beauties of the Catholic religion."

"Never fear," replied Kate, and then having promised Uncle Jerry to see particular care taken of his poor African, she waved her hand in adieu, and the carriage drove off at a gallop down the avenue.

CHAPTER XIV.

A severe attack of fever, resulting from the hardships he endured in the life-boat, had now confined the little cabin-boy to his room at the light-house for several days, during which Mary Lee was his constant attendant hardly ever leaving him day or night.

Doctor Camberwell had called to see the patient several times, and as often found Mary patiently watching by his bed side with the fidelity and affection of a sister. Strongly did he remonstrate with her (as did her Uncle also) on the imprudence of shutting herself up so constantly in the sick room, especially when Else Curley and Roger O'Shaughnessy were there to attend him. But all in vain. Nothing could prevail on her to quit her post. She only smiled and assured them she apprehended no danger whatever.

The room in which the boy lay was a small apartment on the north side of the lodge, directly over the Devil's Gulch, and looking out on the far-famed Swilly Rock, which lay in the very mouth of the lough about half a mile distant, showing its long black back now and then, as the swells of the sea broke over and seethed down its sides. Beyond it, in the distance, appeared the rugged outline of Malin Head, casting its deep shadow into the sea, and frowning a sulky defiance at each passing ship as she rounded the dangerous bluff. It was to avoid that headland the ill-fated "Saldana" ran for a harbor, and struck on Swilly Rock. On that rock she lost her helm and masts, and then broken up by the fury

of the ocean, drifted in fragments to the shore.

Every soul on board perished that night, but one little infant, and that infant, now a lovely girl of eighteen, her head turned to the fatal spot, was praying for the little wrecked cabin-boy, lying beside her. She was kneeling before a crucifix, with a rosary in her hand, and old Drake, resting his nose on his shaggy paws, was peering up in her face.

Suddenly she turned, and looked towards the bed.

"Sambo—Sambo," muttered the boy—"where are you Sambo?"

Mary rose, and advancing to the bedside, laid her hand gently on the forehead of the little sufferer—it was burning hot.

"Sambo, dear Sambo," he again repeated, "let us return home. Mother calls me."

"It's the crisis," murmured Mary, "six hours more will terminate the contest between life and death. Oh, Mother of God, Mother of our Redeemer," she added, "save this wandering boy." And slowly sinking on her kness again, she prayed and wept over him, until the tears rolled down her cheeks, and dropped unheeded on the bed.

"What's that you're doing, Sambo?" muttered the boy—"you scald me with drops of lead."

"Hush, hush," whispered Mary in his ear. "Keep quiet, I'm with you."

"Take me home, Sambo, take me home."

"Where?" said Mary.

"Where! to Old Virginny. There it is, right before you, don't you see the old Potomac? Massa shan't blame you a mite—it was all my fault, and I'll tell him so. Wont you take me back, Sambo?"

"Yes, to-morrow—to-morrow," said Mary, "but keep still now, or I must leave you."

The threat of desertion seemed to silence the little fellow completely. Mary then applied a napkin steeped in vinegar and water to his burning temples, and after smoothing his pillow was returning to her seat near the window, when all of a sudden she found herself clasped in the arms of Kate Petersham.

"Miss Petersham," she exclaimed—"is it possible?"

"No, no,—I'll not have it so, call me Kate—your own Kate—and I love you now a thousand times better than ever."

"You won't scold me then, will you?"

"Scold you? for what?"

"Not going to see you, according to promise."

"And abandon your little charge there. No, no Mary, I know your heart too well for that. But I must scold you for something else, Mary, I must scold you for staying here so constantly in the sick room."

"There's no danger in the world, Kate."

"Danger? Why, Dr. Camberwell says its typhus fever, and of the most malignant kind, too."

"Well, but dear Kate, you need not feel the least concern about that, for I'm not afraid of it at all, and you know where there's no fear there's no danger."

"I don't know any such thing," replied Kate. "On the contrary, I'm sure you're running a great risk."

"Not the slightest Kate. The Mother of God will protect me."

"Ah, you can't be certain of that."

"Quite certain. She never forsook me yet."

"But if you've acted imprudently and rashly, why should she protect you?"

"Listen to me Kate, and I'll tell you how it all happened. It was just eighteen years to the hour, since the wreck of the Saldana, the night this poor boy was cast ashore on Ballyhernan Strand. The circumstance struck me as something strange when I heard it mentioned by the Warren-keeper in the cabin, and pondering over it as I wet the lips of the little mariner with

a spoonful of wine and water, the idea occurred to me that the Blessed Virgin had committed him to my special care. You may smile, Kate, but the providence of God has its own ways and means of accomplishing its ends. How very like my own fate is this little wanderer's, said I, perhaps he too has neither father and mother left to watch over him. Just as I thought this he raised his eyes to mine, and seemed to make such an appeal to my heart that I could'nt for the life of me say a word in reply. So I only nodded a promise. He understood it though perfectly, for he smiled his thanks as I gave it."

"And you bound feel by that promise," said Kate, "though not a word was exchanged between you?"

"Oh, indeed, as for that, Kate, I believe I had made the promise to the Blessed Virgin before he looked at me at all.—For, why should he have been cast ashore that night, of all the nights in the year, and consigned to my care too by the Doctor, if there had'nt been something mysterious in it?"

"And now, you're prepared to risk your life to save his?"

"No, no," replied Mary, throwing her arm round her companion's neck, and leaning her head gently on herbosom. "No, no, dear Kate, there's no risk for me, since the Queen of Virgins has promised to save me."

"But may not this be superstition?"

"Superstition! Oh Kate, if you only felt for one short hour the blessed hopes which the Mother of God inspires in the hearts of her suffering children, you would speak less coldly of our beautiful religion. Indeed, Kate, only for the consolations I have drawn for the last six years from that pure fountain of mercy and love, I should long since have sunk under the weight of my sorrows."

"Ah," responded Kate, compassionately, "you've had sorrows enough, poor thing."

"And yet, strange as it may seem, it's the cheerfulness with which he bears his misfortunes that wounds me the most."

"His misfortunes! Whom do you mean?"

"My Uncle."

"Oh, I thought you were speaking of your own griefs."

"No, I never had any thing to grieve for but him—he is all the world though to me; for, indeed, I think, Kate, he loves me more than his life."

"Don't wonder much at that, Mary."

"To see him falling, step by step, from the proud position he once occupied among the best and noblest of the land; to see his friends—alas! they were sorry friends—deserting him day after day; to see his creditors who were wont to come to him bowing in lowly reverence, now insolently rebuking him for his reckless extravagance, to see his stables empty, his hounds all dead and gone, his servants forsaking him one by one, and to see himself smiling and happy-looking as a bridegroom in the midst of all that desolation. Oh, Kate, it was that which almost broke my heart."

"Indeed, on the contrary, Mary, I think it should have consoled you to see him bear his misfortunes so bravely."

"Ah yes, Kate, but it's all deception—an outward show. He only affects to be happy on my account."

"You may be mistaken, Mary, it's his natural disposition, perhaps."

"Oh no," replied Mary, "I can tell his very thoughts, though he fancies them hidden from all the world. Often have I watched his countenance as he read over the insulting letters of his creditors, and seen how he struggled to hide his indignation under a smile. And now, Kate, they have found us out at last."

"What—discovered your retreat?"

"Yes, and threaten Mr. Lee with arrest, if their demands are not immediately satisfied. One man has brought up several of his bonds, and demands payment before

the first of next month."

"And what's to be done? Can my brother do anything to avert the blow? Shall I speak to him on the subject?"

"Not for the world, Kate."

"And why so? you know he loves your Uncle."

"Yes, but for that very reason he would be the last man he should ask a favor of."

"To whom then will you apply for help?"

"I have applied already, Kate, to a dear friend."

"You have?"

"Yes, to one who never refused me in my need—to the Blessed Virgin."

Ah, indeed! so you expect succor from her. But why not apply to the Redeemer himself—the fountain of all goodness?"

"Because, dear Kate, I fear I'm not worthy to approach him; and I know, besides, he will hear the prayer of the Mother who bore him sooner than mine."

"Ah! then you apply to her merely as an intercessor? Why I always thought you expected aid directly from herself."

"Kate, Kate, how often have I told you the contrary!"

"Yes, but I have heard it preached about so often in our pulpits."

"Hush! some one knocks—come in."

The door opened, and Else Curley, wrapped in her old grey cloak, entered the room.

Without uttering a word of recognition or apology, she advanced to the bed and laid her withered hand on the temples of the patient. Then having satisfied herself as to the progress of the disease, she turned slowly round, and throwing back her hood, addressed Miss Petersham in hoarse, hollow tones—

"Young woman, why are you here?" she demanded.

"That's my own affair," replied Kate. "By what right do you ask?"

"The right which the age and experience of eighty years give me. I seen many a faver, girl, in my time, but niver yet so dangerous a faver as this. Away then from the room—it's no place for idle visitors."

"And pray, old woman," said Kate, "what reason have you to feel so much concern for my safety?"

"The raison's too ould," replied Else, "to spake iv now. Yer grand father, if he lived, cud hardly remimber it. But here," she continued, drawing a piece of folded paper from her bosom, "read this and judge for yourself; if it's at Araheera Head ye ought to be."

Kate took the paper from her hand, and accompanied Mary Lee to the parlor.

"Humph!" muttered Else, now that she found herself alone with the sick boy, "if he has'nt lost his senses, I'll try what can be done to clear up this mystery. If the nigger started back frightened that way, as Lanty says, when he first seen Weeks at Mr. Guirkie's, he must know something about him, and accordin to all accounts, the nigger and the boy here come from the same plantation. Ay, ay, there's a hole in that wall somewhere worth the ferretin. Humph! look," she continued, touching the lad on the arm with her fore-finger—"look up and spake to me."

"Who's that?" muttered the boy, turning on his side and gazing at the old woman, "are you Sambo?"

"Ay, I'm Sambo,—what d'ye want?" said Else, seeing in a moment the state of his mind.

"You're not Sambo—nigger Sambo."

"Don't you know me?"

"Yes, but sure you're Sambo—very sure you're Sambo Nelson?"

"Quite sure—and what's *your* name?"

"Ny name—my name's Natty."

"Natty, what?"

"Natty Nelson."

"And where's your father?"

"My father—my father—well let me see, my father—where's my father."

"Where does he live?"

"Who?"

"Your father. Sambo, Sambo, whisper; don't be afraid, he shan't flog you."

"Who shan't flog me? Father—old Danger you know. So take me back to old Virginny—take me back, mother calls me. Listen, ai'nt that the wash of old Potomac against the ship's side?"

"Hush! don't speak so much, Natty—tell me, Natty."

"Ay, ay sir, by the mark—seven—send all hands aloft, take in sail."

Else finding it now impossible to draw any further information from the boy, took a small vial from her pocket, and pouring a few drops of the contents into a spoon, gave it too her patient.

"There," she muttered, "that'll make you sleep for the nixt hour, and when ye waken, if yer senses hav'nt come back, I'll try some other manes to rache the sacret." Then drawing out her stocking, she sat down on a low stool by the bedside and commenced her knitting.

"This is a very pretty piece of paper indeed," said Kate, looking at the address as she entered the parlor.

"To her ladyship, Miss Petersham."

"Good, so far; now for the inside. Eh! what in the name of all the fairies is this. "Lanty Hanlon is my name, and Ireland is my nashin, Donegal is my dwillin plas, an heven is my xpectashin.' His expectation, the villian," exclaimed Kate, "ha, ha! if heaven were full of angels like Lanty Hanlon, I'd rather be excused from joining the company. It must be the fly leaf of the fellow's prayer book—but hold, here's something on the other side."

"This is to let you no, that"—here Kate dropped her voice and read over the remainder in silence, "Randall Barry lies woondid and a prisner in Taurny Barrics, i'll meet your ladyship this evenin at the castil about dusk, behint the ould boathouse, no more at presint

but remanes your abaident to command

LANTY HANLON.

"Any thing amiss?" enquired Mary, as Kate finished the reading of the precious document—"you look alarmed."

"Alarmed! do I? Oh no, it's nothing particular."

"Lanty's full of mischief," said Mary, "been playing you some trick, perhaps."

"Lanty! no, no—it's a mere trifle," replied Kate; "I must get home however as soon as possible. Please ring for Rodger—I want him to call the coxwain."

As Mary turned to ring the bell, Rodger made his appearance at the door, carrying the old silver salver, and awaiting the command of his young mistress to enter.

"Come in Rodger; what have you got there?" enquired Kate.

"A little refreshment, please madam.—Mr. Lee sends his compliments to Miss Petersham."

"Is he at home?"

"No, madam; he went out in the direction of Araheera a few minits ago, and gave orders to have cake and wine sent in afore he left."

"What kind of wine is it, Rodger?" enquired Kate, smiling over at Mary as she put the question.

"Ahem! what kind, madam; why, it's a—it's a very deliceous currant wine—very pure and delikit it is," replied Rodger.

"Indeed!"

"And just twenty-five years next Christmas. No, I make a mistake there—he—twenty-four years next Christmas—ahem! just twenty-four years exactly."

"Oh, it don't matter," said Kate, "a year you know is nothing."

"It's the wine Lady Templeton used to like so much when she visited the Castle, if you remember," added Rodger, looking at his mistress. Mary smiled at her companion, but made no reply.

"Currant wine's but a sorry beverage at best, Rodger," said Kate mischievously.

"Well, perhaps, ladies, you would prefer champagne or sherry?"

"Oh, no; no, Rodger, don't trouble yourself."

"No trouble in life, mam, only just say so, and I'll be happy to serve them. But if you try this here, you'll find it delaceous, I assure you."

"Very well, we must taste it on your recommendation: and now, Rodger, send my men aboard, we must leave instantly."

When the old servant left the room, Mary laid her hand on Kate's shoulder, and looking at her affectionately, again expressed her fears that something was wrong at Castle Gregory.

"Nothing, Mary,—nothing, whatever" replied Kate.

"And yet you look deeply concerned. Has Captain Petersham or Mr. Willoughby been sick?"

"No, no, dear child, they're both quite well. It's somethng I must attend to before to-morrow, having no immediate relation to any of the family."

As Mary stood there, leaning her arm on her companion's shoulder, and looking wistfully in her face, she exhibited a form and features of exquisite beauty, The rays of the declining sun had just then entered the window, and for a second or two bathed her whole person in golden light, illumining her countenance with that celestial glow, which holy men say overspreads the features of the seraphim. Never breathed a fairer form than hers—never shone a fairer face, and yet the beauty of her soul transcended far the loveliness of her person. Oh, when loveliness of body and soul unite in woman, how truly does she then reflect the image of her Creator—the great source of purity, beauty and love.

"Kate, dear Kate," murmured Mary, "when shall we both kneel together before the same altar. When shall we become sisters in faith, as we are now in affection."

"Sooner, perhaps, than you anticipate," replied Kate, kissing the forehead of the lovely girl.

"You've read the little books I gave you"

"Yes, and liked them too; but I've been reading another book which speaks more eloquently of your faith, and draws me nearer to the threshold of your Church, than all the controversial works ever written."

"Oh, I'm so delighted! dear Kate.—What is it?" enquired Mary, innocently

"I can't tell you that."

"Why so, Kate?"

"You would blush all over, and run away if I did."

"Did I ever read it?"

"Never, I believe, though it belongs to you, and to you alone; for there's not another like it in the whole world."

"Belongs to me?"

"Yes, to your very self, and yet you're quite unconscious of its possession; but come with me to the steps—I must not delay another minute."

The two young friends now walked hand in hand across the green lawn, and stood at the head of the long flight of steps, looking down at the boatmen preparing to leave.

"Randall's coming here to-night," said Mary, "if he has not escaped to Arranmore."

"Poor fellow," observed Kate, "I wish he were safe off to the South; for, indeed, he must soon be caught if he stay here much longer. Do you remember him in your prayers, Mary?"

"Sometimes," murmured the blushing girl, looking down on the grass at her feet.

"Then pray for him earnestly *to-night*," whispered Kate, and tenderly embracing her dear young friend, she ran down the steps before Mary had time to ask a single word of explanation.

"Now, my lads," she cried, jumping into the stern sheets and taking the tiller in her own hands, "now for it—out with every oar in the boat and stretch to them with a will; we must make Castle Gregory in an hour and twenty minutes, if it can be done

with oar and sail."

"Can't, Miss Kate, impossible," said the coxwain, taughtening the foresheet, "the ebb tide will meet us at Dunree."

"Not if this breeze freshens a little," responded Kate, looking over her shoulder, "and it will—for there it comes dancing in to us from the mouth of the lough." As she spoke, the little boat, impelled by four stout oarsmen, shot out from under the shadow of the rocks, and began to cleave her way through the waters. Mary stood for a moment looking down at the receding form of her reckless light-hearted companion, as she sat in the stern with her hand on the rudder; and then waving a last adieu, returned to resume her charge of the cabin boy.

CHAPTER XV.

"Come in," said Weeks, glancing over his shoulder at the tall, dark form of his cousin, Robert Hardwrinkle, standing in the door way. "Come in; I'm not engaged."

"Thank you," said Hardwrinkle, creeping softly in, and closing the door noiselessly behind him. "I thank you; I merely called, at my good mother's request to enquire for your health. She always fears, poor creature, you don't come to join us in family prayer."

"Well, can't say I'm sick, exactly," responded Weeks, throwing up his feet on the back of a chair, and offering his companion a cigar, which the latter modestly declined. "Can't say I'm sick, though I hai'nt got quite clear of that wedding scrape yet. But the fact is, my dear fellow, I dread these almighty long prayers of yours—I do really."

"Is it possible?"

"Well, yes; I feel a sorter out of place like, sitting down there in the family circle—kinder green, you know. Why, it's just like this—I ai'nt accustomed to it exactly; business men in the States hai'nt got time to pray as you do here in this country."

"Ah! but my dear Ephraim, you should make time, for prayer is indispensable for salvation. You cannot please God without it."

"Oh, prayer is a very good thing, I allow," said Weeks, slowly puffing his cigar, and beating off the smoke with his hand. "It's an excellent thing for those who can attend to it, but it don't suit men in trade to spend whole hours at it, and neglect their business."

"Ah, but you can attend to both, if you only try," observed Hardwrinkle.

"Why, we do try, we read the bible occasionally, and go to meeting three times on the Sabbath; that's about as much, I reckon, as could reasonably be expected of us."

"Perhaps so. But how comes it that the people of New England have acquired so great a reputation for sanctity? They're reputed to be a very religious people."

"Certain, and deserve it too, take the hull of them on an average. There's the women, for instance, and the farmers and the country folks all round—they're all church going people, and do most of the praying, while the merchants and traders are busy in their own department. Well, it's just like this: one class of our people does the praying and the other does the trading—kind of makes it easy you know, on both; so that take them on the hull they're a very religious people."

"Ah, but my dear Ephraim, that thing of halving the worship of God is not conformable to the rules of the holy gospel. Every creature is bound to worship God, and to pray to him always—in season and out of season."

"What! and have their notes protested at the bank, or lose country customers who can't wait their convenience? My dear fellow, business is a sacred thing, and must be attended to."

"Ah! but you forget, my good cousin that the great, and, indeed, the only business of life is salvation."

"Well, supposing it is (and in fact I always thought myself that salvation was a pretty good kinder doctrine in a general way, and I rather guess too the world should hardly get along so well without it,) still you know it won't cancel a note, or be taken in trade, cousin Robert."

"Ephraim! Ephraim!" said Hardwrinkle, his cold, stern, sallow countenance exhibiting an expression of saintly sorrow, as he spoke; "Ephraim, where did you learn to speak of religion with such contemptuous indifference?" Have you so soon forgotten the lessons of your pious mother? She, indeed, was a devoted servant of the Lord. Oh! she was a holy soul—praying in season and out of ——"

"Precisely," interrupted Weeks, taking the cigar from his mouth, and knocking the ashes off with his finger; precisely, that's just it. She was forever running off to contribution parties and prayer meetings, and neglecting her business at home. By gracious, when father died he war'nt worth a five dollar bill in the world, and I had to slink off to the South to earn my bread, 'mong the niggers and cotton bales. It's all very well to pray, and I don't object to it nohow—but I don't see either the darned use in praying all day and neglecting the main point."

"The maint point! and what's that, cousin?"

"What's that! why, it's money, ai'nt it?"

"Money?—you call money the main point?"

"Yes, *sir*, responded Weeks, emphatically, "I call it nothing else. Should admire to know what you call it."

"You shock me, Ephraim. Really you shock me."

"You don't say!"

"Why, you must be a downright infidel, to speak in that irreverent manner."

"Don't know about that. But I've got my own notions about religion, and ai'nt a goin to change them for any man's way of thinking. Guess I'm old enough now to judge for myself. And as for nine-tenths of the religions going, I believe them to be danged humbugs."

"Which of the different denominations do you belong to, may I ask?" enquired Hardwrinkle.

"Well, can't say I belong to any in particular. I rather think though I like the Unitarians better than most of them. Their ministers are pretty smart men as a general thing, and preach first rate sermons once in a while. No, I never seemed to have any choice in that way. The fact is, I always calculated to do about right with every man, and I kinder thought that was religion enough for me."

"Cousin," said Hardwrinkle, after a little reflection, "will you permit me to ask you one question?"

"Certainly, my dear fellow, why not? ask as many as you please."

"I hope you will not be offended, or think me impertinent, Ephraim. You're my aunt's child, you know, and it's but natural I should fell a lively interest in your welfare, spiritual and temporal."

"Of course."

"Well, it's merely this. Do you really believe in the existence of God? Now answer me candidly. It's rather a strange question, but no matter. Do you believe that dogma?"

"Yes, *sir*," replied Weeks, thrusting his hands into his pockets, and shaking up the silver. "Yes, *sir*, I believe that—no mistake about."

"The Lord be praised," exclaimed Hardwrinkle, turning up his eyes. "I'm thankful you have not fallen yet into the lowest depth of the abyss. I really feared, from your manner of speaking, you were an atheist."

"No, *sir*; I believe in two things firmly, and no living man can make me change that belief. I believe in the existence of a first cause, and the perfectibility of man."

"And is that all?"

"That's all, sir,—that's the length and breadth of my creed."

"And how, think you, is man to be perfected?"

"Why, by reason, science, and experience. That's about all he need, ai'nt it?"

"And what of religion—shall it take no part in his perfection?"

"Well—yes, guess it might help some, that is if he'd only keep clear of these darned isms, and adopt some sensible kind of religion for himself. The worst thing in the world, cousin, for a business man, is to have any thing to do with the details of religion. They sorter cramp him, you know. Let him lay down a broad platform like mine, and stand upon it flatfooted—that's the way to get along."

"And you're quite serious, Ephraim, in avowing these shocking sentiments. Is it really so?"

"Shocking or not, they're mine, that's a fact. Why, look here, my good friend, I have seen too much of your hair splitting religions in New England, not to know what they are by this time. Those deacons and class leaders, and old maids, and methodistical looking crowds we see going to church every Sabbath with their bibles under their arms, are, in my humble opinion, a darn'd set of dupes and impostors, the whole concern of them. There's neither honor nor honesty amongst them. By crackie, they'd cut your throat with one hand and carry the bible in the other. No, sir, a first cause and the perfectibility of man, or in other words, the irresistibility of human progress, is about as much as any business man can profess to believe with safety to himself or the interests of trade."

"But will that belief be sufficient to save your soul?"

"Save my soul? Oh that's quite another affair. If there be such things as souls (which is now rather a disputed point,) why, the Creator who made them knows best how to take care of them, I presume."

Hardwrinkle had never heard such language before on the subject of religion.—Bred in the country, and little acquainted with the world, he supposed that however abandoned men might be, or whatever infidel setiments they might really entertain, the respect in which religion was held by the great majority of mankind, would naturally repress their inclination to avow them. Brought up as he was, a strict Presbyterian, and accustomed from his childhood to hear religion spoken of with the utmost reverence, he was now both astonished and hurt to hear his cousin talk of it with such cold, reckless contempt. For himself, he was the very impersonation of a hypocrite. Mean, sordid, and cunning as a Jew, he had the bland smile and the saintly look forever at his command, and could play the Christian or the demon, as it suited his purpose, with equal adroitness. All his religion was external. It consisted of long prayers, demure looks, pious conversation, black garments, and an ascetic aspect. At church he was never missed on the sabbath; hail, rain or snow, he was there sitting upright in his pew, motionless and impassible as a statute. And there too sat his seven black sisters beside him, tall, thin and lank, like himself; not a white spot was to be seen about them but their pocket handkerchiefs; even their very fans were as black as ebony. In the whole world round never, was seen so solemn, staid and church-loving a family, from Robert, heir and master, down to Deborah—or as she was commonly called by her elder sisters, Baby Deb—though now a young lady of seven and twenty. It happened, however, that religion, by some misfortune or other, instead of softening and expanding their hearts by its divine influence had withered them up. Its gladdening and exhilarating touch seemed only to have chilled them like an icicle. The bright look and pleasant smile which denote the presence of religion in the soul, were never once seen to light up their features. Like

melancholy spectres dark and stern, they passed through the busy streets; and stole silently away in the shadows of the houses, no one caring to look after them, or bid God bless them for their charity. Oh thou cold, stern monk of Geneva, thou whose heart never thrilled with a generous emotion, whose pulse never throbbed with sympathy for thy kind, this death-like picture of religion is thy handiwork. Thou subtle betrayer of the human conscience, thou dark plotter of treason against the sovereignty of the human soul, how could you look up at the bright heavens above, and see the blessed sun gladdening the earth with his beams, or behold the stars dancing in their orbits to the music of the spheres, and yet be demon enough to curse humanity with such a lifeless religion as this.

But of all the members of the Hardwrinkle family, Robert was the most heartless, or if indeed he had a heart at all, it was as callous as a stone. When the stranger beggar came to his door (for those of the parish knew him too well to enter his gates,) he neither ordered him from his presence nor hunted his dogs on him. No, he kindly admonished the sufferer to guard against the many dangers and temptations that beset him in his mode of life, counselled him gently to beware of evil company, and then gave the shivering supplicant a religious tract to teach him resignation to the will of heaven, or a dispensary ticket to procure ointment for his sores. Money was his god, and he adored it. To part with a shilling, save his usury, was like rending his heart strings. He loved it not for the use he could make of it, in giving employment to others, or in serving the interests of the parish, without loss to himself, but for the mere pleasure of seeing and feeling it with his hands. In this respect his cousin Ephraim was an entirely different man. He, like a true Yankee was fond of money too, nay, was ready to go through fire and water to obtain it, but yet he was just as ready a hand to spend it, or lend it to a neighbor in a pinch, and thought it no great obligation either. He valued money only as a circulating medium, as an agent to carry on trade, or acquire a position for himself in society. He was forever talking, to be sure, of dollars and cents, but still it was evident to those who happened to be at all acquainted with his disposition and habits of life, that he was by no means a mercenary man. Nor was he, like most lovers of money, envious of his neighbor's prosperity —not he; on the contrary he was pleased to see every one thrive and do well, and ready to bid them God speed into the bargain. There was one peculiarity in him however, which at first sight looked rather damaging to the character of an honorable man. He never scrupled taking advantage of his neighbor in his speculations. Because every man, he contended, should have his "eye peeled," and deserved to suffer if he had'nt. It was by sharp bargains men were made smart, and by smart men trade was made to flourish, and if it happened now and then that a few fell short of their expectations, why, the country at large eventually became the gainer. On the other hand, if his neighbor happened to come the Yankee over *him*, to use a favorite expression, why, it was all fair in war, he neither grudged nor grumbled, but "peeled his eye" a little closer, and went off to speculate on something else. Such were the two cousins. Both were fond of money—the one to gloat over and adore it, the other to use it as an agent to attain the objects of his pride or his amdition. And now to proceed with our story

"Merciful heavens," exclaimed Hardwrinkle, after a long pause, during which he seemed to have lost either his breath or his speech, for he uttered not a syllable, but kept looking intently at his cousin; "merciful heavens; such an expression from the mouth of a Christian man, '*if there be such things as souls.*' Oh Ephraim! Ephraim! I fear you're irretrievably lost. Oh, let me entreat you to pray for light and grace

o dispel this darkness of unbelief. Oh, if you only read the word of God, join the family in prayer every night and morning, and come with me thrice on the Sabbath to hear the outpourings of that faithful servant of the Lord, our dear and reverend brother Mr. Rattletext, be assured your eyes would be opened to the light of glory shining through at a distance ——"

"Say," interrupted Weeks.

"The light of glory shining out to ——"

"Say, hold on; I've heard all that before—could repeat it myself as slick as a deacon. There's no use in thinking to come it over me with that kinder talk.—What I believe, I believe, and I ai'nt a going to believe nothing else, nohow you can fix it. A first cause, and the perfectibility of man, is my platform."

"An! too broad, my dear friend—'narrow is the way,' you know."

"Broad—that's just precisely what we want. We want a platform broad enough to cover the whole ground. We are a young nation, sir, strong, active and ambitious, and must have room to stretch our arms east, west, north and south. Our resources are immense, inexhaustible, and we want a wide field to develop them—and that field, I take it, sir, is the liberty of conscience."

"You mean liberty to cheat and take advantage of your neighbor if you happen to be clever enough to accomplish it with impunity?"

"Why not? that's the life of trade, my dear fellow—that's what makes smart men. And hence it is the Yankees are the smartest business men in all creation. Your evangelical rules would ruin us in twelve months."

"The laws of God ruin you? do you really mean what you say?"

"Well, look here, I speak only of our merchant and trading classes; with respect to farmers, laborers, mechanics, women, and all that kinder folks, they can adopt as many rules and regulations as they please, in the religious line. It don't make any material difference I presume one way or other, since they hai'nt got no business to transact; but you might as well think of corking up the Atlantic in a champagne, bottle as expect the commerce of the States to thrive under the old stiff evangelical rules of our grand-fathers."

"Ah, Ephraim, Ephraim, speak with respect of those holy men," said Hardwrinkle. "Oh, I hope and pray," he continued, raising up his hands and eyes in pious supplication, "I hope and pray we may stand as well before the judgment seat as they did."

"Cousin Robert," said Weeks, looking sideways for a moment at the upturned face of his companion, and twirling his watch key as he spoke; "Cousin Robert, you're a very godly, pious man, I reckon, and an honest man too, no mistake about that. But pious people, let me tell you, *ai'nt always* to be trusted; hold on now for a minute, hold on, I'll just give you an instance in point. I knew a man once in our section of the country, named Pratt—Zeb Pratt, they called him. Zeb was deacon of the Methodist Church in Duckville, for nearly ten years in my own time, and a real out and out Christian of the first brand. Well, the fact is, he was cracked up so for his sanctity, that he went by the name of Pious Zeb, of Scrabble Hollow—that was the name of his farm.—Now Zeb never was known to be absent from meetin, morning, noon, or night,—he was punctual as the town clock. Every sabbath morning as the bell rung, there was Zeb crossing the commons, with his old faded crape on his hat, and his bible under his arm. He was president of all the charitable societies in the district, attended all the prayer meetings, carried his contributions of eggs and chickens every year to the minister, distributed religious tracts to the poor ——"

"Oh, what a treasure!" exclaimed Hardwrinkle, unconsciously interrupting the

panegyric. "What a treasure!"

"Treasure! Zeb Pratt! By gracious he was the darndest old villian in all creation—he a treasure—the old cheat, he'd swindle you out of your eye teeth. Why, the old hypocrite cleared out one morning with all the funds of the Christian Benevolent ——"

"Letters for Mr. Weeks," said a servant, knocking on the door.

"Hand them here," cried the latter promptly, throwing the stump of his cigar into the grate, and snatching his feet off the back of the chair. "Ha, just what I've been expecting this whole week past—they're from that lawyer of yours, Robert."

"Of mine?"

"Why, yes, of your choosing. Rather slow though for my taste."

"And, please sir, Miss Rebecca wishes to know" continued the servant, "what tracts you wish her to distribute this morning, sir?"

"Oh, well, tell her it don't matter a great deal which, but she might as well perhaps try that last package from the Home Missionary Society."

"Yes, sir."

"And William."

"Yes, sir."

"She had better take Rachael and Abigail with her, and leave Judith, Miriam and Deborah to meet Mr. Sweetsoul, the colporteur, and make arrangements with him about that Sabbath school at Ballymagahey."

"Yes, sir, and please your honor, sir, that woman is here with the three orphans from Ballymartocker."

"What woman?"

"McGluichy's wife, sir. Her husband died, if you remember, sir, last winter, of the black fever."

"And what does she want with me?"

"Why, sir, she can't pay the rent, she says, till the new crop comes, and she wants your honor to grant her spareance. The bailiff give her notice to quit, yesterday."

"Well, you must tell her, William, I pity her very much. But I have always made it a rule never to interfere with the law; it must take its course."

"Yes, sir, very well sir,"—and the servant bowed and quitted the room.

"So you've heard from your lawyer at last, Epuraim," said Hardwrinkle, turning to his cousin, who had just finished reading his letter.

"Y-e-e-s," replied Weeks, "after waiting a whole week for it. These Irish lawyers of yours are rather slow coaches, I expect."

"Fast enough, Ephraim, fast enough for the poor man, when he has their claims to satisfy—ay, ay, heaven look to the poor when they happen to fall into their hands."

"Shall I read his letter?" said Weeks, and Hardwrinkle having bowed assent, he proceeded as follows:

"Dear Sir.—Agreeably to your instructions of June ——, I wrote yesterday to Mr. Edward Lee, notifying him of the purchase of his liabilities to the amount of five hundred pounds, by Ephraim C. B. Weeks, Ducksville, Connecticut, United States, now staying at Crohan house, county Donegal, and of his (Mr. Weeks') anxiety to have the debt concelled by the first of next month, or secured by responsible endorsers, as it is his (Mr. Weeks') intention to return home as soon as possible. I herewith enclose a receipt for £200 sterling, the amount paid by you for said notes to the late holder of same. Shall be happy to receive further commands, and have the honor to be

Your very obedient servant,

JEREMIAH DIDDLWELL."

'Dublin, 26 Great James st., June ——.

"Humph!" said Hardwrinkle, after Weeks had read the letter over, "so you've made a beginning."

"Certainly. I've got to, the girl won't

look at me otherwise. I have now called on her a dozen times, and wrote her as many letters, and yet she treats me as coldly as if I'd been an absolute stranger. We'll see now what the screws can do."

"You say he never gave you any encouragement himself."

"Why no, he only kinder laughs when I allude to it. By gosh I do'nt know what to make of the man. His conduct's most unaccountable. Why he must either take me for a fool or think I'm joking all the time."

"You are mistaken, Ephraim, he neither neither takes you for a fool or a joker. He merely laughs at your presumption in aspiring to the hand of such a high-blooded girl as Mary Lee."

"High-blooded girl," repeated Weeks "hang your high bloods!"

"Don't feel offended, my dear Ephraim —I had no intention ——"

"No, but teat darned old witch, Else Curley, keeps talking to me so about her humbug aristocracy, that I'm sometimes almost tempted to cowhide her for her impudence. When I enquire of her how she gets along in bringing things around, why, the only answer I can get from the old rascal is, 'wait awhile, wait awhile, till her pride comes down another peg or two.' Yes, by crackie," he continued, rising and pacing the room, with his hands stuck down in his pockets jingling the silver; "yes, wait awhile, till her pride comes down, just as if the grandson of an old revolutionist of seventy-six war'nt good enough for the best blood in the land."

"My dear Ephraim, you don't understand the Irish people, or you would'nt talk so. They're an old people, you must remember, and like all old people, proud of their ancestors. You, on the other hand, being a new people, measure the respectability of men and families by the amount of money or property they're possessed of, simply because you have no ancestors yourselves."

"Well, look here, cousin, be that as it may, I'm not agoin to stay here much longer, any how. This affair must soon be fixed one way or other. When you wrote me, to say this girl was likely to turn out to be daughter and heir of old Talbot, I gave up my business and came over here, without waiting even to bid my friends good bye. Well, after three weeks search in Cork and all around, after the old woman said to have nursed her, and as long spent in Dublin hunting up the certificate of the mother's marriage, I came down fully confident, from your assurances of success, that the girl and her uncle were so almighty poor, they'd jump at my proposal right straight off. Now then, here I am all of nine weeks sneaking up and down to that confounded light-house, through thunder and lightning half the time, and groping my way through rain and darkness the other half, and by crackie I ai'nt one mile nearer my object now than when I first came."

"I'm sorry, Ephraim, very sorry indeed," replied Hardwrinkle, looking down on the floor, and sighing regretfully, "sorry you're so much disappointed, but indeed, indeed, it's not my fault, for surely I've done all that could reasonably be expected, to expedite the affair. As for the two thousand pounds you kindly promised in acknowledgment of the little assistance I might be in the matter, you know I should have cheerfully done as much, my dear Ephraim, if you never had promised a farthing. No, no, money has never influenced me, thank heaven. No, Ephraim, I hope I have a conscience to direct me, and a heart too, to love my relatives well enough to do them a kindness without expecting a recompense."

"I know it cousin. I know it. You have been exceedingly kind, and I ai'nt agoin to forget your kindness either, but just look how the case stands. Here I've spent already two thousand dollars for these notes, that ai'nt worth a red cent. Of

course when you recommended me to buy them you thought otherwise, and so I took your advice—well there's four hundred dollars and over to Else Curley, and how can I tell but the scheming old witch is 'doing' me all the while—that and my travelling expenses and loss of time besides, will amount to a pretty considerable sum, let me tell you."

"It is a pretty round sum, I admit," muttered Hardwrinkle.

"Well, it's just such a sum," said Weeks, "that I've made up my mind that I ai'nt agoin to lose it for nothing. I'm determined to have the girl—that's pos—. And if she ai'nt willing to marry me one way she will another."

"Ah, indeed; what mean you by that, cousin?"

"Well, I've got my own notions about it, that's all. By jolly, I ai'nt agoin home to Ducksville again empty handed—that's settled."

"You would'nt carry her off by force—would you—eh?" said Hardwrinkle, dropping his voice to a whisper, and looking round the room to see if the doors were closed.

"The thing has been done," replied Weeks, "and pretty often too in this country of yours, if I ai'nt greatly mistaken."

"Yes, I admit it has occasionally been done. But in this case I can hardly see how it could be accomplished without—"

"Why, there's such a thing as a *boat* to be had, I guess, and the distance to carry her to it ai'nt so very far that you can't find half a dozen stout fellows to do it. I should'nt like much though to go to these extremes if there was any possibility of obtaining her consent by other means. But have her I shall—no mistake about that——"

"Hush, hush," ejaculated Hardwrinkle, "there's some one at the door—come in."

The door opened, and an active, muscular looking man of middle age, entered and advanced to the table at which Hardwrinkle was sitting. He was the officer of constabulary whom the reader had seen a few nights before at Castle Gregory, in company with Captain Petersham.

"Ah, it's you, is it," exclaimed Hardwrinkle, rising suddenly from his chair.—"Well, any news of Barry?"

"He's arrested, sir, and now a prisoner in Taurny Barracks."

"What, arrested! that's capital news. Please step to the next room—excuse me Mr. Weeks, I'll return presently."

"Go ahead—don't mind me," replied Weeks, drawing a cigar from his case and preparing to light it.

"Now," said Hardwrinkle, carefully closing the door of the room into which he led the officer, "now for the details. Mr. Weeks' notions of these young revolutionists don't exactly harmonise with ours, you know, so it's just as well he don't hear our conversation on the subject. And now for your story."

"Well, sir, we crossed the Ferry, as you suggested, proceeded on to Doe Castle, and thence to Rann Point. There we met the man who gave you the information first about Barry's intention to escape—I forget his name—he's one of your tenants."

"Carson, you mean."

"No, sir, the man you sent down to spy about the light-house, you remember; the one who listened at Else Curley's door and overheard the conversation between her and Barry, about his going to America."

"Oh, yes, yes; Barker, the bible reader."

"Barker—precisely—that's the man; a pious soul he is, too."

"Very—very, indeed. He's a most excellent man, is Barker."

"Well, sir, we met him coming up from the shore, where he had been distributing tracts among the fisherman, by way of an excuse. He told us he had just seen Barry jump from a boat in company of three

or four stout fellows, and enter one of the huts. They were all strangers to him, he said, except Barry himself and another young fellow who seemed to be the most active of the party, and whom he had seen before, he thought, but could'nt remember where."

"Stop a moment, sir; did he describe his dress or person?"

"I rather think he did, but I paid little attention to it, not thinking it a matter of much consequence. It appears to me, though, he said something about his wearing a green jacket or a fur cap, or something to that effect."

"The very man, sir; that's Lanty Hanlon, as sure as he's alive, and quite as dangerous a man too as Barry."

"Lanty Hanlon—impossible, sir. You mean the fellow against whom you issued the warrant for the assault on Mr. Weeks?"

"The identical person."

"Pardon me—that cannot be, Mr. Hardwrinkle—Hanlon was seen at a cock-fight in Kindrum, not six hours ago."

"Ha! ha! I have no doubt of that, sir," replied Hardwrinkle, laughing as much as his nature would allow him. "But, my dear sir, you little know what that villain is capable of doing. Why sir, it was once sworn on oath before me, that this very Lanty Hanlon was seen at a wake in Crantin Glen, at a wedding in Ballymagahey, and at a christening in Callen, the self-same night, and yet these places are seven miles apart and nearly equidistant from each other."

"He must be an extraordinary man," said the officer, smiling incredulously.

"He's a most dangerous man, sir, to be permitted to go free in any community.—What do you think, sir; that fellow met one of Mr. Johnston's game keepers on Benraven mountain, some six weeks ago, when he happened to be coursing for hares. Well, sir, he took the gun from the keeper and then left him gagged and tied to a tree with his hands behind his back, for the whole night, and next morning when the unfortunate man was accidently discovered by one of the herdsmen, he was more dead than alive from cold and hunger."

"Was he punished for the outrage?"

"No, sir; he managed to escape that very cleverly. The moment he secured the keeper, he jumped on the first horse he found on the mountain, galloped for life and death till he reached Sandy Mount, then secreting the horse among the trees, walked into Mr. Johnston's parlor, and having apologized to that gentleman for having contrary to law shot some grouse on his preserves, and obtained his pardon, again mounted, rode back and left the horse where he found him. Next morning when the game keeper returned and made his complaint against Hanlon, Mr. Johnston ordered him instantly from his presence, called him a drunkard and a liar, and protested he had never heard of such an attempt at imposition—Hanlon having been that very night and at the very time the outrage was alleged to have been perpetrated, standing before him in his own room. But now, with respect to Barry, how did you succeed in arresting him?"

"Simply enough, sir. We hired a boat, got our men, and lay at anchor some five or six fathoms from the beach, knowing well Barry and his party would endeavor to escape next morning at day-break, by rowing along the shore as far as Horn-head, and there set sail for Aranmore. It turned out just as we expected. At the first peep of day, the party got into the boat and shoved off. They were ahead of us when they started, we let them keep ahead for two miles or more, till we had gone clear out of sight of the firshermen's huts. Then stretching on our oars we soon came along side and grappled them with irons we had taken with us for the purpose."

"Hah," ejaculated Hardwrinkle, "and so you secured him at last?"

"Yes, sir, we secured him, but not with-

out considerable difficulty."

"What did he resist?"

"Resist! yes, as man never resisted before. It appears the crew that conveyed him to Rann Point, left him there and returned home, confident he was out of all danger, and two fresh hands appointed to convey him to Aranmore were old men hardly able to paddle an oar or handle a sheet. He was therefore left to depend almost entirely upon his own resources.—The instant we laid hold of the gunwale of his boat he sprang up in the stern sheets, and demanded what we meant by stopping him. 'I'm a Queen's officer,' said I, "and hold a warrant for you arrest.'"

"'Ah! a Queen's officer,' he repeated, glancing at my civilian dress, 'indeed! Well, sir, take me if you can," and coolly drawing a pistol from his belt, he said to his men, 'comrades, you'll find another pair in my overcoat, use them if necessary.' Then stepping across the thwarts, and before I could rise from my seat, he snatched the anchor from the bows of his boat, and with one hand swung it as he would a walking stick into the bottom of ours. The effect was instantaneous; the sharp iron cut right through the thin sheathing of the little gig, and in two minutes she filled to her water line."

"'Now my lads,' he cried, 'loose the grapple, and away with them.'"

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Hardwrinkle, "his object was to sink you."

"Of course it was—and a bold attempt he made to accomplish it too. When I saw how desperate the case was likely to prove, I ordered my men to jump aboard and secure him at all hazards, leaving our own boat to her fate, and setting them the example myself, I sprang into the stern, presented a pistol to his head and commanded him to surrender, or I should instantly fire. I had hardly uttered the words, however, when the board on which I stood was struck from under me, and in another second I found myself in the water, plunging and grasping for something to lay old of. By this time my men had succeeded in scrambling over his boat's side; so they immediately took me in, and then unhooked the grapple to relieve us of the sinking gig. But now, that we did succeed in boarding him, we found ourselves in a greater difficulty than ever. Our fire arms were entirely useless, and there stood the young outlaw pointing a brace of pistols at our heads. 'Surrender,' said I; 'I command you in the name of the Queen to surrender instantly.'"

"'Ha! ha!' he laughed—'surrender to hounds like you! Oh for the firm earth to stand on, and a good thong to kennel such cowardly dogs. A pistol bullet is too honorable a death for drivelling slaves like ye.'"

"This taunt stung me to the quick, and calling on my men to rush on him in a body, I sprang forward myself to seize him, but, alas, I was again unfortunate, and fell flat on my face on the bottom of the boat. In another instant his heel was on my neck."

"'Lie there, dog!' he cried, crushing me till my eyes seemed to start from their sockets, 'lie there, and die the only death you deserve. But the braggart in his turn had litle time to enjoy his advantage, for my men seeing the danger I was in, and maddened by the fellow's scornful language, closed in upon him. As they rushed forward he fired both pistols in their faces, and two of them fell wounded beside me."

"Dreadful!" exclaimed Hardwrinkle—"but—go on—well?"

"'Now,' cried I, rising from my prostrate and disgraceful position, 'now my men, hold him, handcuff him, kill him if he attempt to escape.' But now orders were of no avail, for he had sprung into the sea and was making for the shore."

"'He's gone, sir,' cried one of the men."

"Gone!"

"'Yes, there he is with his coat off, swimming away from us like a water dog.'"

"'What's to be done—what's to be done,' I cried, in an agony of disappointment, 'has no one presence of mind to think of some means to capture him. He's within half a gun-shot of the beach, and will reach it before we can get our oars into the rollocks.'"

"Just then the thought of the fire-arms in his overcoat occurred to me, and snatching up the garment, I drew a holster pistol from its pocket, and aiming as deliberately as I could in such a moment of excitement, fired. The ball, as good fortune would have, struck him on the right arm, and disabled him. 'No,' cried I, as I saw him sputter in the water like a woundid bird, 'now, my lads, to your oars, and pull for your lives, pull—pull, with all your might, or he sinks before we can reach him.'"

"In another minute we had taken him aboard, exhausted and bleeding, and there he lay in the boat's bows, without word or motion of any kind, till we reached the quay under Taurny Barracks."

"Well, thank heaven," said Hardwrinkle, "he's safe for the present at least, and to-morrow I sign his committal to Lefford jail. As for you, Mr. C——, you have done your duty as a faithful servant of the crown, and shall not go unrewarded. So now let us return, and carry the good news to Mr. Weeks."

"My dear cousin," contined Hardwrinkle, entering Weeks' room, followed by the officer of constabulary, "I have good things for you."

"You have—eh?"

"Yes—tidings of great import."

"Indeed—let's hear what they're like."

"Why, Randall Barry (your rival)," he said, whispering the word in his ear, "is a prisoner in Taurny Barroks."

"Psaugh—you don't say so? Is it possible?"

"A fact sir."

"On what charge, pray?" enquired Weeks.

"Treason—treason against the State, of course. You've heard all about him, have you not?"

"Why, yes, I've heard something about his being connected wit some young revelutionis—that's all."

"Humph, you speak lightly of the matter, my good cousin."

"And I think lightly of it too," replied Weeks, promptly, "so far as it may be regarded as a crime. Were I in his place, I should do precisely what he has done."

"What, revolutionize the country?"

"Yes, by crackie. It's a full time, I should think, the people got rid of these old monarchies. These darned old tyrannical governments of yours ought to have been sent to kingdom come long ago. As for his being a rival of mine, why, I don't think the less of him for that, and if you have busied yourself about his arrest on that account, I tell you what Robert, you make an almighty mistake if you think I'm under any obligation to you for the job."

"Why, cousin, you surprise me."

"Well them's my sentiments, notwithstanding. He's a fine, spirited, gallant looking young fellow," continued Weeks, "and if he hate and despise your slow going, drivelling old kings and queens, by thunder I like him the better for telling them so to their teeth; and if he loves Mary Lee, why should'nt he try to catch her the best way he can. Let every man have a fair chance."

"If these be your sentiments, my dear cousin," said Hardwrinkle, "they are very different, I must confess, from what I had expected of you."

"Well, sir, they are my sentiments precisely—real true blue Yankee sentiments, and no mistake."

"Well, well, I must acknowledge I was deceived in you, cousin, and I'm sorry for it. But we must postpone further discussion on the subject for the present. I see Rebecca and her sisters out there on their

way to Ballymagahey. I must speak to them a word or two of caution before they leave. So pray excuse me, Ephraim."

"Go ahead, go ahead," replied Weeks, preparing to light another cigar—"go ahead, and don't mind me," and the speaker was left alone at last, to enjoy the comfort of a quiet Havana.

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CHAPTER VI.

Mr. Weeks left his room soon after his cousin,—it being now somewhat advanced in the forenoon,—and with a cigar in his mouth, descended the steps of the hall door, and sauntered out to breathe the fresh air. It was a delightful morning. Every thing looked cheerful and pleasant. The new mown hay lay in long swathes on the lawn exhaling the perfumes under the warm sun. The mowers, swart with toil, were slowly sweeping their scythes through the ripe grass, and moving upwards side by side with measured steps across the broad field.—Over the tops of the trees which skirted the demesne below, and through the vistas which time or the axe had made amongst them, appeared patches of Mulroy bay, now as calm and bright as a mirror. On its southern shore might be seen a little white-washed building, showing a gilded cross on its gable facing the sea, and round about among the fern and hawthorns, with which it was surrounded, a number of white head-stones peeping out here and there to mark it for a burial place of the dead. This was Massmount where our foreign friend first saw Mary Lee as she knelt at the altar.—It was a solitary spot,—and as pleasant for the dead to rest in as could be found in the whole world. No house within a mile of it, and no noise to disturb its repose, but the twitter of the swallow about the eves of the little church, or the gentle wash of the waves amongst the sea-shells at its base. And if on the Sunday morning, the silence which reigned there through all the week was broken, it only seemed to make the stillness that succeeded the more solemn and profound. To the eastward of the chapel, and surrounded by a belt of trees, was located the modest residence of Mr. Guirkie, its white chimneys just visible from the windows of Croban house, and spreading away to the westward a long tongue of meadow land called Morass-ridge, on the tip or extreme point of which rose up the still ruins of *Strannagh*, once a stronghold of the far famed O'Dougherty of Innishowen. Midway between these two prominent features in the landscape, appeared the old church-yard of Massmount with its little white chapel facing the sea.

Mr. Weeks, touched by the simple beauty of the scene, laid himself down half unconsciously on the green sward to enjoy it at his leisure.

Dear Irish reader, let us sit down beside him for a moment and view the picture also. There is nothing in it new to your eyes, to be sure,—nothing you hav'nt seen a thousand times before. It was only an old church-yard, and old church-yards in Ireland you know are always the same.—The same old beaten foot-paths through the rank grass,—the same old hawthorn trees which in early summer shed their white blossoms on the green graves—the same old ivy walls over shadowing the moss covered tombs of the monk and nun. No, there was nothing strange or new in the picture—on the contrary every thing there was as familiar to you as your own thoughts. But tell us, dear reader—now that we can converse quietly together—does not the sight of such a spot sometimes wake up old memories? Do you still remember the place in the old ruins where the Prior's Ghost was seen so often after sunset, or the fairy tree beside the holy well which no axe could cut down, nor human hand break a branch off with impunity?—See the grassy mound where you knelt to drop the last tear on bidding farewell to the land you will never see again? Oh, dear reader, do your thoughts ever wander back to

these scenes of your youth? When in the long summer evenings, after the toil of the day is over, you sit by the porch of the stranger enjoying the cool night air, and gazing up at the sparkling heavens above you, does your eye ever roam in search of that star you should know better than all the rest, the bright one that shines on your own "native isle of the ocean?" When your heart feels sad under the sense of its isolation; nay, when it turns with disgust from the treacherous and the cold-hearted, who, having wiled you to their shores, now deny you even a foothold on their soil,—does memory then ever carry you back to the old homestead among the hills, where in bye-gone years you have met so many generous souls round the humble hearth-stone? Alas! alas! when you look at those once stalwart limbs you gave your adopted country as a recompense for the freedom she promised you, now wasted away in her service; when you think of the blood you shed in her battles, the prayers you offered for her prosperity, the pride with which you heard her name spoken of in other lands, and the glorious hopes you once entertained of seeing her the greatest and the best of the nations of the earth—and yet to think, oh, to think, that the only return she makes for all this is to hate and spurn you. When thoughts like these weigh down your heart, tell us, dear reader, do you not sometimes long to see the old land again, and lay your shattered frame down to rest in that shady corner you remember so well in the old church-yard?

But they tell you here you must not indulge such thoughts as these. On the contrary, you must forget the past, you must renounce your love for the country that gave you birth; you must sever every tie that knits you to her bosom; you must abjure and repudiate her forever more; the songs you sung and the stories you told so often by the light of the peat fire, must never be sung or told again; all the associations of home and friends, all the pleasant recollections of your boyhood, all the traditions of your warrior and sainted ancestors, must be blotted from your memory as so many treasons against the land of your adoption. Or if you do venture to speak of old times, and old places, when you meet with long absent friends, round the social board, it must be in whispers and with closed doors, lest the strangers should hear you as they pass by. And behold the return they make you for these sacrifices! They give you freedom, freedom to live like helots in the land they promised to make your own,—freedom to worship your Creator under a roof which a godless mob may at any moment fire with impunity,—freedom to shed your blood in defence of a flag that would gladly wave in triumph over the extinction of your race. Speak, exile, are you willing to renounce your fatherland for such a recompense as this? Oh if you be, may no ray of sunlight ever visit your grave, no friend or relation, wife or child, ever shed a tear to hallow it. If you've fallen so low as to kiss the foot that spurns you, and grown so mean as to fawn upon a nation that flings you from her with disgust, then go and live the degraded, soulless thing thou art, fit only to fatten on garbage and rot in a potter's field. Go! quit this place, for the sight of an old Irish church yard has no charms for you.

Mr. Weeks had now been sitting for half an hour or more contemplating the scene before him, when hearing the sound of approaching footsteps, he turned to see who was coming.

It was Rebecca Hardwrinkle, accompanied by the colporteur and two of her younger sisters, on their way to Ballymagahey.

"Well, there," said Weeks rising and shaking off the chips he had been whittling from a withered branch that happened to lie within his reach—"there! I thought you'd gone long ago."

"My brother detained me," replied Re-

becca, "to select some tracts from a parcel he had just received as I was leaving the house, and seeing you here, I passed this way to offer you one for your inspection. It's on the efficacy of prayer."

"Humph!" ejaculated Weeks, looking at the book, "I know what you're coming at, I guess; I hav'nt been at family worship this morning."

"Ah cousin, were it only once you absented yourself, we might find some excuse—but, to be absent so often—oh, dear!"

"Well now look here, I don't profess to be much of a Christian, you know, and consequently you can't expect me to get used to your tastes right straight off, without considerable training."

"And then your religious sentiments are so very shocking, Ephraim, that I tremble to think of your soul, and the end that awaits it if you turn not speedily to the Lord. Read that little book, however, attentively, and you will find it of great spiritual advantage. And then, dear cousin, I shall have you prayed for next sabbath."

"Me prayed for?"

"Certainly."

"Guess not."

"Why, can you have any possible objection to be prayed for by the God fearing, pious servants of the Lord?"

"Well, yes, I rather think I have—a slight one."

"How very strange! did you only once feel the benefit you would derive from the prayers of the elect."

"Just so—but I'm kinder green you know in that line."

"Brother Robert and Abigail there, Hannah and all of us have been prayed for so often, and have always felt our strengt renewed in wonderful a manner."

"Not a doubt of it. But you see, I feel considerable strong as it is, and ai'nt disposed to trouble you just at present. Say cousin, whereabouts here is the priest's house? ai'nt that it over there west of the pond? I want to call on the old feller this morning."

"Yes, that's his house, that little cottage there; but what can your business be with *him*, Ephraim?"

"Well not much, if any, should like to ask him a question or two—that's all."

"Are you not afraid?"

"Afraid!—afraid of what?"

"To converse with him in the weak state of your soul."

"Why, what in creation do you take me for?"

"Don't be offended cousin, I speak to you for your own good."

"My own good—I ai'nt a fool, am I?"

"No, no, dear Ephraim, but you know you're weak."

"Nonsense!"

"I speak the truth, you will never be able to resist him. He's a most insinuating, dangerous man."

"The old priest?"

"Yes. You've heard I suppose how he converted the tutor at the parsonage?"

"No—cant't say I have."

"And poor Kate Petersham, too," put in Abigail—she's on the very verge of the gulf."

"There! by the way, I had almost forgotten it. I must call on these Petershams. What sorter girl, though, is this Kate you speak of? Kinder crazy, ai'nt she?"

"A little weak," responded Rebecca, "but still a good natured soul. Some of her neighbors, poor thing, have lately been telling idle stories about her, but I'm sure they're all false. For my part, I can't believe them. And I'm sure it's nothing to me if she turned Catholic to-morrow.—Only people will talk you know, Ephraim."

"Well—nothing prejudicial to her honor, I presume."

Rebecca glanced significantly at her sister and Mr. Sweetsoul, but said nothing in reply.

"Excuse me," said Weeks, "I should'nt have put that question perhaps; but the fact is the young lady has invited me to Castle Gregory, and I can't very well refuse; besides, her brother, Captain Petersham, is most anxious to have me call on him."

"Did the lady invite you herself?" enquired Rebecca.

"Why, cartainly. I had a note from her a week ago to that effect."

"Written by herself?"

"Well, her name was signed to it—Kate Petersham."

Rebecca again glanced at her companions, and tried to blush and look mortified at such indelicate conduct.

"Well, it did seem kinder strange, I allow," said Weeks, "but not being well posted up as to the customs of the country, I did'nt know but it was all right."

"Don't go, Ephraim," said Rebecca, laying her black gloved hand affectionately on his arm. "Don't go, if you take my advice."

"She can't hurt me, I reckon—can she?"

"No, dear Ephraim, she can't hurt your body, but she might your soul. You're weak you know—very weak indeed, and she very captivating both in person and conversation. I do not like, my dear cousin, these visits to Miss Petersham and the Catholic priest, especially without some one to protect you against the dangerous influence of their society."

"You don't eh?"

"No indeed, dear cousin, I do not."

"Look at me, Miss Hardwrinkle," said Weeks, thrusting his hands down into his pockets, and hitching up his shoulders.

"I see."

"Is there any thing remarkably green about me?"

"Green! no, dear Ephraim."

"Ai'nt I a Yankee, born and bred, eh?"

"Certainly."

"And do you really think I don't know nothing—that I can't take care of myself among a parcel of Irish. What sorter folks d'ye think we Yankees are, any how?"

"Don't grow vexed with me, dear Ephraim, don't grow vexed. I would not offend you for the world. I only speak so for your own good, dear cousin. Mr. Sweetsoul here knows how often I have wept over your weakness, and how incessantly I have prayed that the light of truth might dispel the darkness——"

"Stop! stop!—thunder! Hav'nt I been listening to all that long talk till I'm e'namost crazy?"

"Oh! dear, he has grown so nervous of late, Mr. Sweetsoul," said Rebecca, turning to the colporteur, "that he cannot bear to hear a single word of advice."

"Nervous! and where's the wonder, with seven sisters of you talking religion at me from morning till night. Why, I can't smoke a cigar, by crackie, but I'm taken to task for it. It's too great an indulgence, or it's too wordly looking, or it's one darned thing or other."

"But, dear Ephraim, don't you know that we have your spiritual welfare at heart, and don't you know that when we speak to you of religion, it is only because we love you too well to see you perish before our eyes. Oh, if the sweet dew of religion only once touched——"

"The dew of religion. That's the talk—go ahead cousin, I shan't say another word on the subject—go ahead. I'll stand it out I guess, if any man can," and the speaker picked up the branch he had just been whittling, and set to it again, as vigorously as if he had been whittling it for a wager. Mr. Weeks was evidently excited, but tried very hard to keep cool.—"And now Mr. Sweetsoul, you may judge whether we have reason or not to fear for our dear cousin," said Rebecca, again turning to the colporteur. "Just look at this trinket. Here is a pair of popish rosary beads, which the chambermaid found on

the floor of Mr. Weeks' bed-room the morning after he first entered the lighthouse lodge at Araheera," and the speaker held them up between her finger and thumb for inspection.

"Dreadful!"

"This was his first lesson from the Romish light-keeper and his pretty daughter."

"I have already explained to you how I came by these beads," said Weeks. "I picked them up where they had fallen from an old bible at the light-house, and unthinkingly put them in my pocket. But no matter now; fire away!"

"Don't grow angry, Ephraim."

"I ai'nt angry."

"I merely call your attention to the beads to shew you the danger you have to guard against the forming Catholic associations. Is there any thing in that to make you angry with me?"

"I ai'nt angry, I tell you, not a mite."

"You are angry. I see it in your countenance, Ephraim. Oh if you only experienced religion for one little week how easily you could repress this irritability.—There now, see how you cut up that stick so pettishly. Just see how nervous you are."

"I tell you I'm not *not* nervous," cried Weeks, at the top of his voice.

"And so excited, then."

"I ai'nt excited."

"Why, dear me, Mr. Sweetsoul, only look at him."

"There!" exclaimed Weeks at length, loosing his temper altogether, and flinging away both knife and branch "there, good bye; by thunder if this ai'nt the most inhuman treatment that ever man suffered."

"Stay, Ephraim, stay cousin; do for one moment," entreated Rebecca, endeavoring to lay hold of his arm.

"Not a second," he cried buttoning his coat and hurrying off full of indignation at the idea of being treated so like a child or a fool. "By gracious" he added halting for an instant in his step and looking back, "by gracious you ought to turn to at once and spoon feed me."

Mr. Weeks on parting with his lady cousins (which he did rather abruptly as we have seen in the last chapter), returned to Crohan House, and lighting another cigar, mounted the sober animal he generally selected for a morning's ride, and set out for Father Brennan's. When he arrived at the Rev. gentleman's residence, he was somewhat disappointed to learn from the servant that he had gone some five or six miles from home on a sick call, and could not possibly return till late in the evening. Resolving however to have an interview with the priest with as little delay as possible, he drew a card from the richly carved case he always had about him, and having written a request to that effect on the back of it with his pencil, handed it to the servant, and then turned his horse's head in the direction of Greenmount Cottage.

Mrs. Motherly was sitting on the steps of the hall door, knitting her stocking, and looking quite happy as she plied her needles. The good woman was dressed as usual in her large well frilled cap and white apron, with her bunch of keys hanging by her side, as much perhaps for show as convenience. On the grass at her feet a gray cat lay stretched in the sun with half a dozen kittens playing about her on the green.

"Mrs. Motherly, how d'ye do?" said Weeks. "Mr. Guirkie at home?"

"Your sarvint, sir," replied the matron, rising and running her needles into the stockin, after she had waited to count the stitches. "Mr. Guirkie's not in, sir."

"Ai'nt?"

"No, sir; he left here about an hour ago for Rathmullen."

"Rathmullen—let me see—that's the place he visits so often?"

"Yes, sir."

"Goes there every week, don't he?"

"Every Thursday, sir."

"On business, I presume?"

"No, sir, not that I know of."

"Got relatives there, perhaps?"

"No, sir; he has no relatives living, I believe. People say though he's often seen sitting on a tomb-stone there in the ould grave yard."

"Well—must be some friend, I guess?"

"Why, if the gentleman was a native of this part o' the country, it might," responded Mrs. Motherly, "but he's not; he was born in Cork or Clare, or somewhere thereabouts, I hear."

"Does he never speak to you of these visits, Mrs. Motherly?"

"Never sir."

"You don't say so! It's odd, ai'nt it?"

"Oh, it's just of a piece with the rest of his doings. He never thinks of telling me any thing, of course; why should he—I'm nothing but sarvint, you know. I'm only here to do the work, slavin and sludgin from mornin till night, strivin to plase him and humor him, till my heart's amost broke, and all the thanks I get is mighty easy told, Mr Weeks, when all's over."

"Don't doubt it. He's a very odd kinder man in his ways, that's a fact."

"You may well say that, sir. He's the provokinest man that ever drew breath, that's the short and the long of it. But won't you light and come in, sir?"

"Well, guess I shall, come to think of it. Say, can't I write a note a here, and leave it for Mr. Guirkie?"

"Sartinly, sir; come in, there's paper and pens plenty in the parlor. As for the cratur on the sofa, he'll not disturb you in the laste."

"Hilloa! who the thunder is this?" cried Weeks, as he entered the parlor and beheld the African stretched at his full length on the sofa, and apparently fast asleep. "A nigger, ai'nt he?"

"Yes, sir; that's our new boarder," replied Mrs. Motherly, in rather a caustic tone of voice.

"But how the dickens did he come here?"

"Mr. Guirkie, sir, carried the gentleman home with him from the wreck."

"Ah, that's it. I have heard of a wreck lately somewhere here in the neighborhood."

"He's a very respectable boarder for a lone woman, is'nt he, Mr. Weeks?"

"Well, don't know exactly; that's all a matter of taste. Some folks like niggers very much. There's our New England ladies, for instance, they're terrible kind to niggers. I'd venture to say, if this here chap happened to be cast ashore any where along the eastern seaboard, they'd gather round and clothe and feast him like a prince, before he got well out of the water."

"You're jokin, Mr. Weeks."

"No *mam*, I ai'nt jokin a mite."

"And you tell me they're so fond of them as all that?"

"Fond, yes, guess they are fond—they're the most almighty fond creatures in that way in all creation."

"Bedad then, Mr. Weeks, I don't envy their taste very much."

"Well, it's not that their taste lies that way, either," replied Weeks, "for the fact is, they despise niggers as much as any people in the word. But it's a sorter philanthropy, you see that's made up of a half sentimental, half benevolent kinder squeamishness, with a slight dash of the religious in it by way of seasoning."

"Yes, sir, of coorse."

"You understand me?"

"Oh parfectly, sir. They must be mighty charitable intirely to the creatures, God bless them."

"Very charitable indeed. That is, I mean to the slave portion of the race.—Sometimes their philanthropy impels them even to pawn their jewels to buy a slave from bondage."

"See that now. Is'nt it wondherful to think of it, and still I often heard Mr. Guirkie say the craturs out there in Ame-

rica warn't so badly off after all."

"Well; no—guess they're pretty well off for clothes and food, and all that sorter thing. But they hai'nt got their liberty you know; and no American born ought to see a human in slavery and not try to liberate him."

"True for you, Mr. Weeks, you speak like a Christian, so you do. Dear knows it's a poor sight to see God's creatures bought and sould, as they say they are over there, just for all the world like a cow or a horse—it's onnatural, that's what it is."

"It's shocking!"

"And still," said Mrs. Motherly, "they tell us the poor Irish there is'nt trated much better than slaves."

"My dear woman, don't believe a word of it."

"Why I have a letther in my pocket here, from a niece of mine, that's livin in a place called Boston, and she tells me it's terrible to think of what they suffer. There it is," continued the good woman, opening it and pointing to a particular passage, "they're thrated here like slaves, and have more to suffer from the Yankees, especially in regard to our religion, than ever we had at home from the bloody persecutin English. It's a wonder they're not ashamed to purfess so much tinderness for the slaves, and trate the poor Irish so manely as that."

"My dear woman, you don't understand the case as it really is. It's only the lower orders of our people act so."

"And why don't the upper orders make them behave themselves then?"

"Can't do it. It's a free country," replied Weeks.

"Oh bad wine to such freedom as that. I wud'nt give you a button for it. There's my niece, as dacent a reared little girl as ever crossed the water—I'll say that much for her, though she is my niece—and her mistress, whose nothin after all but a shopkeeper's wife, may be not as dacent a father and mother's child either, and the best word she has in her cheek for the cratur is the 'paddy girl,' and the 'papist,' and the 'ignorant booby,' and 'go to the old priest, he'll forgive you your sins for a ninepence.' What kind of talk is that, Mr. Weeks?" continued the good woman, rolling up her arms in her apron and looking at him.

"Well that ai'nt right, I allow," responded Weeks.

"Right—bedad if the girls would do as I would, they'd slap them in the face, and that's what I told Bridget in my last letter. Humph! pretty thing, indeed, because they pay their girls six or seven shillings a week, they think they have a right to insult and abuse them."

"Very few think so, Mrs. Motherly, very few indeed. I know many, very many families in New England who respect their help, and are as kind to them as if they were members of the family."

"To be sure you do, sir, and so Bridget says too in her letter here, but they're *respectable* people. I mane yer upsetting half and between fine ladies, that think they ought to take airs on themselves as soon as they can afford to hire a girl to do their work—that's the kind I mane."

"Just so, that's all right enough—but still, Mrs. Motherly, some of youre Irish girls are pretty spunky—no mistake about it."

"I don't doubt it, sir, in the laste, and may be there's plenty of them desarves to be turned out of doors too for their impudence. But can't all that be done without casting up their religion and their priest to them. Ah that's mane, sir, mane as dirt to insult a poor girl by abusin her religion."

"Well—I hai'nt got much time to spare now, Mrs. Motherly, let us put off this subject till another time. So I'll just set down here, if you hav'nt no objection, and write a note for Mr. Guirkie, which you'll please to hand him as soon as he returns."

"Sartinly, Mr. Weeks with the great-

est pleasure in life; I hope Sambo here won't disturb you, sir."

"Not in the laste, Mrs. Motherly.—He's asleep, ai'nt he?"

"So it seems, and still I niver knew him to sleep at this hour of the day. He was sittin up a minit or two before you came. I'll see. 'Sambo! Sambo! wake up.'—There's not a stir in him."

"Well, I niver saw him asleep but he snored strong enough to draw the sides of the house together. And see now, he hardly seems to breathe. 'Sambo,' she repeated, shaking him by the arm—'Sambo, wake up; here's the gentleman you were asking about the other day.'"

"About me?"

"Yes, sir; he started just as if he'd been shot, when he saw you pass the window here last week."

"Last week—why I don't remember to have seen or heard any thing of him. I didn't know you'd got a nigger here 'till this minute."

"Well, he saw you, sir, any way and looked as frightened as if you came to drag him to the gallows."

"Indeed. Wake him up then and let's see what he's like."

"'Sambo, hillos Sambo,' cried Mrs. Motherly, again shaking him roughly by the arm, "look up, man, and speak to us'—he won't though, not a budge he'll do. Bedad, Mr. Weeks, may be he's dying."

"Not he—the fellow's comin possum over us, that's all; but hold on a bit, I'll make him speak—bet a fourpence," and striking the African a smart rap on the shin with his knuckles, the sleeper started up in an instant to a sitting posture, and bellowed as if he had been struck with a bayonet.

"Shut up," said Weeks; "you ai'nt murdered are you?"

"Oh, Massa Charles, Massa Charles," cried the African, rubbing the wounded part with his hand, "youk now him place strike the poor nigger."

"You see that," observed Mrs. Motherly, "he seems to know you."

"Massa Charles—why who the thunder are you—eh?"

"Oh, golly, there Massa Charles, not know Sambo!"

"What Sambo."

"Why, Jubal Sambo—gosh! that very sprixin, many time Massa lick'd Sambo on old plantation."

"Where?" demanded Weeks, his words growing few and faint as the negro's voice and features grew more and more familiar to him.

"Where! yah, yah, no remember Moose Creek, old Virginny? Massa Charles look him my back, him know Sambo better; ebery one knows him own marks."

"Moose Creek!—good heavens!" there! exclaimed Weeks, "well by crackie if that ai'nt the most unexpected—"

"Yah, yah," chuckled the African, now that his shin no longer troubled him, "Massa no spect see Sambo, so far from home. Sambo no fraid massa now, Sambo free nigger, yah! yah!"

"Mrs. Motherly, said Weeks, turning to the house keeper, who stood looking on apparently much interested in the conversation, "may I beg you to quit the room for a few moments, I should like to say a few words to this poor fellow—seems to me I have seen him before."

"Indeed then you have, sir, I'll warrant that much," said Mrs. Motherly looking up at Weeks' face now as pale as a sheet of paper. "But sure if you have anything in private to say to him, I'll not prevent you. Strange how people meets sometimes so far from home, and when they laste expect it too into the bargain. Is'nt it quare, Mr. Weeks?"

"Very much so indeed—but you'll excuse me Mrs. Motherly."

"Sartinly, sir, I was only just goin to tell you how Mr. Guirkie, thravellin in America, once met with an ould rival of his in the same way, that he thought was

dead twenty years before. It was the oddest thing in the world. Him and Mr. Guirkie it seems in their young days were both courtin the same young lady, but so lo and behold you, she went off at last with the other gentleman, and then Mr. Guirkie made a vow never to marry, seein he had no heart to give any one, for he loved the girl beyond all raison, and indeed to this very day he carries her picture about with him wherever he goes. Well he went across the seas to thravel thinkin to forget her among the strangers, and what would ye hear of it, but after leaving the West Indies and landin in the States of America, the first face he knew was that of his ould rival. There he was standin on the Quay right before him as he stept ashore from the vessel."

"Very strange, indeed," assented Weeks, "a very remarkable circumstance —exceedingly so. But wo'nt you allow me, Mrs. Motherly ——?"

"Sartinly, Mr. Weeks, sartinly, sir."

"Gosh, dat bery quere," muttered Sambo.

"What?" demanded Weeks.

"Why, Massa Guirkie meetin him old ribal on de wharf."

"How so, Sambo?"

"Well old Massa Talbot say same ting. Moder told me all about it long time ago. Massa walk on the wharf, and dere comes him old ribal right out of de ship afore him bery eyes, de man he tink was dead and buried. De sight almost knock him blind."

"Any thing else I can do for you, Mr. Weeks?"

"Nothing, Mrs. Motherly, nothing at present."

"Then I'll leave you, sir, together, to settle your own affairs, only I would advize you, Mr. Weeks, before I go, to caution this fellow not to call you Massa Charles any more, for the people of this wicked world are always watchin and peepin into other people's business, you know, and ten chances to one but they'd say you wer'nt the man you purtended to be, at all, at all." So saying, Mrs. Motherly made her usual "courtesy" at the door, and closed it behind her.

CHAPTER XVIII.

During Mr. Week's long and secret conference with the negro (for Mrs. Motherly was carefully excluded from the room), Hardwrinkle still remained closeted with the officer of constabulary at Crohan House, devising plans for the immediate committal of Randall Barry to Lifford jail. A difficulty, however, presented itself, which Mr. Hardwrinkle had entirely overlooked in his zeal for the safety of the state—namely, the presence of Captain Petersham, of Castle Gregory, who as senior magistrate of the barony, was very much in the habit of taking such cases into his own hands, and disposing of them according to his own peculiar view of the law thereunto made and provided. Mr. Hardwrinkle, it appears, in order to avoid unnecessary delay, was for having the prisoner brought before himself and committed forthwith—but the officer demurred on the ground that the Captain had already, in anticipation of Barry's arrest, given strict orders to have the prisoner brought before *him*, and no other. Hardwrinkle denied Captain Petersham's right to issue such orders, inasmuch as the crime charged against Barry was a capital offence, requiring prompt and summary action by the nearest of her majesty's justices of the peace, without distinction of rank. Furthermore, he contended that Captain Petersham, from his well known disaffection to the government, and his notorious opposition to its measures for the "amelioration" of Ireland, was neither a fit or proper person to try the case at all. Still more,—he assured the officer that the Captain's anxiety to take Barry into his own hands was but the consequence of a secret determination on his part to let the

young rebel escape, if he could possibly do so, on some pretence or other, and therefore to trust such a man with the case was virtually to defeat the law, and frustrate the designs of the government.

These remonstrances, however, seemed to produce but little effect on the police officer, who still persisted in his determination of bringing the prisoner before the senior magistrate as in duty bound—adding by way of makeweight, that he valued his life too highly to risk it by an act of premeditate disobedience to the orders of such a madman and fire-eater as Captain Tom Petersham of Castle Gregory.

At length, after various plans and schemes had been proposed and rejected, it was finally agreed that nothing could be done for the present, but that early on the following morning Mr. Hardwrinkle should despatch his servants post-haste to certain magistrates of the neighborhood, on whose loyalty he could depend, requesting their presence next day on the Petit Sessions bench, in order to neutralize any efforts that might be made by Captain Petersham to free the prisoner. In the mean time the barracks should be well guarded, particularly through the night, and every possible precaution taken against any attempt at rescue by the friends and abettors of the young outlaw. With this understanding the two zealous defenders of church and state separated, each congratulating the other on having secured at last the person of so dangerous and malignant a traitor as Randall Barry.

Whilst the above consultation was going on, Mr. Weeks had quite recovered from the consternation he felt on recognizing the negro in Mr. Guirkie's parlor, and, after leaving his message with Mrs. Motherly, was now proceeding on his way to Castle Gregory, looking as grave and composed as if nothing had occurred to disturb his equanimity. The animal on which he rode —we have said already—was by no means remarkable either for his beauty of shape or swiftness of foot, and so low withal that his rider's feet almost touched the ground as he jogged along. Still the animal, though of low stature, was nevertheless remarkably thick set and stout, and looked strong enough to carry a much heavier load if he only made up his mind to do it. We add this saving clause, because the little fellow happened to belong to the species of horse called the "Rahery or Rathlin pony," well known in the north of Ireland, and famous not only for its great strength, but also for its inveterate habit of resisting all attempts at coercion, so that "as wrong-headed as a Rahery" had long become a common expression throughout the province.

Mr. Weeks, when he first took a notion to try the horse for a morning's ride, was cautioned by his Crohan friends not to trust him too far. Rebecca especially took great pains to acquaint her good cousin with the pony's bad habits, and to put him on his guard. But Weeks, confident of his superior horsemanship, and anxious to verify the truth of his favorite saying, "that no living critter could come it over him," would listen neither to advice or caution.

The little Rahery, as we have before observed, being neither fast nor handsome, and having little therefore to feel proud of, contented himself with trotting along in his own quiet way, without the least pretension in the world, and caring just as little for the opinions of his neighbors as he did for the spurs of the rider.

Notwithstanding all our hero's boasting, however, it was quite evident he knew little how to govern the horse he rode just then, whatever he might have been able to do at home in New England, for he kept tugging at the reins and pricking the creature's sides with a constant uniform motion, as if the double movement of hand and heel constituted an essential part of the exercise. Whether the gruff, bull-headed little brute felt he had a green-horn on his back, or

whether he resolved "to hold the even tenor of his way" despite bridle and spur, rather than quicken his pace, is difficult to tell. But certain it is, Mr. Week's efforts seemed to mend the matter but very little. In this fashion, however, he managed to dodge along for a mile or two, his legs swinging to and fro under the horse's belly, and his left hand jerking the bridle at every step, when all of a sudden the pony came to a dead halt, and absolutely refused to proceed another inch in that direction.

Mr. Weeks, who had ridden the horse halt a dozen times before, and never had any difficulty with him, was rather surprized at his conduct, and took good care to express himself accordingly, both in word and deed. After spurring for a while, without any effect, it occurred to him the saddle gear might have got out of place, and he instantly dismounted to examine. But to his great disappointment he found himself mistaken. Everything was exactly were it ought to be. Taking the reins then he tried to lead the poney past the spot, but the poney absolutely and decidedly refused to lift a foot. It was very provoking to Mr. Weeks to find himself there "on the public highway" beating and shouting at the perverse little brute, and everybody laughing at him as they passed by. It was unpleasant, to say the least of it, and Mr. Weeks, as might be expected, felt very uncomfortable indeed. At length when he tried and tried in vain, and saw no likelihood of succeeding by ordinary means, he drew a knife from his pocket, cut a stout ash sapling from a tree by the road side, and then mounting again laid on the pony with might and main, determined that if he still refused to proceed it should not be for want of urging. The animal finding matters growing serious, but resolved notwithstanding to have his own way, still took the bridle bit between his teeth, and poking down his head, wheeled round, and started off to Crohan House at full gallop. Weeks, unable to manage the sapling any longer, threw it from him, and seized the reins with both hands to haul him up, but alas! he might as well have seized the horns of a buffalo—on drove the head-strong little Rahery at the top of his speed, and apparently with as much ease as if he carried a child on his back.

"Hoa! hoa!" shouted Weeks, "hoa, ye darned critter."

The pony unaccustomed to the Yankee manner of address, mistook it probably for a command to go the faster, and on he drove accordingly.

"Tarnation to ye!" cried Weeks again as his hat flew off, and his long sandy hair floated back on the breeze. "Tarnation to ye! hav'nt ye got no mouth on ye nor nothing, hoa! then hoa!! I say. Oh, merciful heavens! such a country."

At this moment a party of gentlemen and ladies, some five or six in number, came riding up, meeting him at a smart trot, and Weeks seeing their approach motioned to stop his horse. One of the riders crossed the road for that purpose, and waved his handkerchief, but the mischievous animal on seeing his way blocked up, instead of coming to a sudden halt, wheeled off sideways, and ran, or rather tumbled down a steep bank by the road side, right into a farmer's kitchen, with the rider's arms clasped round his neck. The blind impetuosity with which the animal drove on, and the nearness of the house, left him no time to choose, so that rider and horse were both in the man's house before they knew it. Then came the catastrophe, for the pony unable to stop his speed down the bank, not only passed through the door with resistless force, but came full tilt against the "dresser" which stood opposite, breaking at a single crash every article of delph on its shelves, and confounding man, horse and dishes in one common disaster.

The confusion which instantaneously followed was amusing. The man's wife ran out with a child in her arms, screaming

murder and robbery, half a dozen little boys and girls ran after her yelling, and crying for help, the pony backed out after doing the mischief, and scampered off to his manger, and the owner of the house made his appearance in his shirt sleeves at the door with a pitch-fork in his hand swearing all sorts of instant vengeance against the "murdherin" villain in the kitchen.

"Stop, stop, my good fellow," said one of the party on horseback, who seeing how matters stood, had dismounted and arrested the weapon as the fellow flourished it at the door. "Stop, this is a mere accident, my good man."

"Away—out i' my road," shouted the farmer, "Stand off and let me at him this minit, or by ——"

But here he paused and swallowed the oath, for on looking over his shoulder he found himself in the hands of Captain Petersham.

"I beg yer honor's pardon, sir."

"Well silence then, you rascal," commanded the Captain.

"I can't nor I won't sir; look at the wrack he made, the murdherin villian; I'll train him this minit. I'll smash ——"

"Listen to me, sir."

"Flesh and blood cud'nt stand it. Let me at him."

"Stop this instant, or by —— I'll horsewhip you within an inch of your life."

"The thievin vagabond, where is he, till I melt him."

"Will you not listen to me, you dog?"

"The bloody cut-throat, I'll have his life."

"Robert, ho, there Robert hand the reins to Mr. Whately. Quick sir, and you, Mr. Johnson, help him to gag this blundering fool, while I go in and see what the matter is."

"Bekase he's one of the quality, he has lave to do what he lakes, but I'll tache him the difference."

"Who is he, Mr. Whately?" inquired one of the ladies, whose horse kept prancing in front of the door.

"Is the unfortunate man of the neighborhood?" demanded another.

"Is he much hurt?" said a third, addressing the farmer's wife, who was now making her way through the crowd of horses with the child still in her arms.

"How can I tell yer ladyship whither he's hurt or not. But the sorra's cure to him any way, the dirty gomeril—to smash our bits iv plenishin, that I bought only last week in Francy McGarvey's with the dribs i' money I earned hard with my own four bones. Bad luck to him every day he rises."

By this time Captain Petersham succeeded in making his way through the kitchen over broken plates and dishes, and there found the hero of the tragedy with his hands thrust down into his breeches pocket, standing in the midst of the ruins he had made.

"What's the damage, Major?" said he, shaking up the silver as the Captain approached him, "what's the damage? I'll foot the bill. Good lord, such a country!" he muttered to himself. "Oh, if I were only once—say, what's the damage?"

"Damage!"

"Yes—hold on though, you ai'nt boss of the shanty, are you?"

"I, no, sir. Why, my heavens! is this you?"

"Well yes, I guess I'm that particular individual."

"Mr. Weeks of Drakesville, eh?"

"No, sir, it ai'nt—Ducksville, if you please."

"Yes, yes, I recollect—Ducksville. I'm really very sorry, Mr. Weeks. On my honor, my dear fellow, I'm exceedingly sorry for you."

"Why who the thunder are you? Hold on. As I live, Captain Petersham of Castle Gregory! How do, Captain. Glad to see you. Got into a kinder snarl here, eh."

"Ha! ha! you're not accustomed to our Irish horses yet; got hurt, eh?"

"No, sir, not a mite—got my coat torn and lost my hat—that's all."

"Well, never mind—it might have been worse. So come with me, some friends of mine here are anxious to see you. And I've a horse at the door to carry you to Castle Gregory. You'll come and dine with us, of course."

"Well, the fact is, I was agoin' there when this confounded ——"

"Thank you. Just so," interrupted the Captain, "come then. I'll settle all this for you to-morrow."

Whilst the foregoing colloquy was taking place, the owner of the house had been gradually quieted down by the Captain's friends outside, and the Captain himself had succeeded in leading Mr. Weeks to the door, where his servant's horse awaited him to mount. As the latter, ashamed and discomfited, slowly advanced to the door and looked up, he felt "kinder uncomfortable," to use one of his phraces, at seeing so many eyes fixed on him. But the confusion lasted only a moment, for, like his countrymen, Mr. Weeks' recuperative power were always at hand, ready when called for.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the Captain, by the way of a passing introduction, "this is Mr. Drake, of Weeksville, Connecticut, United ——"

"Mr. Weeks, if you please"—and the speaker drew forth a card from his silver case, and presented it respectfully to his friend. "My name, sir, you will perceive, is Weeks, Mr. Ephraim C. B. Weeks, Ducksville, Connecticut, United States."

"Just so, Mr. Weeks. Excuse me, my dear fellow; I'm the most confounded blunderer imaginable. Hang it, I'm always bluudering about that name somehow, and can't tell how it happens."

CHAPTER XVIII.

"Never mind the name," said one of the ladies on horseback, "mount this horse here, and come with us to Castle Gregory," and the speaker touching the spirited animal she rode on the flank with her riding whip, broke through the crowd, and prancing up to the door, stretched out her hand to the American, "come, sir, I've been long wishing to see you; and now you and I must ride together and have a chat in advance of the party."

"Who is she, Captain?" whispered Weeks, after he had touched the lady's hand.

"That lady—why, that's my sister—Kate Petersham."

"You don't say!"

"Never saw her before, I presume?"

"No—often heard of her, though. Kinder smart, ai'nt she?"

"Yes, sometimes—when she takes the notion."

"She looks sorter smart—rides well, I guess?"

"Yes; does pretty fair at a fox hunt.—Like to cross a ditch or two with her, eh? You can have any of my horses you please."

"No, I thank you; I should rather not at present. That's a pretty piece of horse flesh she rides, ai'nt it?"

"Yes, sir; that's the best mare of her inches in the province of Ulster. I'll back her against any thing of her age and weight in Ireland, for a thousand."

"Should like to own that critter."

"Can't sir; Kate would as soon part with her right hand, as part with 'Moll Pitcher.' See how she dances—she's mad to get off."

"What detains you, Mr. Weeks?" cried Kate.

"Excuse me for a moment; I'll be with you presently."

"Make haste then," exclaimed the Captain, "Kate will be quite offended if you keep her waiting."

"Here my good woman," said Weeks taking a couple of sovereigns from hi, purse, and handing them to the farmer's wife, "here take these and replenish your shelves."

"You seem to be in a great hurry to repair the damage, Mr. Weeks," observed the Captain.

"Well I guess it's just as well, ai'nt it?" "To-morrow had been quite time enough."

"To-morrow! by jingo, I should'nt wonder if that crazy coon, her husband, would have my life before to-morrow. These countrymen of yours, Captain, ai'nt to be trusted."

"Ha! ha!" laughed the Captain. "I see you're not much acquainted with the disposition of the Irish."

"Ai'nt I though. By crackie if I ai'nt then, for my short time amongst them, I don't know who is. Say, my good woman, hai'nt you got a hat in the house I could have for a day or so? fly around and see if you can find one."

"Mr. Weeks, Mr. Weeks," cried Kate again—"here I am waiting for you all this time, and Moll Pitcher's so restive that I can hardly manage her."

"Never mind the hat," said the Captain, dragging Weeks by the arm—"never mind it now, we'll pick up your own on the road."

"Hold on a second—hurry up my good woman," exclaimed Weeks, "let me have something to cover my head. Hillo, what's that?" he demanded as she handed him a cap made of hair or rabbit skin. "What the thunder is this? Hai'nt I seen that cap before?"

"No matter, put it on," cried the Captain, "and let's be off."

"Wait a minute—what's this in the bottom of it it?—a letter, by crackie, and to Miss Kate Petersham too. Why, how's this?"

"Who owns the cap?" demanded the Captain, "or how comes this letter in it, addressed to Miss Petersham?"

"I own it," said a new comer, issuing from the door of a little room behind the dresser. "I own it and claim it too."

"Lanty Hanlon!—by thunder it is."

"Let me have the cap, sir—here's one to replace it," said Lanty, handing Weeks another of nearly the same description, and taking his own without the least ceremony from the hand of the astonished Yankee.

"Well there—say Captain, can you tell me how many duplicates of this individual are to be found in this deestrict, or in other words, is he really the devil himself?"

"Lanty Hanlon, how came you by this letter?" demanded the Captain.

"Don't trouble yourself about it, Captain," cried Kate, "it's only a love letter. Keep it safe for me, Lanty. I'll meet you at the *place you know*, this evenin. Be punctual now, or I'll discard you."

"Niver fear, my lady; I'll be there at four o'clock, but mind if you don't be up to time yourself, we must break the engagement. Yer sarvint genteels," and throwing the cap on his head, he disappeared as he came.

"I see Captain, you know that fellow."

"Oh yes; I have known Lanty for years."

"Well, he's a tarnation villian, let me tell you that."

"Lanty, ha! ha! Oh no, he's not a bad fellow. He's only fond of playing tricks, that's all."

"Tricks—he's the darndest rascal unhung."

Weeks now mounted the groom's horse, which proved to be a gentle, well disposed animal, and with the Captain on one side and Kate on the other, rode in front of the procession, his rabbit skin cap jauntily set on the side of his head, and his hands and feet jerking and swinging as before, to the no small amusement of the party.

CHAPTER XIX.

The reader will remember that Mrs. Motherly had a strong objection to Mr. Guirkie's carrying his purse with him, whenever she suspected him of going to visit the blind fiddler at the Cairn, or the widow with the "three twins," down at Ballymastocker. She insisted it was her duty to search his pockets on such occasions, and she did search them, and he permitted her to do so with all the docility of a child, save and except when a third party happened to be present; then he drew himself up and proclaimed his independence, both by word and look, but so ostentatiously withal, that any one with the slightest discrimination might have seen it was only the advantage the coward takes, when he unexpectedly finds help at his back. Uncle Jerry was, we must admit, rather peculiar in the exercise of his benevolence, or as Mrs. Motherly used to say, he was odd in his ways. It was not exactly because Batt Curley, of the Cairn (Else's third husband), was destitute of the ordinary means of living, that he took such a kindly interest in him for Batt always earned enough to eat and drink by his fiddle, hard as the times were; it was because he was old, and blind, and only a fiddler at that, he felt so much for him. So also with respect to the widow and the "three twins," at Ballymastocker; there was nothing very lamentable in her case either, but the thought of a poor lone woman with three children born at a birth to take care of, so fixed itself about his heart that he found it impossible to banish it. And it was precisely because the care of the negro had something peculiar in it, his sympathy was so suddenly excited in his favor. Had the doctor told him of the negro's arms being broken, he would have felt for the poor sufferer, no doubt as he felt for every body in distress, but when he told him of his toes being broken and disjointed, it was something dreadful to think of. A poor African wounded in this manner touched the tenderest sympathies of his generous soul—was something to his mind really appalling.

The reader must not imagine for a moment, notwithstanding all we have said, that Uncle Jerry's fancy had more to do with his benevolence than his heart. No such thing; fancy was only the taper of light that stood by, while charity, the first-born of the Redeemer's love, drew the picture of human sorrow, and held it up before him. Oh Christian charity! loveliest of virtues, when the Saviour who gave you in triumph to the world, first presented you on Calvary, how beautiful were you then! When taking you by the hand he led you up the hill, and pointing to the Sun of Christianity just beginning to rise, bid you go forth to bless and bind all hearts together till the light of that Sun should again be absorbed into the source of its life forever more,—how modest your blushing face, and how timid your noiseless step, as you came out from the darkness of paganism, to weave your web of love around the great heart of regenerated humanity. You had worshippers then to fall in millions at your feet; but where are they now? Alas, alas, like the deserted king of Greece, looking round the bay of Salamis for his scattered ships:

"You counted them at break of day,
But when the sun set where were they."

The goddess of charity whom men worship now, child of heaven, is not like unto thee. She is bold and proud. She walks with stately step, and shuns the lowly cabin on her way to princely halls. She extends not her hand to the helpless in the darkness of night, but waits for the broad glare of the noonday, to carry her gifts to the market place. She stalks along the public thoroughfares in wanton attire, surrounded by followers whom she attracts by the splendor of her habiliments, and the stateliness of her mien. She has set herself up as thy rival, modest, blushing child of God. In the flaunting dress of the harlot, she disputes thy empire over the hearts of men, and she gains the victory.

But, my dear reader, fallen as the world

is, there are same true hearts to be found in it still; some who, like Uncle Jerry, will steal away into obscure places to comfort the poor, and blush like him to be caught in the act. So it was now.

It appears that Mr. Guirkie, instead of going directly to Rathmullen on his weekly visit to the old church-yard, as Mrs. Motherly had supposed, fell in with the priest on his way to visit the widow with the three twins at Ballymastocker, who had taken suddenly ill, and instantly resolved to accompany him to the house.

As Captain Petersham and his party rode along, two horses standing at the widow's door attracted his attention, and on coming up, he recognized them as Father John's and Mr. Guirkie's. At once he made up his mind to invite these two friends to Castle Gregory, and accordingly dismounted for that purpose.

On entering the humble dwelling of the widow, or rather as he stepped on the threshold, a sight met his view, which caused him instantly to draw back. Uncle Jerry was sitting near the fire-place with his back to the door, and so intent was he at his occupation, that he neither heard the Captain's footstep nor observed the shade which his person cast upon the wall as he came in. Captain Petersham, as the reader knows already, was a blunt, outspoken, honest-hearted, rollicking country-gentleman of the olds chool, though a comparatively young man himself, and Kate, knowing his ways so well, had been expecting every instant to hear his loud voice in high banter with Uncle Jerry; but instead of that she was somewhat surprised to see him steal out again on tiptoe with his hands raised up in wonder as if at something he had witnessed within.

"What's the matter, Captain?" she demanded, "is the widow dead?"

"Not that I know of, but such a sight as that I hav'nt seen for years—come down and behold it with your own eyes," and taking his sister by the arm escorted her to the door of the cabin.

Mr. Weeks and the other gentlemen of the party, hearing the Captain's words, were instantly excited by a natural curiosity to see what was going on, and alighted also.

Uncle Jerry was still intent on his work. He was rocking a cradle of more than ordinary proportions, made of course wicker-work, in which the "three twins" were soundly sleeping. On a low stool beside him lay his pocket handkerchief, which he had been using when the Captain first saw him, and which he had only laid down as the party came crowding round the door.

"Gentlemen," said Kate turning to her friends and whispering her words lows, "I beg you will retire. This is no fitting scene for profane eyes like yours to look upon. Away, and leave the Captain and me to speak to him."

They did as directed, and then Kate, motioning the Captain to keep his place, stepped across tne earthern floor of the cabin with the lightness of a bird, and stood behind the watcher. She was about to touch him on the shoulder with her finger to make him aware of her presence, but drew it back again suddenly, and waited a minute longer.

In that short minute Uncle Jerry had laid open his whole heart to her. She could read it plainly as she could read a book. Inserting his hand into the lining of his great seal-skin cap, he drew forth from a secret pocket, which Mrs. Motherly had failed to discover, a bank of Ireland note, and rolling it up into convenient shape, took the hand of one of the orphans and weaved it in between its fingers. As he did so a big tear dropped on the hand, and Uncle Jerry took up the handkerchief again to wtpe it off.

"Hold!" said Kate, "let it remain there. It will consecrate the offering."

"God bless me!" said Mr. Guirkie, looking up with his eyes still full, "I thought I was alone."

"And if you were," replied Kate, harden

ly able to restrain her own tears, "the lesson would be lost."

"What lesson?"

"That," said she, pointing to the child's hand holding the money, with the mercy drop glistening on it.

"Why upon my word and honor, Kate," said Uncle Jerry, wiping his tears, "I don't know how it is, but the smoke of the peat fire affects my eyes more than it used to affect them—perhaps it's because I'm growing older."

Kate took his hand and pressed it in hers lovingly. "God bless you," she said. "I never see you but I feel my heart grows better. If charity and faith ever dwell in human bosom, they are surely to be found in your's and Mary Lee's. But tell me where is Father John?"

Uncle Jerry pointed to the room.

"Has he finished?"

"Yes—you may go in."

Kate opened the door gently, but seeing Father John on his knees by the bedside of his penitent, closed it again.

"Come in," said the priest, who had turned his head a little, and saw her form as she opened the door; "come in Miss Petersham, and as I administer the sacrament of the body and blood of the Redeemer of the world to this adorable mystery of the Eucharist, to convert you to the only true and living faith."

Kate fell upon her knees and prayed fervently.

"God of love," said the priest, prostrated before the open pix, "if ever I have done aught to deserve a blessing at thy hands, I now implore thee to touch the heart of this erring child. Breathe into her soul the spirit that quickeneth unto life, that she may one day feel how good thou art, and how inestimable a treasure she possesses in the sacrament of thy love. And thou, O Mary, Mother of God, pray for her that she may soon break asunder those earthly ties, that hold her back from the arms of the Church of Christ stretched out to embrace her."

He now rose and administered the viaticum to the dying woman, afterwards the sacrament of Extreme Unction, and then kneeling once more by her bedside, recommended her soul fervently to the God who gave it.

As he turned to leave the room, Miss Petersham looked up in his face. Her cheeks were flushed with the emotion of her heart. "Father," she cried, still kneeling before him, "Father, give me thy hand," and kissing it she placed it on her head and asked his blessing.

He gave it from the depth of his heart. Then Kate rose, and silently accompanied her two friends to the door, where the party was impatiently waiting their coming.

The Captain, who had been a silent witness of the whole scene, touched his cap respectfully as the priest appeared, and then silently mounting his horse rode off with his friends to Castle Gregory.

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CHAPTER XX.

"Mr. Weeks," said Captain Petersham, after dinner was over and the cloth removed, "I'm quite delighted to see you at Castle Gregory, and now as the ladies have left us, we must drink a glass of stout of Innishowen together,—Mr. Johnson shove down the decanter to our American friend."

"Excuse me, Captain," said Mr. Weeks, "I never drink."

"Nonsense—you must drink. By George, that's a pretty thing—not drink indeed—why you're not a teetotaller, are you?"

"Well pretty much so. I'm a Washingtonian."

"Of course you are—I know all that.—But you don't mean to say that every Washingtonian's a temperance man?"

"You mistake, I reckon," replied Weeks, "A Washingtonian don't mean an American, exactly, but a member of a certain temperance society."

"Oh, I see—that's the meaning of it. So you belong to a temperance society then! Well, 'pon my honor, friend Weeks I had formed a better opinion of you than that."

"Don't think it wrong to take a pledge against liquor, do you?"

"No—not perhaps for the working classes—but I think no gentleman should take it. If a sense of his position, and respect for his honor, don't restrain a gentleman from brutalizing himself, then I say he's no gentleman, and no pledge or oath can bind him. What think you, Father John?"

"You're right, Captain, except in those rare instances when gentlemen regard excess as a sin against God, in such cases a pledge may restrain them when their honor can't. Perhaps Mr. Weeks is one of this class."

"How—regard intoxication as a sin against God?"

"Yes—for which he will one day hold you responsible."

"Well, as to that," replied Weeks, "I reckon it depends materially on the kinder notions one has formed on that ere point. Folks differ, you know, considerable about the sorter being God is, and as for myself I can't say I ever got well posted up on the subject. But I always maintained that the abuse of liquor was a sin against society."

"Of course—there never was a second opinion about it."

"And I always set my face against it on that account."

"Precisely—you adopted the prevailing sentiment—for I can call it by no other name—that the abuse of liquor should be discouraged, not because it's offensive to God and injurious to the soul, but because it's offensive to society—to modest eyes and ears polite."

"Father John, take my advice, and drop the argument," said the Captain, "or you'll be head and ears into one of your long sermons directly. Mr. Weeks, don't mind him—he's forever moralizing. But fill your glass like an honest man, and drink your national toast—'Success to the stars and stripes.'"

"Don't drink, I assure you, Captain.—Should be most happy to oblige you, but it's against my principles."

"Against the —— against a man's principles to drink a glass of punch at a friend's table."

"Don't urge the gentleman," said two or three of the company together—"he has scruples about it. Every man should know what suits himself best."

"Nonsense. Hang it! I can't bear to look at a guest of mine sitting at my table as dry as a stick."

"Well, to please you, I'll taste it," said Weeks at last, "though it's against my principles to drink. Mr. Johnson, have the goodness to make me a spoonful or two of sangaree."

"Sangaree!" repeated the Captain.—"Not a drop of it, Johnson—not a drop; make him a glass of whiskey punch. Or stop—send it up to me; I'll make it myself."

"No, no—hold on, Captain; excuse me, I'd rather not; Mr. Johnson will make it."

"Why—it seems so strange," exclaimed the Captain. "Whately, could you have imagined it; a freeman, a citizen of the model republic, and neither Presbyterian nor Quaker, to belong to a temperance society. Ha, ha, it's monstrous—it shocks all my American prepossessions."

Weeks smiled in his usual cold way, and assured the Captain the "Sons of Temperance" were very numerous in the States; and that for his part he had been strictly temperance since he was fifteen years old.

"And pray, Mr. Weeks," said the Captain, filling his glass from the tumbler, "what pleasure or advantage can you derive from this self-denial you practice—it's not for your sins, I suspect, eh?"

"No, sir; don't believe in that doctrine."

"And why the mischief do you abstain, then?"

"Why, because it suits my constitution best, and saves my pocket besides."

"Oh, that indeed; I understand you now."

"Two excellent motives, ai'nt they, Captain?"

"You must ask Father Brennan," replied the Captain. "That question involves a knowledge of morals of which I profess to be entirely ignorant. What say you, Father John, will his motives stand the test of your theology?"

Father John shook his head, but said nothing in reply.

"Well look here," pursued Weeks, turning to the priest, "I ai'nt agoin' to dispute the matter now, but just multiply fourteen years (the time I've been temperate) by three hundred and sixty-five dollars saved each year—and that's about the lowest calculation I can make—and you have precisely five thousand one hundred and ten dollars exclusive of interest. Now I call that a saving. I may be mistaken, but I call it a saving."

"Not a doubt of it," replied the priest, smiling—"not a doubt of it—you calculate very closely though, don't you?"

"Well, no sir; I merely follow cousin Nathan's advice, and don't waste my powder. I had a cousin once called Nathan Bigelow ——"

"There!" ejaculated Uncle Jerry, laying down his glass untasted, and rising from the table, "there! he's at his cousin Nathan again. I vow and declare I can't stand it any longer—this is the fifth time."

"What's the matter, Mr. Guirkie," demanded the Captain, "that you quit us so soon?"

"Nothing very particular," replied Uncle Jerry, making his way out as fast as possible. "I'll return presently."

"Well, this cousin of mine," continued Weeks, "this cousin called Nathan ——"

"Oh, he's the man," interrupted the Captain, "used to preside at town meetings, direct the minister what to preach, and so forth. Yes, yes, you need'nt mind, we have heard all about him long ago."

"Have, eh?"

"Yes; he's quite familiar to us."

"Well, I was only going to say that I merely followed his advice. And now with regard to my second motive, I found when about fifteen years of age, or thereaways, that liquor proved a leetle too exciting for my constitution, both mentally and physically."

"Ah, indeed," said the priest, "how so, pray?"

"Well, it softened my heart a leetle more than I found convenient."

"You drank too freely, perhaps, for a boy of your age?"

"Well, guess I did—rather: can't say I got drunk, though—got tight once in a while. But the darned thing you used to draw a sorter skin over my eyes, so's I could'nt see clearly what I was about."

"Hence you gave it up?"

"Yes. You'd like to know, perhaps, how it came round?"

"Certainly—let's hear it by all means."

"Well, it was kinder funny, too. Father sent me one morning when I was about fifteen or a little over, to a place called Meriden, with chickens and squash for the market. It happened I took a young colt with me father bought short time before, and he was a smasher of his age, I *tell* you—only rising five, and as pretty a piece of horseflesh at that as you could scare up in the hull county. After selling the provisions and putting the proceeds in my wallet, I dropped into a bar-room to have a drink before I'd start for hum. Just as I took a cigar to smoke after the brandy, a long-legged green-looking chap—Vermonter, guess he was—comes up to the counter, and siz he, 'Youngster, that horse of youru's pretty smart horse, I reckon?' 'Well, yes,' siz I, 'considerable smart for a colt.' 'What time does he make?' 'Three and a half,' siz I. Sez he, 'no; can't do it.

'Can't?' 'Well,' said I, quite coolly, as I lit my cigar, 'You can bet, if you're a mind to.' 'Agreed,' said he, 'what'll it be?" 'I ai'nt particular,' said I. 'Well,' said he, 'treat for all round, if you've got no objection?' 'None,' said I, 'I'm quite agreeable."

"Well, having got the lend of a sulkey from a Doctor in the neighborhood, we marked the course, appointed a time-keeper, and off I started. Crackie, how that colt did put it that day. Well, he went it slick, I tell yer. The critter knew just's well as I did myself, what he'd got to do, and he struck out like a good fellow."

"Won the bet, of course?"

"Won it' Ye-e-s; guess he did, and twenty seconds to spare besides. 'Wel,' siz the tall fellow, coming up to me, as I stepped from the sulky, and clapped the colt on the back, 'Well,' siz he, 'he did his prettiest, I reckin?"

"Siz I, 'no; not by a long chalk.'—'Darn the matter,' siz he, 'he won the bet, anyway, so come in and have a drink.' As the chap spoke, he beckoned to two or three other hard looking customers, that seemed to be loafing about the corner, and then dove into an oyster cellar. 'Brandy smashes and cigars for five,' said he, passing the bar-keeper. 'You'll go that, youngster, won't you?' 'Well, don't care if I do,' said I, 'though I ai'nt much accustomed to it.'"

"So you drank too much on that occasion?" said one of the company, interrupting the details, for he thought Mr. Weeks was growing rather tedious.

"You'd better believe it friend. Well, to cut the story short, before I left the cellar that afternoon, I lost the price of the squash and chickens, and swapped the colt besides for a Canadian poney, a gold watch and thirty-seven dollars in cash. Next morning came though, and O, scizzors! if I did'nt feel like suicide."

"Conscience-stricken," said the priest "for the night's debauch?"

"Conscience-stricken! Why, no; but for letting that chap come it over me so smooth. Well, I swow, I never felt so cheap in my life—that's a fact."

"He cheated you then?"

"Yes—guess he did cheat me. Hold on a bit though, you'll hear. About seven o'clock next morning father come into the kitchen swearing like fifty. I was lying in bed at the time, just thinking of getting up."

"'Where's the young scamp?' he cried, 'by thunder I'll cow-hide him this minute within an inch of his life.'"

"'Good gracious!' exclaimed mother. 'Why, Amasa Weeks! Ai'nt you ashamed?'"

"'No; I ai'nt.'"

"'You oughter, then.'"

"'Stand aside,' shouted father, 'and let me pass.'"

"'Amasa, ai'nt you crazy?'"

"'Shut up, I say. The young scoundrel! I'll teach him how to trade!'"

"'Poor child,' said mother, 'it was his first trade;' and what could you expect of a boy of fifteen. Why, gracious, if he was taken in about that watch it's not agoin to ruin you, is it?'!'

"'But the horse! the horse! shouted father."

"'The horse! why, what's the matter with the horse?'"

"'The matter!—thunderation's the matter!—the critter's blind!'"

"'Blind!—why, you don't say!'"

"'And lame! lame!! the tarnation villain!!'"

"Pheugh, said I, jumping out of bed and bolting through the open window with my jacket under my arm, i'ts time I warn't here, I reckon; and witbout waiting for further information on the subject, I cleared."

After the suppressed titter, which accompanied Weeks' story all through, had at last broken out into a broad laugh, and then subsided, Father John quietly observed that the gentleman's first lesson was rather an expensive one.

"Should think so," said Weeks in reply; "it cost me, or father rather, some where in the neighborhood of two hundred dollars."

"And so after that you concluded to drink no more?"

"Gave it up, sir, right straight off; I saw it would'nt pay."

"And that I suppose was your only motive for becoming temperate?"

"Why yes—of course it was."

"Well," said the priest, "I can't admire it much. Had you only united that motive, selfish as it was, with a desire to please God and save your soul—"

"Whew!" ejaculated Weeks, interrupting the priest, "that's quite another affair. My principle is to leave Christianity and religion, and all that sorter thing to those whose duty it is to look after it. I'm a business man, squire, and my object is trade and nothing else."

"Good!" cried Captain Petersham, returning and clapping Weeks on the shoulder as he passed him by on his way to the head of the table. "Good, sir, that's honest speaking. By George, Weeks, you're a trump."

"Well them's my sentiments, and I ai'nt afraid to avow them either," said Weeks; taking courage from the Captain and the poteen together. "I'm a business man, and make no pretensions to piety, nor nothing else."

"Certainly not, sir, that's as much as you can attend to."

"Of course it is—no doubt of it."

"And see here," said Weeks, after finishing the last glass, and making the spoon ring in the empty tumbler. "See here, Captain, I may as well say what I think. I never saw a pious business man yet worth a copper to the country. I *swonnie* I never did."

"Ha! ha!" laughed the Captain, "listen to that, Father John!"

"And I tell you what, sir" continued Weeks, turning to the priest—who now kept his head down to hide a smile, while he toyed with his watch chain for an excuse—"I tell you what, sir, ministers may say what they please, but they're a darn'd set of humbugs, that's the hul amount of it."

"Hah! take that, my reverend friend," chuckled the Captain again. "The truth truth occasionally you know will do you good."

"I'm quite surprised, Mr. Weeks," gravely observed the priest, while a smile kept playing about the corners of his mouth. "I'm really surprised to hear you speak so irreverently—it's tood bad."

"Well, hold on a bit—hold on—see here, I know as many as fifty ministers in New England alone, and more too, abandoned their pulpits last year, and went off to speculate in this, that, and t'other thing, to make money. Some went into the fish business, some into the lumber trade, two on 'em from my own town turned to the law, and the majority managed to squeeze themselves into the legislature. Now, if these men had, what they pretended to have, a vocation to the ministry before their ordination, where in thunder did it go after, I'd like to know."

"It's no doubt a melancholy fact," said the priest, "that your Protestant clergy of New England, especially those with limited revenue, in very many instances have renounced their sacred calling for more lucrative trades and professions, thus disgracing themselves and their religion; but such instances are very rare in this country."

"Are—how's that?"

"Why, we don't love money here, perhaps, so much as you do in the States, and besides we hav'nt the opportunity to speculate."

"Well, that may be all true," replied Weeks; "but it's my opinion ministers in general make a trade of religion everywhere one way or other. I have had a pretty good chance myself to see how the

thing works, and I reckon I can tell as much about it too as most folks. Been a class-leader in my time."

"What!" exclaimed the Captain, leaning his folded arms on the table and gazing at the Yankee, bedizened all over as he was with chains and broaches. "What, a class-leader—you?"

"Yes."

"A Methodist, you mean?"

"Why certainly."

"A canting Methodist?"

"Of course."

"May the Lord forgive you, Mr. Weeks!" (The reader is already aware of the Captain's special contempt for that particular sect.) "Why you must have lost your senses."

"Well, they are a kinder scraggy, I allow," said Weeks.

"And you made such a spooney of yourself as to snivel away with this psalm-singing set. By the Lord Harry, Mr. Weeks I thought you were a different man altogether."

"Well, I allow it was sorter mean—that's a fact. But wait a bit, let me tell you how it happened. I had an object in view."

"Oh, confound your object!"

"Wait a minute, you'll say it warn't a bad one, if the thing had been properly managed. Well, there was a gal in our neighbourhood named Brown, Zepherina Brown, or Zeph as she was called for shortness sake."

"Pardon me, Mr. Weeks, your glass is empty," said the Captain. "Whately, send up the bottle."

"You'll excuse me, Captain."

"Hang your excuses; make a glass of punch, sir, like a man."

"Well I'd rather not just at present."

"Nonsense."

"I'm not used to it, you know."

"Used to it! used to Innishowen whisky twenty years old? Are you used to new milk? 'Pon my honor, sir, I'm ashamed of you. If you don't drink, by the Lord Harry I'll think you're a Methodist still."

"Well, I rather think I'll be ashamed of myself before long, if I hold on at this rate. It begins to wake me up already. I swonnie it does.

"Pshaugh! my dear sir, you might drink a puncheon of it. Irish whisky's meat, drink, washing and lodging for every human being under the sun. Come, send up your tumbler, I'll mix it for you. There's Madeira and Claret on the sideboard, and I wouldn't give a brass button for oceans of it, while there's a drop of this rel auld Irish whisky here to soften my heart. By George, sir, if you only drank it for six months, it would make a glorious fellow of you."

"Humph?" said Weeks, "guess it would—the wrong way."

"No, sir, but the right way. It would cure you of that passion you have for speculating and money-making. It would make your heart grow twice as big as it is—aye, big enough, by George, to take the whole human race into it."

"Well, it's a fact," said Weeks, "it does make a feller feel kind of good; but guess it's not to be trusted too far either, for all that."

"Never fear, Weeks, never fear,—you go on with the story, and I'll mix the punch."

CHAPTER XXI.

"Well," said Weeks, making another start, "Zeph lived at a place called Pratt's Corner, five or six miles from Ducksville. She was kinder related to us somehow by the Bigelows, and mother and she were terrible intimate. Zeph used to invite mother to prayer meetings, and mother in return sent her presents of apple-sass twice a year regular. Well, Zeph, got to be considerable old, you know, kinder wrinkly about the nose, and as a matter of course,

pious in proportion—but to balance the wrinkles, Zeph had the cash."

"Ho! ho!" cried the Captain, "did the wind blow from that quarter?"

"She had two saw mills of her own, and twenty thousand dollars in railroad stock besides. Well, I made up my mind one day to try if I couldn't induce Zeph to take a partner to help her manage her business affairs, and forthwith set about making the necessary preparations. I felt I was kinder green, then, you know, in the religious line, and so I thought better attend two or three prayer meetings in Ducksville beforehand, to get into the way of it, like."

"Capital! capital!" ejeculated the Captain.

"When the day came for my first trial I shaved clean as the razor would cut it, mounted a black suit, and half yard crape on my hat, and then put my boots for Pratt's Corner. As I entered the room Deacon Lovejoy was holding forth strong against the old Pope (his favorite theme); so slinking in with a face as long as I could conveniently command, after so short a practice, I took my seat long side of Zeph, without seeming to notice who was in it. After the deacon resumed his chair, Zeph turned her head a leetle mite sideways, and siz she, in a low touching voice' 'Oh Mr. Weeks, how I do rejoice to see you at last among the servants of the Lord,' 'O,' said I, looking up in her face kinder dreamy like, 'O how pleasant it is to dwell in the assembly of the faithful—Oh dear—'.

'You've been a wanderer,' said Zeph."

"Alas! alas! I have, said I, looking up at her again. I've been a poor sinful wanderer, seeking for the waters of life among the swamps and quagmires of a wicked world, but heaven be praised, the blessed light hath come at last to guide me to the pure spring."

"Excellent! capital!" shouted the Captain, wrapping the table till the tumblers and glasses rang again. "Ha! ha! ha! by Jove, Weeks, you're a clever fellow. Gentlemen, fill your glasses—fill them up—bumpers let them be—nothing less than bumpers. I give you Mr. Weeks and the stars and stripes forever."

The company rose and drank the toast with a hip, hip, hurrah! and nine times nine, and Kate, no longer able to restrain her curiosity to see how matters were going on, came tripping in from the drawing room, accompanied by half dozen ladies, declaring she could sit no longer among a parcel of silly, moping girls, with such good company in the house. Besides, she added, looking at Mr. Weeks, "I want to hear a speech. I'm actually dying to hear a speech from a citizen of the great Republic,"

"Gentlemen, please take your seats," said Captain Petersham, "I see Mr. Weeks is about to speak. As for you, ladies, you're a set of saucy, impudent baggages, to intrude upon us here over our cups; away, bundle over there, since you must stay in spite of us, away, to the other side of the room, and behave yourselves properly."

"Mr. Weeks, Mr. Weeks, Mr. Weeks, was now heard from all parts of the room.

"Ladies and gents," said the latter, rising slowly, and running one hand into his vest pocket, while he rested the other on the table; "ladies and gents, I ai'nt a goin to make a speech, speechmaking's not in my line. But I ain't a goin to sit silent, either, when such honor is done to the flag of my country. Ladies gents, I'm an American born, of the true blue Puritan stock, a citizen of the model Republic of the world [hear, hear]. I ain't given to braggin much, I trust, and besides it don't become a foreigner to brag of his country in a strange land; but speaking as this here gent and I were (turning to Father John) about religion, I ain't afraid to assert, that you can't find in all creation, a class of men of more enlarged and liberal views of religion than the merchants and traders of New England.

"We are liberal in all things where conscience merely is concerned, and conservative only with a view to preserve order in society, that trade may flourish under its protection. But, ladies and gents, whatever tends to cripple trade or impede the progress of social advancement; whether it be a new theory or an old theory, a new creed or an old creed, we strangle it, ladies and gents. We strangle it as the heathens in olden times used to strangle deformed children. Business men in our country ai'nt so very particular as to difference in religious denomination, either. They don't care much whether the croed be Orthodox, Universalist, Episcopalian or Baptist, if it only gives free scope to intellect, and a clear track for human progress. There's but one creed they object to, and that is, (excuse me friend, said the speaker, turning to the priest,) that is the Roman Catholic. [Hear him! hear him! cried Captain Petersham, that's the kind of talk I like. Hear him! hear him! cried half a dozen others, following the lead.] Well, the fact is, ladies and gents, they can't go that kinder doctrine *no how*; it tightens them up so they can't move one way or other. The laws and rules of the Catholic Church hai'nt got no joints in 'em, you can't bend 'em no shape or form. Then they have what they call confession, and if one of their society happens to speculate further than he has means to warrant, the priest brings him right chock up for it; he has got no chance to risk anything in the way of trade, no how he can fix it. Again, if a Catholic happens to find a pocket-book, for instance, with five or six thousand dollars in it, he must restore it to the owner right off, when, by waiting for twelve months or so, he might make a few hundreds by the use of it to start him in business. Such a creed as that, ladies and gents, no true American can tolerate. He would not deserve the name of a freeman if he did. The question for Americans is, not whether any particular form o religion be young or old, true or false, divine or human; but whether it suits the genius of the country—that's the question—the only question to decide. Our country is young, ladies and gents, she has done little more as yet than just begun to develop her resources—the greatest resources of any nation throughout all universal space, and we feel it's our best policy to moderate the rigors of the gospel, to temper it, as it were—well—to make it as little exacting as possible. Hence, our ministers, as a general thing, especially in cities and large towns, seldom preach about sin, hell, or the ten commandments, or that kinder subjects. Because such themes are calculated to disturb and perplex business men, to the injury of trade. And we have long made up our minds that trade must be cared for, whatever else suffers. Yes, ladies and gents," continued the speaker, growin more animated, as the old Innishowen began to warm up his blood, "our country is bound to go ahead of every other country in creation. Excuse me, ladies and gents, for speaking my sentiments right out on the subject, but they are *my* sentiments and the sentiments of every native-born American in the United States."

"Bravo, bravo, Weeks!" cried the Captain; his fat sides shaking as he clapped his hands. "Bravo—that's the talk."

"Yes," continued Weeks, "I'm a Yankee, and them sentiments are true blue Yankee sentiments. We ai'nt a goin to be fettered by any form of religion under the sun; if it don't encourage trade and commerce it don't suit us—that's the whole amount of it. Had the United States hung on to the old worn out creeds of Europe, what should our people be now—perhaps in no better condition than you yourselves, ladies and gents, are at this present moment.'.

"That's cool," said some one in an under tone.

"It's a fact, nevertheless," said Weeks, catching the words. "The antiquated re-

ligion of our grandfathers would have acted like a straight-jacket on the nation, cramping its energies and stinting its growth.—Had we not shaken ourselves free from the trammels both of pilgrim and priestly rules, should we have become in so short a period so intelligent, enterprising and powerful a nation? Yes, ladies and gents, could we have flung our right arm across the Gulf and laid hold of Mexico by the hair of the head as we do now, and be ready to extend our left over your British American possessions, at any day or hour we please to take trouble, and sweep them into our lap? I ask, ladies and gents, could we have done that?"

"Hurrah!" shouted the Captain—"glorious! capital!"

"I don't profess, ladies and gents," still continued Weeks, "to belong to any particular religious denomination myself. My creed is 'a first cause and the perfectibility of man,'—that's the length, breadth and thickness of my religious belief, and I stand on that platform firm and flat-footed. Still, I go in for three things in the religious line as strong as any man, almshouses, observance of the Sabbath, and reading the Bible. These are excellent things in their way, and ought to be encouraged by every man who loves order and likes to see trade flourish. But I can go no further; I can never believe, sir (turning again to the priest), that the founder of Christianity intended a nation so intelligent, so intellectual, and so civilized as ours, should be bound down hand and foot by the strict rules of the gospel. No, sir, he intended we should moderate and adapt them as far as possible to the interests of the state and the requirements of society. With these ideas and these principles, ladies and gents, we are bound to go ahead—we must go ahead—we can't help it—prosperity forces itself upon us—we on our part have only 'to clear the track' for it. Nothing can stop our course—no obstacle, moral or physical, on earth or air, on sea or land. Yes, our energies are immense and must be expended. Ladies and gents, were it necessary to bore the earth through, we should do it. Yes, by crackie, tunnel almighty creation to find an outlet for our resources."

"Glorious! glorious!" shouted the Captain, "hurrah! for the stars and stripes! Well done, Weeks—bravo! bravo! my boy."

And "bravo! bravo!" echoed from all parts of the room, even the ladies stood up and waved their pocket handkerchiefs. In the midst of this general acclamation, however, and just as Mr. Weeks had hitched up his shoulders for another start, a loud piercing shriek came from the entrance-hall, which startled and silenced the noisy company in an instant.

"What the fury is that?" demanded the Captain. "Ho, there James, Thomas—go instantly and see what it means."

Kate rushed to the door, followed by the other ladies, curious to learn what had happened, and the gentlemen, fearing some serious accident had occurred, darted out pell-mell after them.

"Who the mischief are you?" growled Captain Petersham, grasping a tall, grave-looking man by the arm, as he hurried out from the parlor. "Who the mischief are you, fellow?"

"Pardon me, sir," replied the stranger in the mildest manner possible, "my name is Sweetsoul. I came with ——"

"Who! what! the colporteur! the Methodist bible-reader?"

"The same, sir."

"And what the deuse then do you want here?"

"Excuse me, sir, I ——"

"I shan't excuse you, sir; you have no business in my house, you canting rascal; out of it instantly."

"But the lady there, sir."

"Lady! what lady? eh, who is this?" again demanded the Captain, bustling into group which had now gathered round

some female in distress.

"Hush! hush! brother Tom," said Kate, catching him by the button-hole and whispering in his ear, "that's Baby Deb."

"What! one of the Hardwrinkles?"

"Yes, yes," she replied, almost convulsed with laughter, "her sister Rebecca, ha! ha! ha! her sister Rebecca, ha! ha!"

"Stop your folly Kate, and tell me."

"Well she's, ha! ha! gone off with —"

"Eloped?"

"Yes, fled away with ——"

"Rebecca Hardwrinke eloped, nonsense Kate, you're only fooling me."

"It's a positive fact," said the light-hearted, mischief-loving girl—"ask Baby Deb, then, if you don't believe me."

"Oh dear! oh dear!" cried the latter, clapping her hands and rolling about from side to side like one frantic, "she's gone! she's gone!"

"Well then," ejaculated Weeks, when he fully understood what had taken place, "then, if that ai'nt going it strong, I don't know what is; by thunder, if this ai'nt the most infernal country ——"

"Miss Hardwrinkle," said the Captain, kindly taking the disconsolate young lady by the arm; "let me conduct you to aunt Willoughby's room. And tell me as we go along, how all this happened."

"Won't you send the police in search of her, Captain? I came all the way with Mr. Sweetsoul, to entreat you to send them instantly."

"Certainly, certainly, my dear young lady, I shall do so forthwith; but how did it happen?"

"Why, a man came to the house in Ballymagahey, where we had been distributing tracts, and told Rebecca a dying woman wanted to see her immediately, and have some spiritual conversation with her before she departed."

"Humph! I see; well?"

"Well, poor Rebecca!—you know, Captain, how eagerly she thirsted for the salvation of souls ——"

"Yes, yes, I know all that—well?"

"The instant the man delivered the message, she started off as quickly as if ——"

"Yes, of course—I understand you; well?"

"Her holy zeal, you know ——"

"Never mind her zeal. What the fury have I to do with her zeal—excuse me, Miss Hardwrinkle, but can't you tell me how she was carried off?"

"Oh dear! you hurry me so—and then I'm almost dead with the fright."

"Listen to me—did you see her carried off?"

"See her?"

"Yes, yes, did you *actually* see her?"

"With my own eyes."

"Then *how was* she carried off?"

"Behind a man! Oh dear! oh dear!"

"Behind a man?"

"Yes; on—a—on—a—" Here Deborah tried to blush and cover her face.

"Confound it, on what?" cried the Captain, losing patience altogether. "Can't you speak at once if you wish me to take measures for your sister's recovery. How did he carry her off?"

"On a—on a—oh dear, on a pillion! behind him."

"Phew! on a pillion! Ha! ha! By the Lord Harry, that *was* a sight."

"It was shocking—in broad day light too."

"It was villainous," said the Captain, endeavoring to smother a laugh—"most atrocious! to carry such a saintly young lady, and one so reserved in all her habits of life, through the open country in broad day light, on a pillion. S'death, the scoundrel should be hung for it."

"And oh, Captain," said Deborah, "I can never forget the terrific shriek she gave, as she flew past me behind the inhuman wretch. It still rings in my ears—it was heart-rending."

"Who could have played this trick, Kate?" said the Captain, turning to his sister—"eh—what does it mean?—I don't

nderstand it exactly."

"And how can I?" replied Kate, holding her head down and covering her face with her handkerchief, "how can I, if you don't?"

"Kate."

"What?"

"Look up at me."

"There—What's the matter?"

"This is some of your devilry."

"Of mine?"

"Of yours. Come, come, no evasion now, you're in the plot, whatever it is, as sure as your name's Kate Petersham. It's exactly like you—you need'nt try to look serious."

"Why, brother Tom?"

"Psaugh—brother Tom—that won't do Kate. I vow to heaven, you're the most mischievous—but stop, wait a minute," he exclaimed, as a sudden thought seemed to strike him.

"Miss Hardwrinkle," said he, again approaching the afflicted young lady, "Miss Hardwrinkle, do you remember to have seen the man before."

"What, the wretch who——?"

"Yes—have you any recollection of seeing him before?"

"No; for I could see nothing but his form, he flew by so fast, and besides he kept whipping the wretched animal so dreadfully all the time."

"He, he, he," chuckled Uncle Jerry to himself all alone on the sofa, "it must have been an amusing sight. He, he, should like to have seen it."

"You're a barbarous man," said Kate, overhearing the words as she passed her by—"you're a barbarous man to wish any such thing."

"Oh you young trickter," exclaimed Uncle Jerry, as she turned back her laughing eyes upon him; "the plot is of your making as sure as the sun."

"What think you was the color of his clothes?" again enquired the Captain,—"or did you see any thing remarkable in his form or appearance?"

"Nothing—I could see nothing distinctly, except that he wore a cap."

"A cap—what kind of cap?" eagerly demanded the Captain, "black, or blue, or glazed?"

"No. I rather think," replied Deborah, "it was a sort of fur cap; it looked rough rather, and somewhat high in the crown."

"Whitish?"

"Yes. It seemed to be something like a hare or rabbit skin cap."

"That's enough," exclaimed the Captain, "that's enough; I know the villian, I know him—I suspected him from the beginning; he's the most daring, impudent, reckless rascal, that, in all Christendom."

"Who is he—who is he?" demanded half a dozen together.

"Lanty Hanlon, of course," promptly replied the Captain, "who else could it be? no man but Lanty in the three baronies would dare play such a trick."

"Lanty Hanlon," screamed Baby Deb, in semi-hysterics.

"Don't be alarmed," said the Captain, "your sister's in safe hands."

"Oh, no, no, Captain, he'll murder her."

"Not he, nor hurt a hair of her head, either."

"That is, if she have any," said Uncle Jerry in a whisper, as he brushed by the Captain; "he, he, if she have any."

"Why, you surely mistake, Captain," said several of the company. "Lanty Hanlon's the most notorious robber and wrangler in the neighborhood."

"I can show you a wound he gave me here in my head, Captain," said the colporteur, sneaking into the room.

"What, you. Out of my house, you scurvy vagabond," cried the burly Captain, collaring the bible-reader, and sending him head-foremost from the room. "Ho there, fellows, James, Thomas, bundle out that snivelling rascal. By the Lord Harry, if he comes in my sight again I'll horsewhip him."

"Well, but Captain, you must be mistaken about this Hanlon," said one, "it was he that beat my game-keeper."

"It was the same fellow robbed my salmon box," said another.

"It was that very vagabond, poached on my premises," said a third.

"Yes, and by crackie, it was that tarnation villian drugged me first with poteen whisky, and then danced me almost to death," put in Weeks. "He's the most provoking rascal too I ever met, for he keeps as cool as a cucumber all the while."

"Gentlemen," said the Captain, "you may say what you please of Lanty Hanlon —and think what you please, too, but I know him better than the whole kit of you put together, and by the Lord Harry he's one of the best specimens of his class I ever saw. He's an honest-hearted, reckless, rollicking, light-hearted Irishman, who likes his bit of fun as well as the rest of us, and will have it if he can, but tell me the man ever knew Lanty to do a mean thing. He may have speared your salmon, and shot your game, and broken your bailiffs' heads, but where's the harm in that. Can you call it a crime to kill the trout that swims in the mountain brooks, or the black cock that feeds on the mountain heather. What right have you to forbid a man to catch the trout that jumps in the stream before his own door, or kill the game that feeds on his own pasture. May the devil take such game laws, say I, and may the man that respects them never know the taste of a white trout at breakfast, or a black cock at supper. As for you, Mr. Weeks, you must have said or done something to provoke Lanty, or he never had put you through the coarse hackle as he did. Besides, you did'nt matriculate here yet, you're green in the country."

"Gentleman wishes to see Mr. Weeks," said a servant, interrupting the speaker.

Mr. Weeks followed, and was conducted to the breakfast parlor. As the door opened the visitor advanced to meet him, with an open letter in his hand.

"Ha, Mr. Lee," exclaimed Weeks, "glad to see you—how d'ye do?"

"Good evening, sir," replied the light-keeper, rather stiffly. "Pray, Mr. Weeks, is this your hand-writing?"

"My hand-writing," repeated Weeks, examining the manuscript.

"Yes, sir; Miss Lee received that letter this morning through Taurny post office —it bears your signature. Did you write it?"

"Why? What's the trouble?"

"Do you acknowledge it as yours, sir?"

"Well, yes, I reckon so; what's the matter? you seem kinder put out about it."

"Mr. Weeks," said the light-keeper, "you have managed in some way or other to get hold of several of my notes of hand; may I ask how you came to know of the existence of such papers—or was it through Mr. Robert Hardwrinkle you discovered them?"

Weeks bowed his assent.

"Ah, I thought so. Well, sir, having bribed an old woman to play the black foot between you and my —— and Miss Lee, and not having succeeded as soon as you anticipated, you directed your attorney to make a writ against me for debt, and now at the heels of the writ Miss Lee receives that letter, making her proposals of marriage, with an account at your bankers of a hundred thousand dollars. What does this mean, sir?"

"It ai'nt the first, I guess, is it?"

"Not the first that you wrote her, sir—but the first that came to her hands."

"Shoh—that infernal she-devil has played me false—well, there. Tarnation seize the whole darned pack——"

"Hold, sir. Did you or did you not take out this writ against my body with a view to compel Miss Lee to marry you?"

"How's that?" muttered Weeks, affecting not to understand the question.

"Answer me yes or no," cried the light-

keeper; "I have no time to spare."

"Look here, friend, I ai'nt agoin to be catechized this fashion."

"Catechized—by all the gods in Olympus, I'll catechize you, my fine fellow, and the right way, too. Your villainy's discovered at last. Else Curley has revealed to me all your plots and schemes."

"You need'nt get into such a fuss about it, my dear fellow," said Weeks, quite coolly; "if you ai'nt disposed to let me have the girl, why don't, that's all; but you've got to pay the face of the notes, or go to jail—that's certain."

"Scoundrel, let *you* have the girl."

"Ai'nt I good enough for her?"

"You!!"

"Why, yes. I'm an American born—good enough I reckon for the best Irish girl ever stood in shoe leather—all fired proud as they are."

"And why did'nt you ask her like a man, if you thought so? No, you had'nt the courage to ask her. Your meanness of soul would'nt let you. You preferred to scheme and plot with Else Curley, and to sneak about my house day after day like a hungry spaniel. By George, if I suspected what brought you there when you first came, I'd have flung you neck and heels into the devil's gulch. What, because I'm poor, you tried to compel my child to marry you through fear of my incarceration. Begone, sir, let me never see you within a league of the light-house again, or if you do, I'll horsewhip you as I would a dog."

"Say, don't get into such a fury about it.

"Fury," repeated the light-keeper, buttoning up his coat and darting a look at the crest-fallen Yankee, so full of contempt that the latter cowered under it. "Paugh, sir," he added, "you're beneath my scorn. Had you the slightest pretence to the name of a gentleman, I should have compelled you before I left this room to apologize for the insult you have offered—but coxcomb and a coward as you are, I let you pass."

"Coward—guess you're mistaken, ai'nt you?" replied Weeks, shoving his hands down into his breeches pockets and hitching up his shoulders.

"You're a disgrace, sir, to the name of America," continued the light-keeper, without noticing the reply. "Your country is a noble country, sir; your heroes of the revolution rank among the first soldiers of the world; your orators and statesmen have already eclipsed some of the first celebrities of Europe; your people in the main, are a high minded, generous people; but you, sir, and such sneaking rascals as you, with your godless liberalism, and your national vanity, are enough to bring your country into contempt wherever you go. I have loved America ever since I was able to lisp the name, but if you be a fair specimen of your countrymen, I would rather be a dog than an American. If you be a Yankee, the New Englanders must have sadly degenerated since the revolution.—Go, go!"

"Well," said Weeks, "can't say as to that, but I rather guess they're a leetle ahead of the Irish as yet."

"Yes, in vending hickory hams and wooden nutmegs they may be somewhat smarter, I suppose. But smartness without either honor or principle is a poor recommendation. Go home, sir, go home again, and tell your countrymen, that class of them at least that you belong, to that hucksters and speculators are less respected here in Europe for their smartness than despised for their love of gold. Tell them you failed in your own speculations in matrimony and tobacco, because you relied too much on your own cunning, and valued too lightly the character of the people on whose simplicity you came to practice. Tell them you saw in Ireland a poor man proud—bankrupt in every thing but honor—who reduced to beggary and a jail, would rather see his child mated with the poorest peasant on his

native hills, than give her to a peddling, speculating foreigner, with a hundred thousand dollars. Then, sir," he added, flinging the letter in Weeks' face, "take back your vile proposal and be gone; I came with a brace of pistols here in my breast, to demand the satisfaction due from one gentleman to another, but you're too contemptible a scoundrel to smell an honest man's powder;" and so saying, the light-keeper flung on his slouched hat and left the room.

Weeks stood full three minutes gazing at the door through which the light-keeper passed, without moving a muscle—his hands as usual thrust into his pockets. He seemed completely confounded at what had taken place. "Well, there," he ejaculated at length, throwing himself down in an arm chair; and taking out his penknife he began to whittle a small mahogany rule that lay beside him on the table, apparently without the least consciousness of what he was doing, "there—that's the end of it, I reckon. Humph! well, Mr. C. B. Weeks, I sorter think you ought to feel kinder cheap—eh! four hundred dollars lost for shells and charms, and five hundred more for worthless paper—nine hundred dollars—and fooled into the bargain. Go it, go it, my boy—that's the way to make a fortune out of the ignorant Irish. Well, I'm in a fix, that's a fact—a tarnation ugly fix, too. Oh, Else Curley, out of h—ll there's no such woman as you—I reckoned I was pretty smart myself, but I guess you're a leetle mite smarter. Humph! of some twenty love-letters, the girl has received but one, and that one I mailed myself at the post office. And there's that darned cabin boy—only for him I might get along slick enough yet; for come to get the light-keeper into jail, cousin Robert and I could manage to carry off the girl somehow. But the boy, if he recover, will reveal all, and then the whole secret is blown. Sambo says he'll go down to the light-house to-night and demand the young scamp—and cousin Robert promises to send a constable with him to enforce his right of guardianship—but should he blab the secret before they reach him, I must put for Ducksville right straight off. As it is I'm cornered up rather close to feel comfortable. Oh Ireland, Ireland—could I once get off with this girl under my arm, I should advise every stranger that values his life, to keep clear of you a day's sailing at least."

In this strain Weeks went on soliloquizing, and whittling till he whittled down the rule to the thinness of a pipe shank, and covered the table and carpet with a shower of chip. Suddenly, however, the door opened, and Miss Deborah Hardwrinkle came in, bathed in tears, beseeching her cousin to accompany the police in search of her dear sister Rebecca. Weeks paused for a moment without making any reply, and then putting his knife in his pocket, rose and prepared to leave, for the truth was, he began to suspect the light-keeper had seen the Captain—and thought it were just as well in that case, to quit Castle Gregory as soon as possible.

CHAPTER XXII.

The reader will recollect that when Kate Petersham parted with Mary Lee at the light-house steps, the latter looked somewhat alarmed at the serious tone in which her light-hearted friend begged her to remember Randall Barry that night in her prayers. She made an effort in fact to detain Kate for an explanation, but Kate eluded her grasp and bounded down the steps the moment she uttered the words, with the fleetness and agility of a fairy.

On her return to the sick room the agitated girl found Else seated on a low stool beside the little cabin boy's bed, knitting her stocking.

"What ails ye, dear?" said the latter, with a tenderness of look and tone she seldom betrayed even to her favorite. "What ails ye, Mary? yer so pale."

"Pale! am I pale?"

"Yer as pale as a ghost—what's the matther?"

"Nothing. But come into my room here—I have something to ask you. We must'nt disturb our little patient, you know. How is he, Else?"

"Better."

"Your sure?"

"Sure as can be, dear—he's recoverin fast. He got the 'coal' (crisis) this mornin, an his pult's greater now."

"Thank God," exclaimed the grateful girl, with all the fervor of her pure loving heart. "O, I knew well the Blessed Virgin would'nt forget him. Her prayers have saved him. Poor fellow, he'll see home and friends once more. Won't he, Else?"

"Hope so."

"But Else!"

"What?"

"You have a secret for me."

"A secret!"

"Yes; I saw it in Miss Petersham's face, and I see it now in yours. You need'nt try to keep it from me, Else. Randall Barry's taken."

"Randall Barry—what in the world put that in your head?" said Else, evasively.

"Oh Else, Else," sobbed the simple hearted girl, dropping on her knees, and hiding her face in her old nurse's lap, "I know well he's taken."

"Whisht, don't cry, asthore," said Else, smoothing down the disheveled tresses of her lovely protege with her hard bony fingers, while the muscles of her own face twitched with emotion—"whisht now, don't cry, dear."

"I can't help it, Else—don't blame me."

"I don't blame ye, *asthore*; why shud I blame ye? yer a woman, sure, and only showin a woman's wakeness."

"O had I only taken my dear uncle's advice, and told him not to come again, this had never happened."

"And did'nt ye tell him a hundred times?"

"Yes; but Else, dear, he knew it was'nt from my heart," replied Mary, with all the simplicity of a child. "I told him often and often, how my uncle loved me, and how it would break his heart to leave him—and how little I knew of the world, and how poor a companion I would be for one like him—I told him all this many and many a time, Else, and begged him to return home to the South, and wait for better and happier days—but he knew my heart was'at in my words. Oh he knew it Else, as well as I knew it myself."

"God love yer innocent heart," exclaimed Else, while her old eyes filled with tears, "God love ye dear, yer too good for this world."

"Had I only prayed fervently to God for strength," continued Mary, "I might have overcome my weakness. But alas, Else, I'm so selfish I was thinking only of his love for me, all the time, when I should have thought of nothing but his safety.—And he's a prisoner on my account, with shackles on his limbs, and the doom of the rebel before him. Oh if I had only parted with him forever the last time he clambered up these rocks to see me—"

"And if ye had," said Else, "ye'd have nothing for it. Ye were both intended for one another, and for that raison ye must cud part with him. So rise up now, and don't cry, all 'ill be well yit."

"O Randall Barry, Randall Barry! so brave—so faithful—so true to his country and to me," murmured Mary. "Else, Else, could I see him free once more, were it only for an instant, I would bid him fare well forever, should my heart break in the parting."

There was a sense of desolation in the words or the tones of Mary's voice that touched the old woman deeply, for she stooped and kissed the afflicted girl's cheek several times as she gave vent to her anguish. But when she spoke of heart break-

ing, the very idea seemed to reall back again into life the better and holier feelings of her nature, and to control the emotion that agitated her soul, she flung her arms around the neck of her foster child and wept over her like a mother.

"Oh God forbid! God forbid! asthore machree," she cried, "God forbid, yer heart'd break. Darlin! darlin! why shud it ever brake, for it's little this world can spare a heart like yours. Oh angel! ye don't know what yer heart is, or what yer pure inneocint soul is worth to a sinful earth like this. It's little ye know dear, what ye are. Modest wee crather, yer as simple and bashful as the dazy that grows undher the green fern by the mountain strame; no one sees ye, no one knows ye, no one thinks of ye down here in the black binns of Araheera—but I know ye, *asthore*, I know what yer heart is; och, och, it's I that diz, ivery pulse of it. And why wud'nt I, Mary darlin; wus'nt it these withered hands tore ye from yer dead mother's arms, here among the rocks; wus'nt it me nursed ye on ould Nannie's milk, and rocked ye in yer cradle up there in my poor cabin on the Cairn. I know what the valie of yer heart is, *alanna*. As to spake of it brakin for Randall Barry, or suffer in one minit's pain—niver, niver," she exclaimed, suddenly rising, "niver, Mary, while I'm livin and able to prevent it."

The change in Else's look and tone was quick as thought. In a moment her heart had softened under the mesmeric touch of the angelic being she embraced. But it was only for a moment. Again the dark shadow came rushing back upon her soul, and again the relaxed muscles of her face resumed their usual hard and stern expression.

"Let me pass, girl," she said; "I have work to do; let me pass."

"What work?" inquired Mary, looking up in her face.

"No matter—let me pass."

"Else, your countenance terrifies me. Oh I know that dark, awful temptation is upon you again."

"Away, child; take your hands off my cloak—I must be gone."

"What's your purpse, Else?"

"Purpose! I niver had but one purpose for thirty years," replied Else, in hollow tones, "and the time is come now to execute it."

"You shant leave *me*," said Mary; still kneeling, "you shant leave *me*, Else, till you promise to do no harm to Robert Hardwrinkle or his family."

The old woman folded her arms on her brown half-naked breast, and looked down on the face of her foster-child.

"Mary Lee," she said, her voice husky with the passion she strove in vain to conceal, "Mary Lee, yeur tears baulked me of my vengeance twict before—take care they don't a third time, for I swear by ——"

"Hush! hush! Else," interrupted her fair protege, holding up the golden crucifix that hung suspended from her neck, and laying her forefinger on the lips of the figure. "Hush! these lips never spoke but to bless."

"Take it away, girl; take it away," exclaimed Else, averting her eyes from the image as if she feared to look upon it lest her courage should fail, "take it away, and listen to me. I'm bound by a vow made at the siege of Madeira, by the side of my dead husband, niver to forget what Lieutenant Richard Barry did for me that day. Randall Barry is that man's grandson, and he lies prisiner in Taurny Barracks through the treachery of Robert Hardwrinkle.—The time is now come to fulfil my promise, and I'll do it; I'll save Randall Barry, should I lose body and soul in the attempt."

"Else, Else! this is impious," said Mary, "remember there's a God in heaven above you."

"Paugh!" ejaculated the old woman,

"I knew no God these thirty years;" and as she spoke she wrested Mary's hands from her cloak, and caught the handle of the door, "let the villian look to himself now," she cried, "let him and them that brought my only sister to shame an an early grave, that driv my brother from his father's hearthstone to die among the strangers, that hunted myself like the brock through the craggs iv Benraven—hah—let them luck to themselves now, for as heaven's above me, if Randall Barry's not a freeman in four and twenty hours, their roof tree smokes for it. Ay—my own ould bones and theirs 'ill burn in the same blaze."

"Else, stop for a moment."

"Away, girl."

"Else, Else," entreated Mary, again attempting to detain her. "Would you commit murder—deliberate murder?"

"Murder! is it murdher to burn a nest of vipers?"

"Else, think for a moment. You have an immortal soul to be saved."

"Me! I have no soul. I lost it thirty years ago—let me pass."

"Listen to me."

"No, no, no; I have listened to you too long—away!"

"Grant me but one favor. It may be the last I shall ever ask—for I fear, Else, we must soon fly from this place, and then I can never hope to see you more. Grant me but one favor."

"What's that—marcy to the Hardwrinkles?"

"No, dear Else, but mercy to yourself—to your own soul, dearer to me than the wealth of worlds. Here," she continued, throwing her rosary over Else's neck, "tell these beads to-night before you sleep, and as you pray, fix your eyes on the crucifix."

"Stop, stop," exclaimed Else, her face flushed with passion, while the hood of her cloak falling back on her shoulders and revealing her gray elf locks, gave her the look of a sybil under the frenzy of inspiration. "Stop!" she ejaculated, repulsing the pious and affectionate girl—"stop! I can't touch this blissed thing. Eh, what?" she added, as the rosary met her averted eyes, "what's this?"

"The image of Christ," responded Mary, "whose life was one continuous act of love. Look at those arms extended to bless and forgive the whole world, and tell me can you behold the image of that dying Saviour, and yet feel so hard-hearted as to take the life of your fellow creature?"

"Whisht, girl, whisht," said Else, sinking back on a chair, as if her emotions had overpowered her, "I know all that; but whose rosary is this?"

"Father John's—he lent it to me when I lost my mother's."

"Good God!" exclaimed the old woman, covering her face with her hands, "this rosary was once mine."

"Yours!"

"Ay, ay, I remember it well—I brought it with me from the West Indies, and giv it to ould priest Gallaher of Gortnaglen, Father John's uncle. Augh, hoch, it lucks ould and worn now like myself."

"I wish it had grown old and worn in your own hands, Else, dear," said Mary, sitting beside her, and pushing back the gray hairs from her wrinkled forehead. "I wish it had, Else, for then your long life had been better and happier."

"May be so."

"How consoling to reflect, in your old days, you had served God faithfully."

"It's useless to think of that now, Mary—I'm lost."

"Lost! oh, God forbid. Only forgive your enemies, and God will forgive you.—Think how he forgave the Jews who put him to death: think how he forgave Magdalen and the penitent thief."

"Child," said Else, with a smile that made Mary shudder, it expressed so plainly the depth of her despair; "child, you speak only of sinners, but I'm a devil."

"No, no, don't smile and speak to me so, you are not—you are not," cried Mary, clinging to her old nurse's neck, "you never could love as you love me and be so wicked. Oh never speak those awful words again, Else, they terrify me. No, no, you are not so wicked. You are not lost, the friend of the poor orphan can never be lost."

As Mary was yet speaking, a knock came, and Rodger O'Shaughnessy presented himself at the door. He had been engaged, it would seem, burnishing up the old silver salver, for he held the precious relic under his arm, and had pushed the shamois leather, with which he had been rubbing it, into the breast pocket of his old bottle green coat.

"What now, Rodger?" inquired Mary "has Mr. Lee returned?"

"Not yet, plaze your ladyship," replied Rodger, bowing respectfully. "Oh, it's only Else Curley," he added, correcting himself; "I thought you had company.—No he's not come back yet, and I wish he was, for there's strangers coming down the road here to the light-house, and not as much as a bit or a sup in the house fit to offer them. I wish to goodness they'd stay at home."

"Never mind, Rodger, receive them at the door, and show them into the parlor."

"Indeed then I wont," replied Rodger; "they'll have to find the way themselves; and if they're any of the master's acquaintances you know, they'll not expect any thing, 'hem! if you only hint, ahem! that the butler's not at home."

"Very well, Rodger, do as you please."

"And now," said Mary, turning to Else, "you promise to tell these beads to-night under the invocation of the Blessed Virgin. Do you promise?"

"Ay, I'll say them to plaze ye," replied Else, "but it's of little valie they'll be, for I hav'nt beat a knee to God since before you were born.

"No matter," said Mary, "God is merciful. He has converted worse hearts than yours. Say your prayers to-night, Else, and who knows but the old rosary, once so familiar to your touch, with God's good grace, may awaken those better and nobler feelings which so long have lain dormant in your heart."

"God be with ye, Mary," said Else, tenderly kissing the forehead of the gentle girl. "God be with you, *asthore*. I tould ye my intintion, that ye'd know what happened to me, if the worst comes to the worst."

"I have no fear of that, dear nurse; there's still a bright spot in your soul which will redeem it from the sins that cloud it, were they as numerous as the sands of Araheera. Go now and remember your promise."

"Ay, ay, I'll remember it. Bad as I am, Mary, I niver broke my prmise yet;" and so saying the old solitary of Benraven wrapped her gray cloak about her shoulders and passed from the room.

Mary, after paying a visit to the little cabin boy, and finding him still asleep, but apparently much easier, approached a window that looked out upon the iron bridge and the narrow road leading from it to the village of Araheera. She expected to see the strangers whom Rodger had announced coming down the hill, but they had already passed the gate and entered the light-house yard. Else Curley's tall form was the only object she could see hurrying back to the Cairn accompanied by Nannie, who had waited for her as usual outside the gate, and now went bleating and trotting after her.

CHATER XXIII.

When Else Curley reached the Cairn, she was somewhat surprised to find the door of her cabin forced open and the scanty furniture it contained here and there, as if somebody had been searching the

house. Lighting a rush candle without further delay, and inserting it in the wooden candlestick attached to her spinning wheel, she threw off her gray cloak and took a hasty survey of the room. Her first glance was at the hearthstone under which Randall Barry had so mysteriously disappeared, when Nannie's blate announced the presence of Hardwrinkle's detectives—the second at the cupboard, concealed in the tickness of the wall, from which she furnished the widgeon and wine to her young friend before setting out on his perilous journey to Arranmore. Both however, had escaped discovery—at least there was no visible mark of their having been suspected or examined. Satisfied apparently with these observations, Else drew over her creepie-stool, and sat down to build a fire for the night. Hardly had she touched the tongs, however, for that purpose, when a piece of closely folded paper fell from them on the ashes.

"Humph!" ejaculated the old woman, picking it up, "what can this be? From Lanty, I'll warrant—it's lake his contrivin, to put it into the joint o' the tongs," and bitching over the creepie nearer to the wheel, she brought the piece of crumpled paper close to the dim light, and read as follows:—

"Och! thin, sweet bad luck to ye, my ould darlint; isn't this the party pickle ye got me into. The hole country's out after me, and here I am waitin for ye this half hour, with Miss Hardwrinkle sighin and sobbin on the pillion at yer doore. Upon my conscience it's hung ye ought to be, to thrate me this way afther all the promises ye made to stay at home. But niver mind, *nabocklish*, I'll be even with ye yit, Else, if I only live to get over the amplush I'm in. Of coorse I'm expectin to be shot every other minit, for the polis is afther me in all direcshins. As for the damsel hersel, *O hierns!* mortial ears niver heerd the bate of herr. Her schreechin brought out ivery livin soul atween here and Ballymagahey. She'd listen naither to rime or raison. I tried to soothe her, but ye might as well try to soother a weazel. Bad scran to the haporth she did but squeel and spit at me all the time. Thin I tried to raison with her. I tould her I hadn't the laste bad intintion in life, it bein only the loan of her I was takin in a dacent way, till a friend of mine got over his throuble. That made her worse, She wouldn't even atop to listen to me. Bad luck luck to me, Else, if iver I met so onraisonable a female since the hour I was born. Atween scripthur and schreechin she has nearly driven me out of my senses. Hould! whisht! there, by all that's bad she's at it again as hard as ivir. Oh heaven forgive ye, Else Curley, for the throuble I'm in on your account this blissed day. But I can't stay another minit—I'm off again over the mountain, and remimber if any thing happens me, ye'll find her ladyship at Molshin Kelly's of Carlinmore. No more at present, but remain your obedient.

"LANTY HANLON."

"Note bene. As ye valie yer life, keep close to Mary."

"Hegh!" ejaculated Else, as she threw the scroll on the ashes again. "Hegh! but I'm sorry I didn't get a hoult of ye, ye spawn of the sarpint. Hah, I'd tache ye a lesson ye'd remimber till the clay covered ye. Little ye thought who was watchin ye this mornin, when ye went to Ballymagahey with yer tracts. Little ye thought who the ould woman was that passed for the three twins—the poor desarted crathur, that's dyin with the curse of herself and her dead husband on yer back. Hah! hah! Randall Barry, ye'll not have so many constables to guard ye the morrow, while such a high bred dame as Rebecca Hardwrinkle's to be sought and found. Ay, Robert, ye'll want more peelers than ye can spare, to guard your prisoner, or I'm far out of my reckonin. Hah, devil as ye are, ye have yer match for onct. And now do yer best, ye black-hearted villian, do yer best,

and niiver fear ivery time ye play the nave I'll strike with the five-fingers."

Else was here interrupted in her soliloquy by the approach of footsteps, and turning in her creepie seemed somewhat surprised to see the tall but stooping form of Rodger O'Shaughnessy entering the cabin.

"Humph! what now?" she demanded, "any thing wrong at the light-house, that yer here so soon?"

"No, nothin to speak of," replied Rodger, familiarly taking a seat, and stroking down the few gray hairs that remained, with the palms of his hands. "Nothin new that I know of—only the wine's all out, and there's no change in the house at present to buy more."

"Hush," said Else, "that's the ould story over again."

"So I thought," continued Rodger, "I'd step up at my leisure to Mr. Guirkie's, and see if he'd buy this piethur. If it brought only a couple of pounds atself you know, we might lay in a dozen or two of chape wine—cape Madeira or so, to keep up the credit of the place."

As Rodger spoke he drew from beneath his coat a small oil painting, and laid it on the table beside him.

"What in the name of patience is this?" exclaimed Else, after she took it up and looked at it. "Why ye must be mad, Rodger; it's her mother's portrait."

"I know," replied Rodger, "but ahem! it's only a copy."

"Copy or not, ye can't sell it. Mary would niver forgive ye."

"We can't starve," said Rodger, apologetically.

"Starve!"

"Of course, when there's nothing left. There's the salt meat ——"

"Hoot, nonsense, yer always complainin."

"Bedad, then, may be I've raison enough to complain, when the bacon's all gone, and not as much as the smell of wine or whisky in the walls of the house. It's aisy for you to talk, Else, bnt if ye had the credit o' the family to maintain, and nothin to maintain it with ——"

"Yer not so bad off as that, Rodger, altogether, eh, have ye nothin at all left after the bacon?"

"Nothin to speak of. There's some chickens, to be sure but ——"

"Some chickens. Is there no sheep?"

"Ahem! sheep; well, there's three weeny wethers, but sure ther's not a bit on their bones. Surely three poor weakly wethers is a small dependence through the long winter. As for the bits o' piethurs, the poor child could do nothing at them since that weary cabin boy came; and in troth it went hard enough on me, Else, to see the young creature workin away, from mornin till night, unbeknown to her uncle, tryin to earn with her brush what'd buy little necessaries for the house, when she ought to be roulin in her coach with her footmen behind her. Och hoch! Else, it's a poor day whin I'm driven to make lyin excuses to sich gentry as the Johnstons and Whately, in regard to the house. God be good to us, it's little I thought forty years, when I ust to announce Lady Lambton and Lord Hammersly, and Marquis ——"

"Now stop, Rodger Shaughnessy—stop yer claqerin," interrupted Else, lighting her pipe, "yer niver done braggin about yer lords and ladies."

"Ahem! braggin—bedad, it's no braggin, Else, but the truth, and not the whole o' that aither, let me tell yo. Ahem! may be, when I ust to get seventeen pipes o' the best wine ——"

"Hoot, hould yer tongue. Here, take a draw o' this till I make some supper. I have a journey afore me, and I can't delay a minit longer."

"Well, you may think as ye plaze, Else," said Roger, taking the pipe from his venerable companion, "but they're changed times with us any way, when them that onct thought a castle too small to resaive their company, must now starve in a

dissolit light-house. Ochone! ochone! the good ould times when we ust to think nothin of fifty coaches in the evenin, drivin into the court yard."

"Humph, make it a hundher at onct," said Else, "what signifies a score or two over."

"Well, may I niver do harm, Else—"

"Whist, *bedhahust*, I say, I'm in no humor now to listen to such foolery. I ought to be on the road by this time," and advancing to the cupboard she drew down an oaten bannock from a shelf, and breaking it into several pieces consigned it to her pocket. Then bringing the silver mounted pistol she was in the habit of carrying on her journeys, close to the light, she examined the priming, and finding it satisfactory, thrust it into her breast.—"There," she ejaculated, "yer aisy carried any way, and who knows but ye may be of sarvice afore Randall Barry gets clear of his blood-hounds."

"Where are ye bound for, Else," inquired Rodger, "with that waipon about ye?"

"Crohan."

"Yer not bent on murdher, I hope."

"Not if I can help it."

"Bedad, then," said Rodger, "I wudn't trust ye if ye got into one of yer tantrums. Ahem! yer a dangerous woman, Else, when yer vexed, or, as the ould sayin is, yer a good friend but a bad inimy. But, Else, cudn't ye lend us a thrifle o' that money ye got from the Yankee? Ahem! I'd pay it back at the end o' the quarter."

"Not a farthin, Rodger. I'm keepin that for another purpose."

"Well, it's not much I'm askin," said Rodger, "only just the price of a dozen o' wine, and a cheese or two, for the credit o' the house."

"Let the house take care of itself," responded Else, throwing the gray cloth again upon her emaciated shoulders. "I'll have use for the money afore long, Rodger, every bit as advantageous to yer master, as to buy cheese with it, or wine aither. So out with ye—I must be gone."

"Ahem! yer in a mighty hurry, Else; wait till I get the picthur under my coat. Ahem, as for a dhrop of any thing, I suppose it's not convanient."

"Humph! a dhrop of any thing. I thought it'd come to that at last," and again opening the cupboard, she drew forth a bottle and held it for an instant between her and the light. "Ay, there's some left," she added, laying it on the table.—"Drink it, and let me go."

Rodger raised the bottle also, and seeing it nearly full laid it down again. "Ahem! ahem!" said he, smoking down his long gray hairs, and looking wistfully at Else. "Ahem, it's a liberty I take, but if ye have no objection, I'll carry it home with me."

"Carry it home."

"Yes. Ahem? Captain Petersham and the Johnsons 'll be down to-morrow, and there's not a dhrop to offer them."

"Take it then, take it, and away with ye. I ought to be in Crohan by this time."

"Ye might had company," observed Rodger, carefully corking the bottle and dropping it into his capacious pocket.—"Ye might had company if ye only left sooner."

"I want none," replied Else, "the dark night's all the company I ask."

"Well, that Blackamore came down with a constable, just afore I left the light-house, and took the boy away with them."

"What," exclaimed Else, "turning on her step, "took the boy away in the state he's in."

"Ay did they, troth, and without as much as saying by yer lave atself. The constable had a writ with him signed by Mr. Hardwrinkle."

"Ah, the villian," exclaimed Else, "that's more of his plottin. Was the boy willin to go?"

"Willin—ye might well say that. The

minit he saw the Blackamore, he all but jumped out o' bed with joy, and the poor Blackamore himself kissed and hugged the little fellow till I thought he'd niver let him go. Bedad, I niver thought them naigers had so much good nature in them afore."

"And so he had a writ from Robert Hardwrinkle," muttered Else reflectively. "Ay, ay, that was the Yankee's doings, I suspect. I'm beginnin to think from what Mrs. Motherly tould me about the nigger, when he first got a glimpse of Weeks, they must be ould acquaintances, and maybe thought the boy'd tell tales whenhe recovered his senses. Hah, hah, Robert Hardwrinkle, I'm on yer track again, if I'm not greatly desaved. So the boy's gone," she added.

"Ay, is he," replied Rodger, "and mighty well plazed I am at that same, in regard to Miss Mary, for the creatur cudn't do a hand's turn while he stayed—but hould," said Rodger, suddenly checking himself, "hould, I'll wager what ye plaze, he tuck the rosary with him."

"What rosary?" demanded Else.

"Why, Mary's mother's—Mrs. Talbot's, and I never thought of it till this minit."

"The one with the jewels?"

"Ay, and the gold crucifix. She forgot all about it, I suppose."

"Forgot what?"

"That she lent it to him."

"She never lent it; she hadn't it to lend since the day the Yankee first came to the lighthouse. She mislaid it somewhere that day, and niver could find hilt or hare of it since. Hoah! ye were only dhramin, Rodger."

"Dramin—bedad then," replied Rodger, "it was a mighty quare drame, whin I saw it with my own eyes, and handled it with my own fingers."

"Her mother's rosary?"

"To be sure. How could I mistake it? Didn't I carry it a dozen times myself to the jewellers to have it mended, when we —ahem! when we lived at the castle? Bedad, Else, it's not a thing to be aisy mistaken about, for there's not the like of it in the whole world but one, and that same's many a thousand mile from here—if it's in bein at all."

"You mane Mr. Talbot's?"

"Of course. They were both as like as two eggs, and a present, I was always tould, from the Duchess of Orleans to Edward's father and mother, when they went to France long ago."

"Ay," said Else, resuming her seat and looking up sharply in Rodger's face, as if she feared his mind was wandering, "ay 'as like as two eggs,' and where did the boy keep the rosary, for it's strange I never could see it about him, though I was with him late and early."

"Well, ahem!" said Rodger, "I must tell ye that, Else, since ye asked me.—Ahem, one day last week as Lanty was going to Roonskill, I wanted him to bring me a bottle o' wine, for feen a dhrop was in the house, and we expected company that evenin. Well it happened Mr. Lee had no money convanient, and naither Lanty himself, nor Mary, and I did not know what in the world to do in the amplush I was in, for as luck id have it, the brandy was out as well as well as the wine, and not a taste of any thing in the house but a thrifle of whiskey in the bottom o' the decanter. So thinks I to myself since I can do no better, I'll ahem! I'll try, maybe the cabin boy might happen to have some change in his pockets, and I'll borrow it till he gets well."

"So ye searched his pockets?"

"I did," replied Rodger, "ahem! It was not right, I suppose, but seein the pinch I was in, you know I couldn't very well help it."

"And found the rosary?"

"Yes, sowed in the linings of his waistcoat pocket. I thought first from the hard feel it might be gold pieces, and I ripped it open"

"Sowed in the linins of his waistcoat?" repeated Else, pronouncing the words slowly, and gazing vacantly at her companion as she spoke.

"Ay, she sowed it in herself, I suppose, thinkin the blissed crucifix might help him in his sickness."

"Rodger Shaughnessy," said the old woman, suddenly rising, after a long pause, during which she kept her eyes unconsciously fixed on him. "Rodger Shaughnessy, can you swear on the holy evangelist, you seen that rosary in the boy's possession?"

"Of course I can. Why, is there any thing strange in that? Ye seem so be all of a flutther about it."

"No matter—I have my own manin for it. Now you go back to the lighthouse and stay with Mary; she's all alone, and needs yer company. I must hurry as fast as I can to Castle Gregory, and then back to Crohan."

"The Lord be about us!" exclaimed Rodger, as he stood looking at the receding form of the old woman descending the hill. "What does she mane now? There she's off to Castle Gregory this hour of the night, and thinks no more of it than a girl would of sixteen. Ahem! he added, buttoning his coat over the picture, and moving off towards the lighthouse; "she's a woucherful woman."

"Upon my word, it's very strange," said Mr. Guirkie to Father Brennan, as the latter entered the breakfast parlor at Greenmount to make his usual morning visit, "I declare it is exceedingly strange."

"What's the matter; any thing new since last night?" enquired the priest.

"No; but that abduction of Miss Hardwrinkle—Mrs. Motherly has just returned from the post office, and says there are no tidings of her yet. What in the world could the fellow mean by carrying her off?"

"Humph! you'll soon find that out, I suspect. Lanty seldom plays a trick without an object."

"You think Lanty's the man then, without doubt."

"Certainly—no other would attempt it," and the priest picked up a newspaper, and familiarly took a seat at the window.

"Why, God bless me, if Robert Hardwrinkle gets hold of the unfortunate fellow, he'll transport him," said Uncle Jerry, pacing the room uneasily, and bobbing the tail of his morning gown up and down as usual. "He certainly will transport him, eh! What?"

"Never mind," said the priest, "Lanty can take care of himself. With all his recklessness he always manages to keep clear of the hangman. Ten chances to one if caught with the lady in his custody, he would not make it appear he was only taking her home, or perhaps prove an alibi, as he did last week in the bailiff's case."

"Just so. I wouldn't doubt it in the least," assented Uncle Jerry, "the fellow's capable of doing any thing. In fact he has imposed on myself a hundred times. No later than last week the rascal sold me hare's ear crottle, not worth a brass button——"

"Ha! ha!" laughed the priest, "you're beginning to find him out at last."

"Well, but after all, the villian has something in him one can't help liking.—He's full of tricks, to be sure, but still he's honest in his own way. I wish to heaven he was out of the county for a while at all events. I wish to the Lord he was! for if he stay here that serpent will destroy him."

"Who—Hardwrinkle?"

"Yes; he'll follow him like a bloodhound. But I had almost forgotten. What of your young friend Barry. Will he be committed to-day?"

"I fear it. Captain Petersham says he can't help committing him. The case is so clear there's no possibility of getting over it."

"Poor fellow. I'm sorry for him, and I'm very sorry on Mary Lee's account.—

Can nothing be done to save him—eh?"

"Nothing—the serjeant of the police here—Kennedy, who is really a very honest, decent fellow, says he must identify him."

"They say he's a fine young man, Father John."

"Very much so, indeed. He's as handsome and high-minded a lad as ye could meet with any where. But like all young men in love, he is very imprudent. So much so indeed, that I often think he must have been crazy to act as he has. The idea of his running the gauntlet through all the constables and spies between here and Cork, with a reward of £500 for his head, merely to see a foolish young girl, is so provoking to all who feel an interest in his welfare, that——"

"Hush! hush! Father John, nonsense, say no more about that. Love's a thing you're not competent to speak of, you know. It's out of your line altogether. So far from thinking the less of him for his imprudence, I know I think the more of him. But apropos of the Lees," he added, throwing up his spectacles and halting before the priest, "have you found out who they are or what they are?"

"No, sir; so far as regards their family connexions, I know no more about them than you know yourself."

"I declare! It's very strange. I can find no one to give me the least information of the family. I tried once to draw something from Kate Petersham's—she's so intimate there, but the young baggage was as close as an oyster. As for Rodger, I darn't venture to approach the subject at all, lest he should take alarm, and then he would never come to sell me a picture again. But have you no conception of what the mystery is? It can't be murder, I suppose?"

"Oh no! nothing of that nature. It means that Mr. Lee has got embarrassed in his money affairs, and left home for a time to avoid his creditors—that's all, I suspect."

"Poor fellow," said Uncle Jerry, "it's a pity of him."

"It is," responded the priest, "a great pity; for he's an honorable, generous-hearted man as I've met in many a year."

"God comfort him," ejaculated Uncle Jerry again, twirling his thumbs as he looked through the window. "Oh dear! oh dear—what a poor sight, to see a high-minded, well-bred gentleman like him reduced so low—so low as to trim oil lamps for a living."

"It's hard," said the priest.

"Hard! Why, only think of it. There am I, a miserable, good-for-nothing old imbecile, without kith or kin in the world, and yet plenty of money in my purse—and a comfortable house to live in, whilst down there in the black binns of Araheera there's a gentleman of birth and education, with an angel of a child to take care of, and not a shilling in his pocket to buy the common necessaries of life. I declare it's awful."

"The ways of God are wonderful."

"Wonderful," repeated Uncle Jerry.—"I tell you what, Father Brennan, one must be well fortified by religion to bear up against it. A beautiful girl lik Mary Lee, pining away in poverty and solitude, working—working, night and day, night and day, at her easel to earn a morsel of bread, and I a worn out old rascal, doing nothing, nay, occupying some useful body's place in the world, when I should have been kicked out of it long ago. Why sir, it's outrageous to think of it. It's actually outrageous."

"Stop—stop, take care, Mr. Guirkie," said the priest, "you talk too fast."

"Sir, it would provoke any man. I say if Aristotle were a saint, it would provoke him;" and Uncle Jerry rose and pushed back the chair violently.

"But this is taking God Almighty to task, Mr. Guirkie. You should remember he orders every thing for the best, and that

inscrutable are his judgments, and unsearchable his ways."

"I know that. I know God is good, and I know all that seems strange to us now will be fully explained hereafter, of course. Why, if I didn't believe that I wouldn't put up with it half the time."

"Ha! ha!" laughed the priest—"put up with it. You havn't much to put up with, I should think!"

"No matter for that," said Uncle Jerry, "I have my own feelings on that point, and you know very well, Father John ——" (Here Mr. Guirkie was interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Motherly.)

"Humph! may I beg to know mam," said he, turning half round and looking angrily at his respectable house-keeper, "may I beg to know why we are interrupted?"

"It's no offence, I hope, to come with a message?" said Mrs. Mother deprecatingly. "I niver thought it was."

"Didn't you?" said Uncle Jerry, turning his side to her, for he was afraid to look her in the face, "it's no matter what you thought."

"Don't be unkind to the good woman," said Father John, who understood Mr. Guirkie well, and knew all his little weaknesses respecting Mrs. Motherly. "Don't be unkind to her, Mr. Guirkie. She is a very excellent woman, is Mrs. Motherly."

"Humph—good enough if she only knew her place," muttered Uncle Jerry. "But I protest against her inveterate habit of interrupting me when I have company. I shan't tolerate it."

"Just listen to that, Father John, when he knows in his heart and soul that it's his own story he's tellin."

"My own story, woman?"

"Yes, sir; jest your own story. For ye niver have company in the house but ye thrate me this way. There's no livin with ye, when there's any body to the fore."

"And how is it when he's alone?" enquired the priest, smiling.

"He's as quiet as a lamb, your Reverence."

"It's false," said Mr. Guirkie, "I say it's false."

"Oh the Lord pardon ye sir, the lord pardon ye for beliein yerself; for I'd take it to my death, Father Brennan, there's not a quieter nor a kinder man livin, when he's by himself."

"Indeed!" said the priest, emphasizing the word, and looking significantly at Mr. Guirkie. "Ho! ho! that's the way of it!"

"Pray what do you mean, Mr. Brennan?" demanded Uncle Jerry.

"Oh nothing, nothing particular," replied the priest, who was fond of a quiet joke at Mr. Guirkie's expense. "I was merely thinking of what Captain Petersham says of you and Mrs. Motherly."

"Of me and Mrs. Motherly?" repeated Uncle Jerry.

"Of me and Mr. Guirkie?" echoed Mrs. Motherly. What could he say any thing of me but what's dacent."

"Of course you do, Mrs. Motherly.—You have always been, since you came to reside in my parish, an honest, respectable woman. Captain Petersham when he spoke of you and Mr. Guirkie, never pretended to insinuate ——"

"Oh, I dar him to it," exclaimed the good woman, "I dar him to it, and he'll be here face to face, afore many minutes, for the message I came with was from his groom that he'd call here on his return from the barracks. I'll dar him to say any thing against my character. Och, och, it'd be a poor day with me, to hear my name now in the mouth of the people, after livin fourteen long years a widow, without man or mortal ever presumin to throw dirt at my door. Hierna! the Lord be about us, to spake of Mr. Guirkie and me, in the same breath."

"My good woman," said the priest, rising from his chair and approaching her, "you take this quite too seriously."

"Well, listen to me, yer Reverence, for a minit."

"No, no, not now—some other time—it's all a joke, you know."

"Joke; but I'll let neither man or woman joke with my kerakter, Father Brennan. I'll not lie under it, yer Reverence Mr. Guirkie's a gooe man, sir, and dacent man, and has the good will of rich and poor, but may I niver cross that flure again, if he had the vartues of all the saints in the collinder and all the goold in the bank of England to boot, if I'd ever as much as think of him, barrin as I ought to do, and as it becomes my place to do. I know he's kind to me, sir, and very kind to me——"

"Quit the room, mam," commanded Uncle Jerry, "quit the room, instantly;" and snatching the spectacles from his face, he motioned with them to the door. "I command you to quit the room."

"And yer house too," replied Mrs. Motherly, raising her apron to her eyes. "Oh dear, oh dear, isn't it a poor thing that an ould woman like me can't button her master's leggins, or tie his cravat, but he'll suspect her of thinking what she niver dreamt of?"

"I suspect you!"

"Ay, just you, Mr. Guirkie, for I believe in my heart no one else could ever make up such a story. I don't deny that I liked ye for a master in spite of all yer odd ways, and that I tried to take care of you, when I seen ye couldn't take care of yerself, but it's little I thought ye'd construe my kindness in the way ye did."

"Mrs. Motherly," said Uncle Jerry, running his hands under his skirts, and bending towards his housekeeper, "may I beg to be informed whether I am master in this house, and if so, why don't you quit the room when I command you?"

"As for this cruel thratement, after so many years slavin and workin for ye, night and day," continued the weeping widow, without paying the least attention to her master's request, "I forgive ye for it."

"You're resolved then not to quit the room," said Uncle Jerry: "eh, have you actually made up your mind *not* to leave?"

"Och, hoch! ye'd be dead in yer grave many a year ago, Mr. Guirkie, only for the way I watched ye, for yer Reverence there, you know yerself, the poor man has no more wit nor a child——"

"Humph—I see *you* won't go, Mrs. Motherly. Very well then," said Uncle Jerry. I shall—let me pass."

As he rushed through the entrance hall of the cottage, his slippers clattering against his heels and his spectales swinging from his fingers, the hall door opened and Captain Petersham entered, whip in hand.

"Soh ho! what now?" exclaimed the burly Captain.

"Good morning, sir," responded Uncle Jerry, bowing stiffly.

"You're excited, Mr. Guirkie, eh?—What's the matter?"

"Excited; can't I get excited in my own house, if I please, Captain Petersham, without being obliged to account for it?"

"Undoubtedly, sir, most undoubtedly.—Why not?"

"That is," said Uncle Jerry, correcting himself, "that is if I'm *master* of the house, but it seems I am not. My house-keeper, Mrs. Motherly there, is master;" and he glanced back at the parlor door.

"Ho, ho!" ejaculated the Captain, "it's only a lover's quarrel, then. Come, come, Mr. Guirkie, you musn't get angry with Mrs. Motherly if the good woman grows jealous with you now and then, you must try to conciliate her you know, the best way you can."

"Captain Petersham, your language is offensive," said Uncle Jerry, "and I shan't put up with it any longer."

"And Captain Petersham, you must clear my karacter this very minit," sobbed Mrs. Motherly, coming up from the parlor with her apron to her eyes, followed by Father John. "I'm a lone woman, sir,

and have nothing but my karacter to depend on."

"By the lord Harry," exclaimed the Captain, looking from one to the other, "here's a pretty piece of work. Ho! ho! and Father Brennan, too. By George, sir, you're the very man. You can settle the whole of it in a jiffy."

"How so?"

"Why, marry them at once, sir. Marry them instantly. Nothing else will ever put a stop to their love quarrels."

Mr. Guirkie on hearing this could contain himself no longer. "Captain Petersham," he cried, "I shall not ask you to quit my house, for nobody ever did quit it yet at my request, and nobody ever will, I suppose, but sir, I'll leave you and your friends to occupy the premises. For my part, I leave this neighborhood to-morrow, and will seek for some place where I can live in peace."

"Mr. Guirkie, are you mad?" said Father John, stopping him as he turned the handle of the hall door.

"Gentlemen, dear, don't let him go out without his cap," said Mrs. Motherly, "and them slippers of his, sure they're no betther than brown paper—he'll ketch his death of cold. Oh *hierna! hierna!*"

"Mr. Brennan, am I to consider myself a prisoner in my own house?" demanded Mr. Guirkie.

As the priest was about to reply, the clatter of horses' feet was heard approaching, and the next instant Kate Petersham mounted on "Moll Pitcher," came cantering into the court yard, and reining up at the door, jumped from the side saddle.

"Mr. Guirkie, a word with you," said Kate, taking his arm, and leading him back to the parlor; "as for you, Father John, I must see you before the trial comes on."

CHAPTER XXV.

It was now approaching noon—the hour at which the neighboring justices of the peace usually assembled in the little court-house at Taurny to hold their petit session once a fortnight. Already the court yard was filled with men, women and boys, (a thing of very rare occurrence in that remote and peaceable district), eagerly talking in groups, here and there, about something in which they seemed to take a more than ordinary share of interest. Two or three policemen whom Hardwrinkle had ordered from the next town, to take charge of the barrack in the absence of its proper occupants, now in search of his sister among the glens of Benraven, were pacing up and down before the grated windows, anxiously awaiting the arrival of the magistrates. To judge from the smothered imprecations of some among the crowd, who seemed to claim a sort of authority, and more significant gesticulations of others, one might easily suspect there was mischief brewing. Here and there a stalwart fellow might be seen hitching up his pantaloons, and spitting on his shillalah, as he clutched it in his brawny hand, and now and then a boy would jump to a seat on the low stone wall that enclosed the court-yard, with pockets well stuffed, and more than usually heavy. The fear of the law, and the presence of the police, small as the force was, had the natural effect of repressing for the present any positive indication of the breach of peace, but still it was easy to see that something serious was likely to take place before the close of the proceedings. One individual in particular seemed very busy among the crowd, apparently giving orders and directions. This was a person of tall stature, wearing a grey cloak, with the hood drawn over, but behind which, nothwithstanding the depth of shade, several white elf locks were plainly visible. The reader will probably recognize in this personage our old acquaintaince, Else Curley, of the Cairn. Still erect and lithe as a sapling, though the snows of eighty winters had passed over her head, she made her way through the throng of men and women, with

a step as firm as when she trod the battle field on the heights of Madeira, forty years before. Nor had she lost entirely, either, that imposing presence, which in her younger days must have stamped her as a remarkable woman. Age, it's true, had furrowed her skin, and pinched her cheeks with its iron fingers, but the bold forehead and the deep grey eye were there yet, to tell of her resolute and unconquerable will. As she suddenly turned from side to side to deliver her commands, the women and boys fell back and gazed at her with fear, and the strongest men there shrank from her touch, as they felt her hard hand upon their shoulders.

Suddenly a horseman appeared in sight, cantering on from the direction of Greenmount cottage, and instantly the cry rose that Captain Petersham was coming. Then the crowd began to sway to and fro, the boys to jump from their seats on the low wall, and the policemen to shoulder their muskets. But they were doomed to be disappointed, for the horseman on nearer approach, proved to be only one of the Captain's grooms, who, riding up to the gate, beckoned to a constable, and handing him a warrant, commanded him in his master's name to execute it without delay.

The man seemed to hesitate for a moment after reading the document.

"The Captain's orders are, that you proceed to Crohan House instantly," and the groom, "and bring the boy into court."

"Yes, but I don't feel at liberty to quit my post," replied the constable. "Our force is small—only three here and three in the barrack."

"As you please," said the servant, "I have delivered my orders," and wheeling his horse round without further parley, galloped back to Greenmount.

"Well, Thomas," demanded the Captain, meeting the groom at the door, "you handed the warrant to one of the guard—has he gone to execute it?"

"No, sir—he seems to have scruples about quitting his post."

"Scruples! ho! ho! Is that the way of it? Scruples! Look here, sir, ride back and tell him for me, that if he don't start within sixty seconds from the time you reach him, I'll blow his brains out ten minutes after. Begone now, and hurry back to report."

"The scoundrel!" he continued, plucking off his sea cap, and rubbing up his curley hair, as the servant rode off, "the sneaking scoundrel! I'll thin off his constables for him! By the lord Harry, he'll not involve me in his villanies, if I can help it. It's most atrocious. What! send a fine gallant young fellow like that to the hulk, or the gallows, because he loves his country more than his king? I'll be hanged if I do it, so long as I can throw an obstacle in the way."

"Captain," said a voice behind him, "if it's plazin' to yer honor ——"

"Hillоa! who's here?" he ejaculated, turning around. "What? Mrs. Motherly—and still in tears? Come, come, go to your room, woman, and get reconciled.—Away! You're as great a fool as your master!"

"Indeed, then, that's the truest word ye said yet, Captain, for if I wasn't a greater fool, I wouldn't stay with him. But there's an end to it now, any way."

"End to what?"

"I'll leave him, that's it."

"Nonsense!"

"Indeed then, I will, sir; I'll never sleep another night in his house. My heart's been a breakin with him every day these five years, but it's broken now, out and out. Oh *wirastru*, *wirastru!* and this is the thanks I'm gettin after workin and slavin for him early and late, night an morn in, every hour since I first darkened his doore. But sure it's all past and gone now, any way."

"Hold your peace, woman," said the Captain, "and go to your room instantly.

Mr. Guirkie is too good for you. Away, and thank God you have such a master."

"Oh it's little yer honor knows about him, Captain. Ay, ay, it's little you know about him poor man. Och, hoch, dear, if ye lived in the same house, with him as I did these five long years. But no matter now, sure; God forgive him as I forgive him, and that he may live long and die happy, is all the harm I wish him. And now I wash my hands of him for evermore. I'll never ——"

"Mrs. Motherly!"

"Oh it's no use, it's no use, Captain. I can't stay, nor I won't stay. If ye went down on your bended knees to me, I'll never close an eye under his roof. And now let him find one, that'll tie his cravat, and button his leggings, and bathe his feet, as faithfully and constantly as I did for these five long weary years, and if he does, then all I have to say is, let him forget there ever was born in this world, such a woman as Nancy Motherly."

"Captain Petersham have the goodness to step this way," said Father Brennan, opening the parlor door, and interrupting the conversation, much to the Captain's relief.

The disconsolate house-keeper entreated his honor to wait and listen to her, but all in vain.

"Why, how now!" exclaimed the latter, throwing his portly person on the sofa, and glancing round the room, "all alone, eh—where have they gone—Kate and Mr. Guirkie?"

"Hush!" said the priest, "don't speak so loud. They're all three inside there."

"All three—who's the third?"

"One you would never dream of seeing here: Roger O'Shaughnessy."

"Oh, it's Roger, is it?"

"Yes, the old man, it appears, came up this morning from the light-house to sell a picture to Mr. Guirkie."

"A picture?"

"Mary, you know, has quite a taste for painting, and Roger's salesman, it seems."

"Poor thing!"

"Only for that, the family had suffered long ago."

"You astonish me; are they really so very destitue."

"So I'm informed; and indeed from what I have seen and know myself, I believe they must be reduced as low as they can be, and live."

"God bless me!"

"Why, I thought Kate had told you of it."

"No. She said something, I remember, of their being poor, and all that, but never hinted at any danger of their suffering. By the lord Harry, sir, exclaimed the Captain, this can't be. It shan't be. The thought of Mary Lee in distress actually frightens me."

"And then, she's so patient and gentle," said Father John, "never seen but with a smile on her face. Working at her easel through the long day, and often far into the night, with old Drake sleeping by her side as she plies her brush—working—working without complaint or murmur, to earn the bare necessaries of life for her beloved uncle and that good old man who has followed them so faithfully in their fallen fortunes."

"She's a delightful creature!" exclaimed the Captain. "I wish to the Lord she could be induced to come and stay with Kate at Castle Gregory. I would be a brother to her as long as she lived."

"She never would consent to part with her uncle and old Roger."

"Then, by the lord Harry," cried the Captain, "let them all three come. Castle Gregory's large enough for them. As for me, I suppose I must remain an old bachelor, since there's no help for it.—Lee's an honest, kind-hearted, generous fellow himself, too, as ever broke the world's bread, and I should take it as a favor if he came and took up his quarters

with me at the old Castle. By George, I must call down in the 'Water Hen' to-morrow, and see him about it."

"Don't speak too fast, Captain," said the priest. "Have a little patience.—There's a mystery now solving in that room, which may baulk you, perhaps, of your generous purpose."

"Mystery!"

"Yes. Shall I tell you what it is? or have you time to hear it? The court sits at noon; does it not?"

"Hang the court! Go on with the mystery."

"Well, Roger has been selling pictures to our friend, Mr. Guirkie, it appears, for the last six months, or more, and queer enough, never imagined for a moment that the purchaser had the least suspicion of the artist, having passed himself off as a picture-dealer from Derry; while on the other hand, Mr. Guirkie was well aware of the secret, and all the time kept buying her pieces, and indulging his good kind heart by paying double prices."

"Ho, ho!" said the Captain, "I understand. Roger would not expose the poverty of the family, and therefore he went under an assumed name."

"Of course. Well, this morning, it seems, he started from the light-house to sell a picture as usual. When he reached here, he felt rather shy about coming in, lest he might happen to meet somebody who had seen him before, and would recognize him. So, sitting down under the window, to wait for an opportunity of seeing Mr. Guirkie alone, and feeling somewhat fatigued, perhaps, after his long journey, he fell fast asleep. In that position Mr. Guirkie discovered him, with the picture carefully concealed under the breast of his coat, just as Kate entered the parlor. You heard the shriek he gave when the portrait met his eye, I suppose."

"Shriek—no, I heard no shriek. Portrait! why, what does it mean?"

"It means that he recognized the likeness, and in so doing, almost lost his senses. But wait, you shall hear. In the first place, it happened to be a copy Mary had taken of her mother's portrait which Roger carried off, either by mistake, or because he could find no other picture ready."

"Yes, very well—go on," said the Captain, impatiently, "it don't matter which."

"And this very portrait now reveals the whole mystery."

"The mystery! There you are at it again," cried the Captain. "Good heavens, sir, can't you tell me what mystery you mean? Excuse me, Mr. Brennan; but you know how deeply interested I feel in every thing that regards this girl—and then your'e so tedious."

"Have patience a little longer and I'll explain," said the priest, smiling. "You are already aware that Mr. Guirkie has been for the last five years in the habit of visiting, once a week, the old church-yard of Rathmullen, and that nobody could tell his reason or motive for so doing."

"Certainly, every one in the parish knows that—well?"

"And you remember to have heard Mr. Guirkie tell how he saw a young lady quitting the church-yard several times, as he entered."

"Yes."

"And that he thought, or fancied he thought, the figure of that lady strongly resembled Mary Lee. Well, it now turns out, that our dear old friend and Mary have been all along visiting the same grave."

"Hah! the same grave!"

"Yes, the grave of her—mother!"

"You surprise me! her mother! are not the Lees strangers here?"

"Yes, strangers to be sure. But you recollect the circumstances of the wreck of the 'Saldana,' and how the body of a woman wearing a gold crucifix on her neck, with the name of Harriet Talbot engraved

on the back, was cast ashore, and interred in Rathmullen church-yard. That woman was Mary Lee's mother."

"Good heavens!"

"Yes, sir, Mary's mother."

"Humph! and so that accounts for those strange rumors we heard of the white lady and gentleman, seen so often quitting the church-yard and sailing down the Swilly on moonlit nights. But what business had Mr. Guirkie at her mother's grave, eh?"

"That's the secret," replied the priest.

"The secret! Well, well, you're at it again. But no matter—no matter, have your own way, have your own way. I shall ask no more questions. I suppose you'll tell it some time—when it suits you. By George, sir, you're the most circum——"

"Captain, dear," said Mrs. Motherly, opening the door gently, and cutting the word in two, "I want ——"

"Want! What the fury *do* you want?" thundered the provoked Captain.

"Only one word, yer honor, afore I go. It's about the master's flannels. I'm afeerd ——"

"Hang your master's flannels! To blazes with them; what have I to do with your master's flannels?" he exclaimed furiously "begone this instant."

"I'll not keep ye one minit, yer ho I'm only afraid Mr. Guirkie ——"

"Woman quit the room!"

"Away, away, Mrs. Motherly," said the priest, interposing good naturedly, and closing the door, "I shall become your intercessor with Mr. Guirkie as soon as possible, but don't quit the house, by any means till I see you again."

"Ho, ho!" cried Kate stepping from the little room in which she had been closetted all this time with Mr. Guirkie, and laying her hand on the Captain's shoulder, "ho, ho, brother, how is this, out of temper, eh? What's the matter?"

"The mischief's the matter," cried the Captain. "Between Father Brennan's mystery, and Mrs. Motherly's importunity, and those confounded constables, I'm almost crazy."

"Well, well, brother Tom, you're so impatient, you know, and so impetuous. Hush, now! not a word. Listen, I have something to tell you."

"What?"

"About Uncle Jerry."

"Well what of him? Has he had a fit?" Is he sick?"

"No, not exactly that—but, there's a—mystery—in it."

"Mystery! Good heavens, there it is again! Mystery, well if this isn't enough to provoke—away! stand off! I'll be humbugged no longer—let me pass—I must see him instantly."

"You shall not, Captain," cried Kate, endeavoring to prevent him, "you shall not."

"But I shall, though."

"Nay, nay—it's a very delicate affair, brother; and indeed he'll never forgive you if you do—you know how bashful and sensitive he is."

"Is he still insensible?" inquired Father John.

"Quite so," responded Kate, "he has not moved a muscle since he saw the picture."

"Insensible!" repeated the Captain, "then by the lord Harry, delicate or indelicate, I'll see my old friend, think what you please about it;" and freeing himself from his sister's grasp, he advanced and opened the door of the adjoining room.

The first object which met his view, was Mr. Guirkie himself, seated at a table on which lay what appeared to be a framed picture some eight or ten inches square.—His forehead rested on his hands, and his eyes seemed riveted to the canvas. Indeed, so absorbed was he, that the noise which the Captain made in forcing open the door, seemed not in the least to disturb him. When Kate saw the Captain gazing so intently at Mr. Guirkie, she

suddenly ceased speaking, and gently passing him by, took her place behind Uncle Jerry's chair. All was silence now. Old Roger stood leaning his back against the hall looking down on the floor, Kate like a guardian angel took her stand by the side of her unconscious friend; the priest leaned his hands against the door-casing and peeped in, and the boisterious, burly Captain, so noisy but a moment before, remained standing on the threshold silent and motionless as a statue.

"Look!" said the Priest, whispering over the Captain's shoulder, and pointing to the picture.

"What?"

"Don't you see something drop—drop? listen! You can almost hear them falling on the canvass."

"Tears?"

"Yes."

"God bless me! I don't like to see him weep," whispered the Captain. "Shall I wake him up?"

"No, no," said Kate, "let him weep on."

"But, Kate, I'm confused and bewildered. I can only half see through it. What portrait is that—eh?"

"The likeness of a long lost friend—Mary Lee's mother."

"Long lost friend—Mary Lee's mother."

"Yes; the only woman he ever loved. Old Roger, here, will tell you all about it, some time when he has more leisure."

"It's only now I could recognize him, your honor," said Roger, "though I seen him many a time this twelvemonth past.—Years, you know, make a great change in us."

"Kate I must try to rouse him," said the Captain; "I cannot bear to see those tears falling there so silently—it's very unpleasant."

"Not yet—not yet," replied Kate, motioning back the Captain with her hand, "let the faithful soul indulge his rapturous reverie. These are not tears of anguish, brother, but of love. Oh, think of the love of that heart, after an absence of twenty years. Surely, surely such love is not of earth but heaven: so pure, so gentle—so enduring. A wanderer over the wide world, seeking solace for a widowed heart, he returns to his native land, and after years of patient search, discovers her lowly tomb at last among the ruins of Rathmullen Abbey. Week after week for six long years has he visited that tomb. Every stain which the mildew had left on the humble slab that bears her name, he has obliterated, and every letter the moss of years had filled up, he has lovingly renewed. Oh, tell me not, Father John," continued Kate, her cheeks flushed by the emotion of her heart, "tell me not, that the pure—gentle—blessed love of the olden time has all died out from the hearts of men. No, no, no—God is love, and God never dies. Noble, generous, faithful heart!" added the enraptured girl, bursting herself into tears, and falling at Uncle Jerry's feet she removed his hand from his forehead and kissed it with enthusiastic affection. "Oh that I had but studied this book more carefully! how much more I should have learned of the beautiful and the good. How cold and insipid are all printed words, compared with the blessed teachings of a heart like this. Mary Lee, Mary Lee, angel of a woman, whatever thou art, would that he could now look on thy seraphic face, and press thee——"

"Mary Lee," repeated Mr. Guirkie, at last breaking silence and looking on the face of the suppliant girl, while the tears still glistened on his own. "Mary Lee! I think I have heard the name before.—Poor Mary Lee. Are you Mary Lee?"

"No, no," replied Kate, "I am but a child of earth—your own poor, foolish, loving Kate Petersham." As Kate spoke, she motioned to the beholders to quit the room, for she dreaded the effect this exposure of his weakness before the banter-

ing Captain might produce on a mind so sensitive as his, and fully appreciating the delicacy of her fears, they withdrew silently from the apartment and closed the door before Mr. Guirkie's consciousness had completely returned. And dear reader, we must withdraw also, for the time of court-session is already past, and Mr. Robert Hardwrinkle is anxiously looking from the court house door in the direction of Greenmount, and wondering what can detain the chairman of the bench—or why he should presume to keep a gentleman of his importance waiting so long.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Father John having waited to see Mr. Guirkie completely restored to his usual equanimity, and Captain Petersham in the saddle ready to set off for the court-house, took the near cut over the hill, and soon reached his humble home. On his arrival, the servant informed him that several persons had called, and among the rest Else Curley of the Cairn, who expressed great anxiety to see him before the court opened. Mr. Hardwrinkle also sent his man in great haste to say, that a riot was apprehended in the event of Barry's committal, and requesting Father Brennan's influence to maintain order and assist the magistrates in the discharge of their duty.

"A very modest request, upon my word," said the priest, reaching for a breviary that lay on the mantel, and seating himself quietly in his easy chair to recite his office. "Very modest, indeed; but I have a duty of my own to discharge at present.—John!"

"Sir."

"Take the horse and gig immediately, and drive as fast as possible to the light-house. Give my compliments to Mr. Lee, and tell him to come up without a moment's delay and bring Miss Lee with him. You understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"And see here—don't wait to feed the horse, but go at once."

"No, sir."

"Let Mr. Lee have the gig, since he has no conveyance of his own, and you can return on foot at your leisure."

"Certainly, sir."

When the servant closed the door, the priest leaned back in his chair and composed himself to read his vespers. And a snug, pleasant little room it was, that parlor of Father John's, to read or pray in, with its latticed windows looking down on the placid face of the beautiful Mulroy now sleeping calmly in the bosom of the hills. Close by the side of the humble edifice grew a long line of gooseberry and currant bushes, and up from between them, here and there, the honey-suckle stretched its long neck into the open windows. Out before the door stood the old elm tree, majestic and lonely in the centre of the grass plot, spreading its giant branches far and wide over house and garden. Many a name was carved on that sturdy old trunk in its day, and many a time the priest and his good old reverend uncle before him, sat on the stone bench and leaned back against it in the summer evenings, to say the rosary or tell the beads. And there, too round about grew many a flower of native growth, fresh and fair and simple and modest, like the virgin whose altar they were intended to decorate—the mountain daisy, white as snow, the primrose, its faithful companion, at its side, the cowslip with the dew always on its face, and the lily of the valley hiding its head in the grass, as if it felt it had no right to occupy a place in the world at all. These and such as these were the only tenants of that modest garden. Oh, well we remember it—that garden where none but wild flowers grew—those pretty wild flowers, nature's own spontaneous offering. And every morning would the priest pluck a bunch to scatter on the shrine of the virgin, as he ascended her altar to say the holy mass, knowing well she loved them the best; for it was such as these Joseph

used to gather for her long ago by the way side when his work of the day was done.

Down below the garden and over copse which lay between, appeared the white-washed walls of Massmount Chapel rising from the water's edge, and on either side facing the sea, the white grave-stones peeping out from the long grass and tangled fern. But in that solitary spot there was one particular grave on which the priest's eye often loved to rest, as he sat by the window gazing down on the old churchyard. It was the grave of an old and long cherished friend—of one who found him in his early days an exile and a wanderer, and took him into his house and heart; one who paused not to ask the poor wayfarer from what nation he came or whither he went—for his big heart knew no distinction of birth or race; who lavished on him all the loving fondness of a father, and at last took him by the hand and led him within the sanctuary. On that humble slab covering the old man's grave, the priest's eyes often rested as he sat by the window of his little parlor. And often he sighed and longed for the day to come when he might see that stone replaced by a monument more worthy the great and holy heart that slept beneath it. But alas! he sighed in vain, for he was poor and his love alone could never raise it.

Dear reader, many a noble heart lies mouldering in a forgotten grave; and many a grave on which gratitude should have erected a monument to virtue, lies deserted and abandoned to the nettle and the dock-weed. We have seen such in our own day. Alas! that the world should be so ungrateful.

Once upon a time we stood beside an open grave on a green hill side in N—— E——. It was a grave in which the mortal remains of a great and good man were soon to be deposited—a man whose virtues were the theme of every tongue. And well they might, for never breathed a purer soul, nor throbbed a nobler heart than his. At once unaffectedly simple and unconsciously sublime, his nature was a compound of the finest qualities of the Christian and the gentleman, without a single jarring element to mar its modest grandeur.

The funeral procession at length reached the spot, and the coffin was laid beside the grave with the lid thrown open, that the mourners might look on the face of the dead for the last time. Never was seen such a crowd as that morning gathered there. Fathers and mothers leading their little children by the hand, and young men with bearded lip, and old men with hoary heads were there, and strangers from distant cities were there, and bishops in purple cassocks and priests in black stole and surplice. Kneeling on the green sward the incense rose and the psalm was sung, and the people of high and low degree mingled together, and prayed for the repose of his soul, and whilst they prayed their tears fell thick and fast. Oh, it was a sad but a glorious sight to see that multitude weeping and prostrate that morning before the open coffin. And gazing on his face they saw it still beaming with that look of love which ever marked it through life, and it seemed at that moment as if he was making them his last appeal for an affectionate remembrance. And each one answered the appeal by a silent vow—a vow made to honor, to gratitude and to God—made while they gazed on his face through their tears—made with their hands upon his coffin—a vow never to forget him.

Ten years passed away, and again after many wanderings we returned to that green hill side and looked around for the monument which that crowd of loving hearts had erected to the memory of their benefactor and friend. "What seek you, stranger?" said an old man seated on the grass by a little mound of clay. "The monument erected to the memory of the illustrious ——" "Here it is," he replied laying hand on the sod beside him. "That!" "Yes, this is the monument; I have just

been sowing a few flower seeds at his feet." "But his friends!" we inquired. "Friends!" repeated the old man, smiling bitterly.—"Yes, that might multitude which ten years ago we saw weeping and wailing here before his unburied corpse—what has become of them?" "Dead," replied the old man. "What, all dead!!" "Ay, they all died on the day of his burial—all save one and myself. That one comes often here to say a prayer and drop a tear on the grave, for living and dying he loved him best of all the world. But alas he is poor, and those whom he trusted to for help have proved ungrateful." "Nay, say not so, old man," we replied; mayhap he has not solicited their aid. It were sad indeed to think ——" "Solicit!" he again repeated, interrupting me; "no, he could never do that—the peculiarity of his relations with the dead forbad it. But friend," he added, "true gratitude never waits for time, nor place, nor man to call forth its expression."

Pardon us dear reader for this digression. Perhaps it is out of place, but for the life of us we couldn't help making it.

Father Brennan had but little more than commenced to read his office, when the parlor door opened and a servant announced a visitor. Presently our old acquaintance Dr. Horseman entered, and the priest instantly laid his breviary on the table and rose to receive him.

"Doctor Horseman!" he exclaimed; "this is very kind. I'm very much pleased to see you—pray be seated."

"Sir, I thank you," replied Horseman. "I merely called to return this volume of Bailly's Theology, and to thank you for your hospitality before I leave."

"Ah! then I see you are still angry with me, Doctor," said the priest deprecatingly, and indeed perhaps not without some show of reason, for I may in a moment of irritation have said more than was becoming in the presence of strangers, still we must not indulge resentment, you know."

"More than was becoming," repeated the Doctor. "Why, sir, you said what was both offensive and unjust."

"Perhaps so. If I did I sincerelyregret it."

"But, sir, your regret is not enough. In justice to me you are bound to retract the charges you made against me in presence of the parties before whom you made them."

"That I shall, sir, most willingly. Whatever those parties may think unjustifiable in the language I used that night, I am ready to retract and apologise for at any moment. But Doctor you must not forget either that I had some provocation."

"Nothing, sir, should provoke you to speak of my private character in such a place," retorted the Doctor, laying his hat on the table and running his thumbs into the arm-holes of his vest—"nothing, sir."

"You have no private character, Dr. Horseman, that I know of, but your domestic, and that I always understood to be most amiable and exemplary. A public man like you, who lectures in every state in the Union, makes speeches at public dinners almost every week of the year, can have no private character but the one already mentioned."

"Humph!" ejaculated the Doctor—"and so because a man chooses to give public lectures and make after-dinner speeches, he can have no private character: why, sir, that's simply nonsense."

"Listen to me, Doctor, and let us reason a little on the subject. You are a public man in the highest sense of that term. A lecturer by profession, you are at the same time the acknowledged lay champion of Catholicity in the United States. You have therefore facilities for good or evil which no other layman has in that country; now can you for a moment expect that what you say on certain exciting subjects, in that your semi-public capacity, at dinner parties and social gatherings, in reading rooms and libraries, ought to be passed

over, because you did not write it in your Review or proclaim it on the platform?"

"No sir; but I expect and have a right to expect, that if censured or rebuked, it should be on the spot where the offence has been committed."

"What! by your own friends and followers! eh? or by some dissenter, who, all alone perhaps in such company, would soon be cried down or hustled out. Oh no, you couldn't possibly expect that, Doctor Horseman: but let us reason again on the matter. How is it that politicians are held responsible for their views of public affairs, spoken to a group of listeners on the corner of a street, or at a supper table to half a dozen friends? Are not they held responsible for their views and opinions quoted for or against them at election times, without the slightest hesitation or the least thought of infringing on the privileges of private life? Why then should you expect to meet with greater courtesy than they? You are a public man, sir, and should have prepared yourself to bear the penalties of public life. Why, sir, the idea is monstrous," continued the priest—"because a man like you, distinguished all the world over, happens to be careful enough in his public speeches and published writings to say nothing reprehensible, he may organize parties, forsooth, and form clubs, and foster antipathies, and aggravate dissensions, as much as he pleases, and that too with all the advantages for evil which his fame and position may give him. I repeat it, sir, such an idea is monstrous."

"Well—but what does all this mean—or is it intended to apply to me?' demanded the Doctor, raising his spectacles and looking full at the priest.

"No, not to its full extent—certainly not. I'm merely contending for a principle which your friends refuse to admit, and therefore place you in a wrong position.—And yet, Doctor, I cannot hide from you my conviction either that you have done some harm in that way."

"Humph! how's that?"

"You have estranged hearts which I fear it will be hard again to reconcile."

"What! I!"

"Yes, sir, it's a melancholy fact. Before you resigned the presidency or management of the naturalization society, neither antipathies nor dissensions were heard of amongst the class of men with whom I chiefly spent my time whilst sojourning in the States, and sure I am that, judging from the reports we hear every day, it is not so now. Jealousies, heart-burnings, petty dissensions and petty quarrels about preference and precedence, and such like, are of late frequently heard of."

"And you conclude on these negative grounds that I have been the cause of all this trouble?"

"You have contributed your share."

"Mr. Brennan, you do me injustice," replied the Doctor; "and you do it because, like your countrymen, you're blind to their faults. One of the greatest of these, let me tell you, is their ridiculous pretensions. According to them there's no man in the world so good as an Irishman, no priest as good as an Irish priest, no doctor so good as an Irish doctor; down even to the cats and dogs, there's none to be compared to the Irish. Now this to be sure is ridiculous, but besides being ridiculous, it's sometimes provoking, too. We Yankees, cool and quiet as we generally keep, have a dash of human nature in us, you must know, like other people."

"You are perfectly right, Doctor, with respect to Irish pretensions in the States. There is unfortunately a great deal too much of it to be met with there—and at home, too, if I should say so."

"It's a national vice, sir."

"Be it so. You'll admit though it's not a very dangerous one. And surely one might expect that such men as you, with all your wisdom and influence, would endeavor to correct it by gentle means, instead of taking up arms to battle with it."

"Certainly, and we have tried every gentle means possible, and have failed in every instance."

"Well, and where's the harm. Suppose the Irish in the United States do brag of their Brian Boiromes, and their Tara Halls, and their Fontenoys, and their priests and race, and all that, what harm or injury can it do you? Or can you expect the immigrants of any country in the world can forget the land of their birth the moment their feet touch American soil?"

"If they adopt America as their future home," replied the Doctor, "they should try at least to love it."

"And where's the inducement to love it? Is it's scorn and contempt of every thing Irish an inducement? Is its proscription of foreigners, its hostility to their religion, its proselytisms of their children, an inducement? Ah, Doctor, you surely cannot think us so mean as that. You surely cannot expect the Irish of America, poor as they are, and ignorant as you regard them, to crouch like spaniels under the lash, and then lick the hands of their master for their morsel of bread. I know they have their faults, and what people have them not? I know they have many faults, and God knows how often and how bitterly I deplore them. But still, Doctor, I can't help thinking they have been 'more sinned against than sinning.' I know they have national vices, which in a young and prosperous country like yours, are less tolerable than in older nations, but these vices are not incurable, a little forbearance and condescension would, in my opinion, go a great way to correct them. Besides you look for too much from the Irish, and you make no allowance whatever. After three centuries of oppression and poverty, you expect them to come out here with all the personal advantages which wealth, freedom and property have conferred upon yourselves——"

Here the conversation was suddenly interrupted by a loud knock on the hall door, and presently a policeman entered to inquire for Doctor Horseman.

"What's the matter?" demanded the Doctor, stepping to the parlor door, and drawing down his spectacles from his forehead.

"Doctor Horseman, I presume?" said the policeman.

"Yes."

"Augustus W. Horseman?"

"Yes—that's my name."

"A summons, sir, from Captain Petersham."

"A summons!" repeated the Doctor, looking at the paper which the messenger handed him and then withdrew. "Humph! what may this mean—'to give such testimony as shall be demanded of you in the case of Edward Lee against Talbot for theft.' What the mischief?—why how is this, sir? Summoned to the petit sessions to give testimony in a case of theft! Is this meant for another insult?"

"By no means, Doctor; Captain Petersham is incapable of such a thing. But let me see. Who is this Lee—Lee—there's no Lee that I know of in the parish but Mr. Lee of the light-house. And yet I can't conceive—have you visited at the light-house?"

"Not I, sir; I don't know the man at all."

"It's very strange. I shall accompany you to the court-house, however, if you desire it, and see what it means." So saying, the priest took his hat and cane and set out for Romakill, accompanied by Horseman, ejaculating his astonishment as he went, and wondering what testimony he could be expected to give in the matter.

CHAPTER XXVII.

As Father Brennan, accompanied by his learned friend, arrived at the court-house gate, he found the yard filled with people.

At the door stood two or three policemen with bayonets in their muskets, keeping out the crowd now clamorous for admission to hear the trial, and on the walls were groups of men and boys peeping in through the windows. As the priest made his appearance, however, the noise ceased for a moment, and the usual whisper ran round, "*ta shin soggarth, ta shin soggarth,*" "there's the priest, there's the priest."

"Stand back," cried a voice with a tone of authority, "stand back and let his reverence pass."

The priest glanced quickly in the direction of the speaker.

"Who is he?" inquired Horseman.

"Lanty Hanlon, if he's alive."

"What! our guardian skipper?"

"The very man—what a fool-hardy crack brain he is, to come here, after carrying off Miss Hardwrinkle. He hasn't got an ounce of sense, that fellow."

"Fall back," shouted the policemen, "fall back and let the gentlemen into court. Make way there for the gentlemen."

"As the latter gained the upper step at the court-house door, a loud cheer suddenly broke from one in the crowd—

"Hurrah! there she comes, the darling, hurrah!"

"So hoh!" ejaculated Horseman, turning in his step, "what now!"

"Kate Petersham! I declare it is."

"Hurrah!" shouted the same voice, "there she comes on Moll Pitcher—that's the girl can sit her horse—just look at her boys."

"Hold on," said Horseman.

"What's the matter?" inquired the priest.

"Look, look! sir, she faces that wall.

"Pooh! that's nothing."

"Good heavens! sir, she'll break her neck."

"Not a bit of it—that girl learned to ride in Galway."

"It's six feet—there!—hold, her horse baulks!"

"Baulks," repeated the priest, "that's strange, eh, what can have happened, something she shy'd at, I suspect. Moll Pitcher was never known to baulk in her life before."

Whilst the priest was yet speaking, Kate rode her horse close up to the wall, as if to show her the difficulty she had to encounter, and then wheeling round cantered back for another start.

"She'll baulk again," said Horseman confidently.

"Wait awhile, we'll see."

Every voice was now hushed, and every eye fixed on the rider, for in truth the leap was dangerous, and the spectators, as might naturally be supposed, felt anxious for the safety of their favorite. The spot where she tried to cross was the only one in the wall accessible for a leap, on account of large rocks which lay along either side for a distance of quarter of a mile or more, and even there the ground rose so abrupt as to put the horse to a perilous disadvantage.—Had the rider been aware of the danger before she approached the leap, very likely she had ridden round, and avoided the difficulty, but now having once made the attempt, she was determined to risk everything rather than fail. Perhaps the sight of so many spectators, and the cheers which reached her, had something to do with confirming her resolution.

As the fearless girl turned her horse's head to the wall, she let the reins drop for a moment, and leaning over on the saddle, tightened the girths a hole or two; then adjusting her cap, and patting the spirited animal on the neck, again cantered along at an easy gait.

"Now," said the priest, "now for it."

"The girl is decidedly mad, sir," exclaimed Horseman.

"Hush, she raises the whip."

Moll Pitcher knew well what that sign meant, and with a snort and a toss of her saucy head sprung forward with the fleetness of a grey-hound.

"God assist her," muttered the priest to himself, "it's a frightful risk."

"Amen," replied Horseman, catching the words, "amen—though she don't deserve it—her fool-hardiness is unpardonable."

"Now!" ejaculated the priest, unconsciously seizing his friend's arm, "now."

As he spoke Kate again raised the whip, and Moll Pitcher rose to the wall.

For a minute or more stillness reigned as deep as death. If the animal touched the wall in crossing, horse and rider would both in all probability have been seriously injured, if not killed. If she did not, there was still danger from the broken stony ground on the opposite side.

"Hold!" exclaimed Horseman, "they're both down—look! look!"

The mare rose and stood in an almost perpendicular attitude for a second, as if undecided whether to make the attempt or abandon it. It was an instant of painful anxiety to the spectators; but it was only an instant, for in the next she made the spring and crossed without touching a stone, the foam flying from her mouth and the streamers from her rider's cap floating back in the breeze.

"Hurrah! hurrah!" now broke in one loud burst from the crowd; but the exclamation was suddenly checked, for it was soon found that the rider and horse had both fallen.

"Good heavens! sir, the girl's killed," exclaimed Horseman.

"God forbid!" replied the priest, straining his eye as he spoke. "She has certainly fallen."

Then a general rush was made towards the gate, each vieing with his neighbor for the credit of being first to reach the ground.

"What means all this uproar?" demanded Captain Petersham, suddenly appearing at the court-house door, accompanied by one of his brother magistrates—"eh, what has happened."

"Miss Petersham has fallen, sir, crossing that stone wall," replied a policeman.

"Fallen—impossible. What! on Moll Pitcher?"

"I fear she's hurt, Captain," said the priest.

"Ah! Father Brennan, you here, too?"

He had hardly uttered the last word, when another wild shout rose that made the very welkin ring again, and there plain to every eye came Kate, firmly seated in her saddle, bounding along the meadow, and waving her handkerchief in acknowledgment of the greeting.

As she jumped the last ditch, a man apparently in disguise (for his clothes seemed to accord little with his figure and gait) advanced and laid his hand on the reins.

"Well Lanty, is the trial over?" demauded Kate, bending to her saddle-bow, and whispering the words.

"No, my lad, it did'nt begin yet."

"Glad of it—I feared I should come late."

"Is your ladyship hurt?"

"Not in the least; no, it was a mere slip."

"Nor Moll Pitcher?"

"Not a particle."

"The darlin," exclaimed Lanty, laying his hand on the mare's neck, "she's as true as steel; oh! my life on her for a million."

"The moment will soon come to try her," said Kate, as Lanty stretched out his arms and lifted her from the saddle. "Are you sure all's ready?"

"Ay, ay, never fear."

"Where is Miss Hardwrinkle?"

"In the mountains, safe and sound."

"And the police, how many here?" enquired Kate, looking round cautiously.

"Not many," responded Lanty; "but don't stay, or the guard will suspect something."

The above conversation passed stealthily and rapidly, under cover of the cheers of the crowd.

"Fall back," again bawled the police; "fall back there, and make way for the lady."

"Ho! Kate my girl," cried the jolly Captain, snatching his sister up in his arms and kissing her affectionately, as she ascended the steps. "The rascals here would have you hurt or killed, but they little know the metal you're made of nor the gallant bit of flesh that carries you, Kate, eh? A little out of sorts by the fall—bruised or stunned, eh?"

"Not a whit," responded Kate. "I could ride a steeple chase this moment with the best blood in the country. Ah Father John, you here! I'm glad to see you," and bending reverently, she kissed the priest's hand.

"My dear girl," responded the latter, "I'm delighted to see you unhurt, for I must confess I felt rather anxious."

"Oh, it was nothing—a mere stumble—the mare lighted on a round stone and fell, that's all. Ah, and Dr. Horseman, too—I'm glad to see you here," she continued, holding out her hand. "You must come up and see us to-morrow at, Castle Gregory. Now don't say a word—I shall have no excuse; you must positively come, and you may cut up Swift, too, into mince meat, if you like. Father John I lay my sovereign commands on you to present yourself and Dr. Horseman at Castle Gregory to-morrow."

"And Kate you must put in a good word for me," said the Captain, looking good-humoredly at the Doctor. "But never mind, we'll settle all that to-morrow; let us now proceed to business. Come in, gentlemen, we have some spare seats on the bench. Ho there, police! make way, make way. Come in, there's quite an interesting case in court."

As the parties took their seats and looked round the room, the first object that arrested their attention was the negro. He was standing in the witness box apparently awaiting the return of the presiding magistrate to resume his examination. On the right of the bench and immediately below it sat the cabin-boy, wrapped in a thick blue blouse, and looking pale and emaciated after his sickness. Beyond him, and near the dock in which Randall Barry stood, shackled and guarded by two constables, appeared the tall form of Else Curley. She was seated on one of the steps leading up to the jury room, the hood of her cloak, as usual, drawn over her head, with the white elf locks visible beneath it. But the object which appeared to attract every eye, and challenge universal attention, was the noble, manly figure of the young outlaw, as he stood before his judges, awaiting his trial, his left arm in a sling, and his right bound by a chain running round his waist and fastened by a pad-lock in front.

Randall Barry was now in his twenty-fifth year, but misfortune and disappointment had cast a shade of melancholy on his countenance that made him look several years older. His face was eminently handsome, and his person tall and muscular.—Though far from being robust, his limbs were well moulded and evidently capable of great physical exertion. As he stood in the dock, his dark eye wandered slowly over the multitude, resting now and then for a moment on those he recognized. But when Kate Petersham appeared and took the place assigned to her by the clerk of the court, he glared at her sharply for an instant, and then as she raised her eyes to his, bent his head and blushed at the thought of his degradation. But to return to the negro.

"Your name is Sambo?" resumed Captain Petersham, addressing the witness.

"Ees, massa."

"Sambo what?"

"Nigger Sambo."

"You're a negro—that's pretty evident—but what's your surname?"

"Don't know what that is, massa."

"What are you called?—Sambo Smith,

or Sambo Brown, or Sambo Robinson—you've some family name, have you not?"

"Nothing, massa," replied the African, "nothing but Sambo."

"Why you rascal do you mean to tell me you've got no family name?"

"Oh sartin, massa, I'm got family name."

"And what is it then? answer directly, sir—I've been examining this stupid fellow a full half hour, and can get nothing out of him," added the Captain, turning to the priest, "he's the most provoking creature I ever met with. Answer me sir, what is your family name?"

"Family name, massa!"

"Yes, yes, yes—you had a father I suppose?"

"Fader—well, supposin I'm had a fader."

"Supposing you had a father. By George this is absolutely intolerable. Had your father a name?"

"Sartin, massa."

"And what the fury was it?"

"Sambo, massa—him was nigger Sambo, too."

Here the whole assembly, magistrates and spectators, broke into a loud laugh at the discomfited Captain, and the negro yah, yahed, and shook his sides in true African fashion.

"Excuse me, Captain," said Horseman, "but these unfortunate creatures seldom or ever have a surname."

"Yes, yes, I was aware of that—but I have an object in ascertaining what his second name is. He must have a name either from his father or master. Silence in the court there. Tell me, sir," he continued, "what is that boy's name sitting there before you?" and he pointed to the individual in question.

"Dat boy,—Natty Nelson."

"Where was he born?"

"Don't know, massa."

"Where did you first see him?"

"I see'd him in the baccy field, yah, yah!"

"In what State?"

"Ole Viginny."

"On whose plantation?"

"Whose plantation,—can't tell dat, massa, no-how," replied the African.

"You must, sir, I shall order you the bastinado this instant if you refuse."

"Yah! yah! massa, this am free country. Nigger here am good as white man."

At this stage of the proceedings a stir was seen in the crowd at the lower end of tee room, and presently entered Mr. Ephraim C. B. Weeks, covered with jewelry, a gold headed cane in his hand, and the silver card case protruding as usual from his pocket.

Sambo was so intent on evading such questions as might be likely to criminate his protege, and so fearful at the same time of provoking the magistrate's anger, that he neither heard nor saw anything of Mr. Weeks, till that gentlemean attracted his notice by throwing his feet upon the very platform on which he was standing.

"Golly, massa Charls—you dare," he exclaimed, as his eye turned on the new comer. "Massa,—I mean,—massa—Week," he added, endeavoring to correct the blunder.

Captain Petersham's quick eye saw the confusion this unexpected recognition, caused the Yankee, and instantly writing a few words rapidly in pencil, dropped it on the clerk's desk and again resumed.

"Witness, I again repeat the question, on whose plantation did you first see this boy?"

"Me no tell dat, massa," replied the negro, decidely.

"Then I shall commit you. Clerk make out his committal. I'll send you presently where you can have plenty of time to determine whether you'll answer or not."

"Mr. Petersham," observed Hardwrinkle, leaning over on the bench, and speaking in low tones, but still sufficiently loud to be heard by his brother magistrate,

"it does not appear to me that the name of the proprietor of the plantation is essential in this case."

"Certainly not, so far as we regard simply the ownership of the rosary, but there's a secret of some importance, I suspect, in connection with the case, which I'm anxious to discover."

"But are you justified, nevertheless, in committing the wittness for your own personal gratification?"

"Perhaps not, but at present I'm disposed to run the risk," replied the Captain; and turning abruptly from Hardwrinkle, handed the committal to a constable, and ordered him to take the witness forthwith to the barrack and keep him in close custody.

The negro finding himself in the hands of an officer, looked beseechingly first at Weeks and then at the boy, but said nothing.

"You may depend on it, Sambo," said the Captain as the poor fellow left the witness box, "you shall never leave the lock-up till you tell who the owner of that tobacco field is, or was, when you first saw this boy—away with him."

"Massa, massa, I'm want to speak one word to Natty."

"Not a syllable."

"One leetle word," pleaded the negro.

"Not a letter of the alphabet."

The boy now rose, and in feeble accents begged permission to accompany the negro to prison. "He has been my friend," he said, "please your worship, my best friend ever since I was a child, and I would grieve to part with him."

"It cannot be," replied the Captian, "he must go alone—your own turn will probably come next."

"I am ready now," said the boy, "if you only send us to the same cell."

The Captain shook his head but looked kindly at the little suppliant.

During this conversation Weeks sat leaning back against a partition, with his feet stretched out before him, pointing a pencil with a pen-knife, and apparently quite indifferent to what was passing. He was cautiously deliberating, however, all the while, whether it were better to acknowledge he had taken the rosary from the light-house himself by mistake, or run the risk of the negro and the boy keeping the promise they had made him. If he admitted having taking it, he should produce it, and the existence of two rosaries would at once discover the whole secret. If he did not, and the boy from his strong affection for the negro, would be driven at last to confess the truth, it might be worse still. The reader must here observe, that up to the moment of the boy's arrest at Crohan House, Mr. Weeks never dreamt of his having a rosary in his possession; and even when the constables took him off, he never imagined it could possibly involve him in any trouble. Hardwrinkle was not so, however. The instant he saw the rosary, he knew it at once to be a duplicate of that he had seen with his sister Rebecca, and already aware of the boy's connections in Virginia, thought it prudent to apprize his cousin of the danger, and accordingly despatched a private message to him to that effect; the latter believing his presence at the trial might be the means of deterring the negro from divulging the name of his master, if he should happen to be so inclined, made his appearance in court, as we have already described. Things, however, had taken rather a different turn from what he expected The African was now committed for contempt, and on the point of being separated from his protege—a separation he knew to be most painful to both, and he began to feel somewhat apprehensive least the negro's promise of fidelity should give way to his love for the boy. "Well, I swonnie," said he to himself, as he pointed the pencil, or rather whittled it, if one could judge by the quantity of chips, "I swonnie, I don't know. I guess it might be just as well to make tracks from this

here place as soon as possible—things are beginning to tighten in so's to make one feel sorter uncomfortable. There's that darned note though of the light keeper's—if I had that cashed, I kinder think I'd bid the folks in this section good-bye for a while. Well, the sheriff's after him, any how—that's a comfort—and oh crackie! if I don't make him pay for his insults at Castle Gregory. If I dont screw him tight up—well, if I don't, its no matter, that's all." In this fashion Mr. Weeks kept communing with his own thoughts, weighing his chances of success and failure, till the boy rose and begged the court to allow him the privilege of being confined in the same cell with the witness. "Ah!" thought Weeks, "I guess I'm about long enough here. I see the tears in his eyes—he'll never hold out, and if he comes to blab, I might feel sorter unpleasant;" and so thinking, he took his hat and turned to quit the court-house.

"Excuse me, Mr. Weeks," said Captain Petersham, "we must detain you a little longer—you're summoned to give testimony in this case.

"Summoned!"

"Yes, sir. Here, constable hand this to the gentleman. Have the goodness to resume your seat Mr. Duck—ah, Mr. Weeks, I should have said; we shall want you presently. Clerk, call Else Curley."

"I'm here," responded Else promptly, rising from the low step on which she had been sitting, and brushing back her gray hair under her hood with her brown bony hand. "I'm here."

"Take your place on the witness stand," said the clerk.

As Else advanced, every eye was upon her. Hundreds there who had come from a distance to be present at the trial of the young rebel, and had never seen Else Curley, now pushed forward to get a glimpse of the far-famed fortune-teller and solitary of Benraven.

After taking the usual oath, the old woman folded her arms in her gray cloak, and awaited the pleasure of the magistrates.

"Shall I examine her?" said Hardwrinkle, addressing the Captain.

"I thank you," replied the latter; "no, I should prefer to examine her myself."

"Your name is Else Curley, and reside on Benraven mountain?" began the Captain.

"Yes."

"Do you know Mr. Lee and his daughter, of Araheera light-house?"

"I do."

"Have you ever seen a rosary of a peculiar description in Miss Lee's possession?"

"I have."

"Can you describe it?"

"It was a silver baded rosary, with a crucifix set in diamonds."

"Look at this one," said the magistrate, "and tell me if you ever saw it before?"

Else took the rosary, and after looking at it for a moment, replied, "This is the very picthur of Mary Lee's, if it been't itself."

"Can you swear positively it is Miss Lee's?"

"No," responded Else, "but it's as lake it as any one thing can be lake another."

"Have you seen the rosary often in Miss Lee's possession?"

"A hundher times. It was I tuck it from her dead mother's neck among the rocks of Araheera, the mornin after the wrack of the Saldana, and put it on her own."

"On whose?"

', Mary Lee's. The child was livin in her mother's arms when I found her."

"What!" exclaimed the Captain, "you must mistake. Do you mean to tell the bench that you found a living child in the arms of a dead woman on the morning after the wreck of the Saldana, and that that child is the same Mary Lee who now claims the rosary?"

"I do," replied Else, confidently.

This declaration of the old woman, made so promptly and positively, took the whole audience by surprise. Even Hardwrinkle himself, who thought he knew more of Mary Lee's history than any other in court, looked confounded and astonished at the unexpected revelation. In a moment he foresaw that the disclosure would eventually lead to the discovery of his cousin's matrimonial speculation, the boy's relationship with the proprietor of the Virginia plantation, and his own confusion and disgrace, unless he succeeded in damaging the witness' testimony.

"Captain Petersham," she he, turning to the presiding magistrate, and speaking in the gentlest possible accent, "may I take the liberty of putting a question or two to the witness? It really cannot be possible she speaks the truth in this matter."

"As you please," replied the Captain, "but I don't see how it can affect the case whether she speaks the truth or not about the discovery of the child. She swears positively that the rosary is as like that which Miss Lee lost as one thing can be like another, and she had even described it, before she saw it, as consisting of silver beads and a gold crucifix set in diamonds. Now for my part, I don't believe you could find at the present day another rosary through all Europe of the same description. But proceed, sir; satisfy yourself, by all means."

"Else Curley," said Hardwrinkle, addressing the witness, of what religion ar you?"

"I was once a Catholic," replied the old woman; I'm nothin now."

"Do you believe in a future state of rewards and punishments?"

"Humph!" she replied, "why should'nt I? God surely 'll punish the persecutor and the murdherer in the nixt world, if the don't in this;" and as she uttered the words she fixed her keen, deep-sunken eyes on her questioner.

"How long is it since you've been in a house of worship?"

"Well on to thirty years."

"You are commonly called the witch and fortune-teller of the Cairn, are you not?"

"Sometimes fortune-teller and sometimes she-devil," replied Else, "just as the people fancy."

"Do you know what crime it is to take a false oath?"

"I do."

"What is it?"

"Perjury."

"And what is perjury?"

"The crime yer father committed whin he swore agin my only sister, and sint her to an untimely grave."

Here a loud laugh came up from the crowd below, but it was soon suppressed by the police, and Hardwrinkle proceeded.

"I repeat the question, witness, what is perjury?"

"The crime yer father committed whin he swore my brother to the hulk, and sint him to die in a forrin land, with irons on his limbs. The crime ye committed yerself whin ye sint me twice to the dark dungeons of Lefford jail, and when I cum out driv me to burrow like the hock in the crags of Benraven."

"Woman, I shall send you to jail for the third time, if you persist in using such language in court."

"Scoundrel, hypocrite, murderer, I defy you," cried Else, throwing back her hood and raising her shriveled arm as she spoke; "yer villainy's discovered at last.—There," she ejaculated, pointing to Weeks, "there, tell the court here who sent that man to me for spells and charms to make Mary Lee marry him, who tould him of the witch and fortune-teller of Benraven; who tould him she would sell her sowl to fill her pocket? Ah, and little ye thought, too, when ye made this greedy cousin buy up the light-keeper's notes, that ye might have the means of sending him to jail if he re-

fused his niece, little ye thought the beldam of the Cairn was watching ye——"

"Hold! hold woman!" exclaimed Captain Petersham. "What does all this mean?"

"Mean," repeated Else. "It means that this cousin of his, this man of trinkets, came here from America in search of the heiress of William Talbot, and that Robert Hardwrinkle conspired with him to take her off by fair means or foul. It manes that at the instigation of that devil there in human shape, the Yankee here paid me eighty British pounds, or as he called it four hundred dollars, for spells and charms, and my good word besides, to make her marry him. It manes that after watching for thirty years I found at last evidence to prove to the world that the pious, God-fearing, saintly, smooth-spoken gentleman on the bench there beside ye, is a hypocrite and a villian."

"Police! take charge of this woman," commanded Hardwrinkle, his long dark, sallow face pale with confusion and anger, "take her away."

"No, no, not yet, Mr. Hardwrinkle, not yet," interposed Captain Petersham, "we cannot permit her to leave after casting such aspersion on your character. As your brother magistrates, we feel concerned for your reputation, and must for your sake, and indeed for the honor of the bench, make further enquiries into this matter."

"Else Curley," said he, "you have just charged Mr. Hardwrinkle, here present, a magistrate of the county, and a gentleman —up to this moment, at least—of unexceptionable character, with having conspired with Mr. Weeks to take off Miss Lee by fair means or foul—what proof of that fact can you offer?"

"That on the third day afther Weeks came to Crohan House," promptly replied Else, "he came into my cabin on the Cairn and paid me twenty pounds for my services to help him to secure Mary Lee, and *that* afore he iver seen a faiture of her face.—How cud he know that I was acquent with Mary Lee, or how cud he tell that I'd take his money for sitch a purpose, or how cud he know anything about me at all, if Robert Hardwrinkle did'nt tell him who and what I was?"

"Yes, but all this amounts to mere suspicion. Have you proofs?"

"Weeks' bank notes that I have still in my possession, clean and fresh out of the bank of Dublin, is proof enough on his side, I'm thinkin; and the note in the sheriff's hands can spake for Robert Hardwrinkle's."

Here the deputy sheriff entered the court house accompanied by the light-keeper and his afflicted niece, closely followed by her old faithful domestic, Rodger O'Shaughnessy, in the bottle green livery with the faded lace. As the constables drove back the crowd to make way, and Mary Lee appeared, deeply veiled, leaning on her uncle's arm, Captain Petersham rose and saluted her with marked respect, and then a murmur of sympathy ran round through the assembly, and as she advanced nearer to the bench, her dear friend Kate, with her eyes suffused with tears, and regardless of the spectators, ran to meet her, and flinging her arms round her neck, embraced her with true sisterly affection.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The crowd outside the court-house grew more and more clamorous for admission as the trial proceeded. Stones were several times thrown at the doors, and finally the multitude grew so excited as to be on the point of rushing up the steps to disarm the constables, when suddenly the word "halt" was heard ringing clear and sharp from the direction of the street, and next moment a detachment of police headed by a lieutenant passed through the gate, and opening a passage with their bayonets took their position on the court-house steps.

This reinforcement, it is needless to ob-

serve, was ordered by Mr. Hardwrinkle himself from the neighboring village without the knowledge or consent of Captain Petersham. Hardwrinkle in fact saw from the very beginning that the Captain determined to throw every obstacle in the way of Barry's committal, and he on the other hand resolved to leave no means untried to thwart and disappoint him. Hence the moment he found the police had all been sent in search of Lanty Hanlon and his sister, with the exception of three or four to guard the prisoner, he despatched a messenger to the nearest officer in charge, and under pretence of an anticipated riot commanded him to bring forthwith all the force he could muster to sustain the magistrates in the execution of the law.

After the short interruption occasioned by the entrance of the sheriff and his party, the chairman again resumed his examination of the witness.

"My good woman," said he, "you have made a very grave and serious charge here in open court against one of my brother magistrates; no less a charge indeed than of conspiring with another individual here present to entice, seduce or carry off, by fair means or foul, a highly accomplished and amiable young lady, Miss Mary Lee, of Araheera-Head. I now call on you to substantiate that charge or confess yourself guilty of a foul and malicious slander."

"Slander!" repeated Else, drawing herself up and looking round the audience; "I niver was guilty of slander in my life. I'm now four score years and more; thirty of them I spent in the wilds of Benraven under the foul name of witch and devils-dam; but where's the man or woman here ever knew Else Curley to tell a lie or slander a neighbor if there is let them spake. What I am, that man there on the bench has made me. For these long and weary thirty years he stood between the light of heaven and me, and yit though I niver expect to see God but in anger, I wud'nt tell a lie to send him to the gallows."

As Else uttered these words her look was calm and defiant, and she stood erect as a statue, with her arms folded on her brown bare breast, and her deep gray eyes fixed on Robert Hardwrinkle.

The spectators gazed on her silent astonishment. Her mien, her attitude, but above all the dignity with which she spoke, struck them as extraordinary in a woman of her character and years.

"She has seen better days, that old creature," observed Horseman, turning to the priest.

"Ay, so report says. There is some mystery about her, too, I never could fathom."

"But on what grounds," again demanded the Captain, "have you made this charge against Mr. Hardwrindle?"

"Humph! grounds enough, sir, grounds enough. First ask the sheriff there to produce the promissory note Mr. Lee's now arrested for."

"My jurisdiction don't extend so far, my good woman," said the Captain. "If the gentleman, however, chooses ——"

"Certainly sir," replied the latter, "certainly; I can see no objection."

"Well, I guess you might as well not mind it just now," drawled out Weeks, who had resumed his former seat and kept whittling his pencil, leaning back against the partition.

"How so?"

"Well, I object to the production of the note—that's all."

"The objection don't hold, sir—the note being now in possession of the civil court," responded the sheriff, handing the document up to the bench.

"Hah!" exclaimed the chairman as he read it over. "This note's drawn in favor of Steven C. Ingoldsby—and endorsed by Robert Hardwrinkle to Ephraim C. B. Weeks—with interest added up to 13 —. Witness, how does this date correspond with Weeks' arrival at Crohan?"

"He was here two weeks to a day,

promptly responded Else—just time enough for his cousin there to go to Dublin and ferret out Mr. Lee's creditors."

"You're of opinion, then," said the Captain, "that Mr. Hardwrinkle bought up this note and endorsed it to Weeks as a means of coercing Miss Lee to marry him through fear of her uncle's incarceration?"

"I am."

"Still, my good woman," observed a little red-faced man on the right of the chairman, "you have not given us proofs yet that Mr. Weeks proposed marriage at all to the young lady in question."

"Proofs!" repeated Else, running her hand into her bosom and drawing out a pile of letters. "Proofs—there's proofs enough here!"

"How came you by these letters?"

"Weeks gave them to me to deliver to Miss Lee."

"Ah—and you delivered them?"

"No; I kept them."

"And told Mr. Weeks, no doubt, that you handed them to the young lady?"

"That 'id be a lie if I did," responded the old woman; "and you heard me swear I niver told a lie in my life."

"So Miss Lee never saw these letters?" pursued the little red-faced man, apparently somewhat discomfited by his failure in the attempt to break down the witness' testimony. "She never saw them?"

"Saw them—humph!" ejaculated Else, contemptuously. "No, no; it 'd ill become the daughter of William Talbot to touch the love-letters of such a scare-crow as that;" and her finger pointed to the Yankee as she spoke.

"Hand me these letters," said the Captain—"hand them over here; we must see what they look like."

After running his eye over the contents of one or two of them, taken at random from the parcel, he turned to Weeks and requested to know from that gentleman whether he acknowledged the authorship, and if so, had he any objection to have the letters read in court.

Weeks hesitated for a moment, at a loss what reply to make. He had a great temptation to disavow the letters altogether, if he could do so with impunity; but he feared he could not, and to fail in the attempt would only cover him with greater shame and confusion than ever:

"You have heard the question, Mr. Weeks?"

"What! about writing these letters?"

"Yes!"

"Oh! I acknowledge the hull, of course, right straight off. I guess I haint got nothing in them to be ashamed of, have I? Well, the hull amount of it is, I sorter like the girl."

"Just so, sir."

"There's no treason in that, I reckon."

"Certainly not."

"As for the lady been of gentle blood, and all that sorter thing, why it's all right enough I guess over here in this old country of yourn. And so folks round here may think perhaps a Yankee merchant like me aint good enough match for her; but I tell ye what, gents," he continued, rising to his feet and thrusting his hands down into his breeches pockets—"I tell you what, I'm the son of an old revolutionist, and I've got a notion that the descendant of one of these same old heroes is about good enough for any Irish girl ever walked in shoe leather. I may be wrong, gents, but them's my sentiments notwithstanding."

"Witness," resumed the chairman, without appearing to take much notice of Weeks; "witness, since the gentleman acknowledges having written these letters and made honorable proposals therein, what can you show as disreputable in his conduct or that of his cousin, Mr. Hardwrinkle, respecting the overture of marriage?"

"Was'nt it the act of a mane, designin villian," responded Else, "to try to enthrap a girl of her years into marriage to

save her uncle from beggary or a jail, when he knew her to be the heiress of William Talbot, now livin in the United States?"

Mary started as the sudden announcement fell upon her ear.

"Hush, hush!" whispered Kate; "keep quiet for a moment."

"Oh my God, my God!" she murmured—"what do I hear! my father still living! Oh! mother of mercy, can this be true!"

The light-keeper glanced at the chairman and then at the witness, as if he feared the old woman's wits were wandering; and the priest, turning to Dr. Horseman quietly observed "that things were beginning to assume a new complexion."

"Else Curley, be careful what words you utter here," said the Captain, anxiously looking down at the two young friends, now folded lovingly in each others arms.—"You may have excited hopes, perhaps, which never will be realized. On what authority do yo make that assertion?"

"What, that William Talbot is still living?"

"Yes."

"Plenty of authorities: first and foremost that rosary there in the priest's hand; then the draggin up of that poor cabin-boy under a warrant, for fear he'd tell the sacret when he'd recover; and last of all, the condemned look on that dark, dismal countenance there beside ye."

Hardwrinkle raised his head and smiled at the old woman, but it was a smile so ghastly that the spectators felt chilled by its death-like expression.

"Hah! ye smile," said Else; "ye smile, and well ye may, for you're the bloodsucker and I'm the victim. Ye hunted me long, and run me down at last. From crag to crag ye hunted me, and from peak to peak—from the mountain to the glen ye hunted me, and from the glen to the prison. Ay, ye hunted me and ye famished me, and ye robbed me of my sowl at last. Ay, ay, well ye smile at the rack and ruin ye've made; but bide yer time, bide yer time—it's a long lane has no turn. That hellish smile can't last always: and maybe yer time is shorter nor ye think for, too. The hand of God may reach ye yit afore death reaches me. Bide yer time!—onct I thought I cud niver die till I seen yer corpse at my feet and my heel on its neck; but heaven, it seems, or fate, will have it otherways. There's but one bein livin cud save ye from my vengeance, and there she's now," cried the speaker, turning to Mary Lee—"that very girl there—that spotless child, that ye tried to make the victim of yer cold-blooded villainy, has three times saved yer life——"

"Woman, woman!" shouted the chairman at the top of his voice, after several fruitless attempts to silence her; "woman! woman! stop, stop—I shall commit you if you don't desist instantly."

"Pshaugh!" exclaimed Else; "what care I for your committal. But go on, go on, Captain—put yer questions, and I'll answer them."

"You say this rosary is a proof that Mr. Talbot is still living—how do you explain that?"

"Aisy enough. That rosary is the property of William Talbot, and the boy here must have received or stolen it from its owner when he left Virginia three months ago. Call up Rodger O'Shaughnessy—he can identify it."

"Is Rodger O'Shaughnessy in court?" enquired the Captain. "Witness, you may remain as you are."

"Ahem! yes, please, yer honor," responded Rodger, rising and making a profound obeisance to the bench.

"Have you any objection to be sworn in this case?"

"Not the laste in the world, yer honor."

"Clerk, swear him where he stands."

After the usual solemnity of taking the oath, Rodger raised his hands and smoothed down his few remaining white hairs over

the collar of his old bottle green coat, and then looked across at his young mistress, as if to say to her in as many words, "don't be afraid, my child; I'll say nothing to injured the credit of the family."

"Witness," began the chairman, "what is your name?"

"Rodger James O'Shaughnessy, sir."

"You have been a servant in Mr. Talbot's family—how long?"

"I was forty years steward and butler at Castle —— the family seat of the Talbots, and my father before me for nearly as many more."

"Clerk, hand him that rosary."

Rodger took the precious relic reverently from the clerk's hand, and drawing out his spectacles, deliberately wiped them with his handkerchief, and then slowly adjusted them to examine the rosary.

"Well, sir," demanded the chairman, after a long pause, "have you seen that article before?"

"I have, sir, a hundred times."

"In whose possession?"

"In Mr. William Talbot's, and in his father's, Edward Talbot's, of Castle ——"

"Did you ever see another like it?"

"I did, sir; the fellow of it, in the possession of Edward Talbot's lady, and afterwards in that of her daughter-in-law, Miss Mary Lee's mother, from whose neck it was taken after the wreck of the Saldana, by the witness, Else Curley (as she often testfied to me), and placed on the neck of her fosther child here present."

"Can you swear the rosary you now hold in your hand is not the rosary Miss Lee lost recently, but that which at one time belonged to her father?"

"I swear it."

"How can you do so, when the two are so much alike?"

"Ahem, ahem!" ejaculated Rodger, "they're like one another to be sure, yer honor. But I carried this rosary twict to the jeweller in Cork with my own hands, to be mended, and can take my oath to the mark of the crack here yet under the arm of the crucifix."

"Very well, sir, that's sufficient on that point; and now let me ask you another question in connection with this rosary: Do you think, from what you have known of William Talbot's disposition, he would be likely to part with this rosary—give it as a present, for instance, to this boy?"

"Ahem! yer honor," responded Rodger, "I didn't think so once, any way—the night his father died, when he called master William to his bed side, and throwin the rosary round his neck, cautioned him never to part with it, as long as he lived, for there was a blessin in it, and he'd find it, and he'd find it out some time before he died. I bequathe it to ye, my son, siz he, as the best legacy I can lave ye. Since the Duchess of Orleans gave it to me as an acknowledgment for saving her life at the Virgin's chapel at Aix, I niver yet went to sleep without telling those beads. I hope, my dear boy, you will follow your old father's example. Ahem! I was present myself, yer honor, standin by when that happened, and if I could judge by master William's vows and promises that night, I might safely say, he'd never be likely to part with it willingly."

"From the Duchess of Orleans, did you say?"

"Ahem, yes sir," responded Rodger.—"Her Grace gave one to Mr. Edward Talbot and the fellow of it to his lady, at Vairsells, with her own hands. I heerd the old master tell the story to the lords and ladies many an evening at Castle ——. But sure, yer honor, that's neither here or there, now; ahem! these old times can never come back again again. Och! och! it's little I thought once when I used to see as many as seventeen lords and ladies of the best blood in the land seated in the great dining hall at Castle ——"

"Well, well, Rodger, we mustn't talk of these things now," interrupted the Captain. "You must remember you're on

your oath."

"Ay, ay, I had almost forgot that," said the old man. "But I'm ould, yer honor, ye know, and my memory's not just so good as it used to be."

"It's now nearly twenty years since Mr. William Talbot was last seen in England —is it not?"

"Ahem! ahem!" ejaculated Rodger, pausing for a moment to recollect himself, "ahem, no sir, it's not so long as that; no, it's just eighteen years ago come next Michaelmas since he fought the duel, and we niver seen him more after that night."

"Nor heard of him?"

"No, sir. Some thought he crossed over to France, and some thought he went out to America—but no one could ever tell.—For a long time we expected he'd write home, but no letter ever came, and then we began to think he heerd of his wife been lost, with the rest of the passengers of the Saldana, and made up his mind to bury himself in some distant country for the rest of his life."

"Gentlemen," said the chairman, addressing his brethren of the bench, "perhaps you wish to examine the witness further."

No one seemed inclined, however, to interfere, and then the chairman turned to Father Brennan and his learned companion, and observed somewhat quaintly, that the history of the rosary was a very interesting one, and likely to involve important consequences.

"Important for your young friend here," said the priest, in reply. "Her tender devotion to the Mother of God, and her constant practice of saying the rosary, will soon find their reward; I trust, in the discovery of a long lost parent."

"It's a very curious affair all through, whatever be the result."

"Remarkably so; but you know, Captain, I told you how God Almighty makes use of strange means sometimes to accomplish his designs. The discovery of one rosary by the loss of the other is certainly providential."

"By the lord Harry it looks very like it," exclaimed the Captain. "To judge from the circumstances one would suppose Providence had certainly some hand in it. But we must try to get through the business of the court a little faster or we shall be here all night. Witness," he continued again resuming the examination, "I have another question to ask before I dismiss you. Can you remember what day it was Miss Lee missed her rosary?"

"I cannot, sir, exactly, but I think it was on or about the time Mr. Weeks paid his first visit to the light-house."

"Yes; *about* that time, you think—you can't swear to the day?"

"No I cant't swear to that—but Miss Lee is here, ye can ask her."

The Captain hesitated a moment—at a loss whether to call on Mary for her testimony in open court, and thus expose her to the gaze of the spectators, or suffer the circumstance to pass unnoticed, and come to some conclusion respecting the cabin-boy without further delay. His deliberation, however, was suddenly interrupted by the sheriff, who now rose and begged to be permitted to leave with his prisoner as soon as possible—it being late in the afternoon, and the distance to Lifford jail some six hours travel.

"What's the amount of the debt?" demanded Else, interrupting the Captain, who was about to reply to the sheriff. "Mr. Lee sna'nt leave here the night in your custody if I can help it. How much is the debt?"

The sheriff after looking for an instant at the execution named the sum.

"Humph!" ejaculated Else, running her hand down into the pocket of her dress and drawing out her wallet, "humph, the sum's purty big, but I've enough here to pay it, I'm thinkin."

"You!"

"Ay, me. Isn't a witch's money as

good as the queen's if it's current? Mr. Weeks there will tell ye these notes is fresh from the bank;" and the old woman smiled faintly as she spoke.

"Why, how's this?" demanded the Captain, "how did you come by this large amount of money?"

"That's not a fair question, Captain, and I'm not bound to answer it; but to plaze ye: I got £80 of it from that gentleman there, Mr. Weeks, for sarvices rendered, an the rest I saved from my husband's earnins. Here, Misther Sheriff, count out yer money and let the prisoner go."

The sheriff took the bills and gold and laid them on the table; then counting over the amount marked on the back of the execution, he receipted for the same, and handed the document with the balance of the money over to the witness.

While this transaction was passing the whole audience seemed in commotion, every one expressing his astonishment to his neighbor, that a woman of so infamous a character as the fortune-teller of the Cairn, should thus part with the gold she loved so much to save a comparative stranger from the hands of the law. Even the light-keeper himself was taken completely by surprise, and the magistrates looked at one another and shook their heads as if they suspected some mischief at the bottom of it. As the sheriff was about to consign the bills to his pocket-book, a sudden thought seemed to strike him, and drawing out a small bank detector he laid it before him, and took up one of the notes to examine it.

"Humph!" he ejaculated, after a pause of considerable length; I might have suspected as much. Witness, let me see that note of band and execution for a moment—I fear I made a mistake."

"Too late, sheriff," responded the old woman—"I tore them in pieces; but sure if the fragments 'd be of any use to ye, they're here at my feet."

"Anything wrong?" inquired the chairman.

"Yes, sir; the notes are counterfeits on the bank of Dublin.

"Counterfeits! Is it possible—you astonish me."

"Not a doubt of it, sir. The Dublin Bank in its last circular cautions the public against tens and twenties counterfeits of its new plates; and here," he added, handing the detector and one of the notes up to the bench, "you can see in an instant that the plate is a forgery."

The Captain examined it for a moment, and then turning to the witness demanded to know if she could affirm on oath these notes were given to her by Mr. Weeks.

"I protest against putting that question to a woman always of disreputable character," cried Hardwrinkle, "and now this moment convicted of an attempt to pass counterfeit money. I object to this question."

Those of the spectators within hearing of this unexpected disclosure who happened to have had any dealings with Weeks during his short stay in the neighborhood, now began to feel alarmed; and one of them a dealer in dry goods, who had furnished him with fishing tackle, gaffs, landing nets, and so forth, stood up and begged to inform the bench that he had now in his possession a bank note from Weeks in payment for goods delivered, and prayed the chairman to examine it.

The latter took the paper, and after looking at it for a moment pronounced it an impression from the same plate as the rest.

"Here's another, plase yer honor," cried a little tailor, who had mounted on the shoulders of his neighbors, and flourished a bill over the heads of the audience; "here's another I got from Mr. Hardwrinkle there, and I'm afeerd it's of the same family."

Send it up."

The tailor's note, like the haberdasher's,

on examination proved also to be a counterfeit.

"Clerk," said the Captain, "make out a warrant instantly for the arrest of Ephraim C. B. Weeks, in the name of the Queen, on a charge of having issued and attempted to pass counterfeit money."

"And I," said the light-house, "as guardian of my niece Mary Lee, charge Ephraim C. B. Weeks with having stolen a rosary from my house at Araheera-Head, the property of the said Mary Lee."

"Clerk, when you have made out the warrant, take Mr. Lee's deposition. Witness," he added, motioning to Else Curley, "you have done—you may retire."

"Ay, ay," muttered Else, drawing the hood of her old gray cloak over her head as she turned to leave the witness' stand; "I'll retire now, but there's more work to be done yit afore the sun sets. Let the wrong doers luck to themselves."

"Hold, woman! for whom is that intended?" demanded Hardwrinkle.

"Ask yer own conscience," replied Else, turning on her step and casting back a look of intense hatred at her persecutor; "ask yer own conscience, if ye have any left. All I say to ye now, Robert Hardwrinkle—luck to yerself, for God will soon call ye to yer reckonin;" and so saying, the old woman slowly descended the steps, and silently took her place close by the dock where Randall Barry stood patiently awaiting his doom.

The reader, perhaps, may think it strange that such insulting language as Else Curley uttered during her examination should have been permitted in a court of justice; but it must be remembered that Else bore the reputation of witch and sorceress, and in that character claimed for herself privileges and immunities which no ordinary woman would dare to aspire to. Besides, she was well aware that as long as Captain Petersham presided in court she had little reason to fear Hardwrinkle's resentment. In addition to all this, however, Else Curley was naturally a bold, fearless woman. Her look, her speech, her very gait proclaimed her such the moment she appeared. Supercilious to her equals amongst the peasants, she was on the other hand as arrogant in her intercourse with those above her; and very likely had the judges of assize presided in that court-house, surrounded by all the pomp and circumstance of supreme judicial power, instead of humble county magistrates, Else's conduct towards Hardwrinkle would have undergone but little change.

"Constable," said the Captain after Else had retired; "here, take this warrant and arrest the body of Ephraim C. B. Weeks, now in court, and keep the same in close custody till you receive further orders. Miss Lee," he continued, "I regret exceedingly to be obliged to call on you for testimony in this case, or rather that your uncle's deposition just made requires it. But you will perceive it's a matter of grave importance, and needs a thorough and patient investigation. Have the goodness, if you please, to take the witness' stand."

As Mary rose and advanced to the stand, leaning on Kate's arms, her whole frame trembled, and her heart seemed to sink within her at the thought of being exposed and questioned before so many spectators. In passing the dock where Randall Barry stood shackled, patiently awaiting his trial, she raised her handkerchief to her face under her veil, as if to hide it more effectually from her lover's gaze, and timidly ascended the platform.

The moment the audience saw the graceful figure of the young girl and heard it whispered about she was the light-keeper's daughter, a general rush was made in the direction of the bench. Those in front forced their way along the passages on either side the counsel table, and despite the threats and efforts of both policemen and magistrates, succeeded in obtaining position where they could behold the far-famed

beauty of Araheera-Head.

In the midst of this commotion Hardwrinkle rose and demanded to know if the reinforcement he sent for had arrived.

A policeman replied in the affirmative.

"Then send up half a dozen here to maintain order—the rest may remain outside."

"Why! how now! Mr. Hardwrinkle," exclaimed the Captain. "You ordered these men here without my knowledge."

"I apprehended a riot, sir, and felt it my duty to order them."

"A riot!"

"Truly, yes; I have received private information to that effect. A very respectable man assured me yesterday of the existence of a conspiracy to rescue the prisoner in the event of his committal. Indeed, so apprehensive have I felt ever since, that I deemed it prudent to have the prisoner put in irons."

"What, sir! shackled in court, and before the law declares him guilty," exclaimed the Captain, glancing at the young outlaw. "Soh ho! prisoner, what's the matter with your arms—eh, in a sling?"

"Broken, sir," responded the prisoner.

"Broken—how so?"

"By a musket ball from a policeman on the day of my arrest."

"What! fired at you?"

"Yes, it seems so."

"And then chained you, broken arm and all. Ho there, guard! unbind the prisoner."

"Captain Petersham, allow me—I really must protest," began Hardwrinkle.

"Protest the d——, sir. Constable, unbind the prisoner," thundered the Captain, as the fellow appeared to hesitate—unbind him instantly, or by—; off with the chains, sir. Gentlemen," he added, "this outrage is insufferable. A South Sea Islander could hardly be guilty of such savage tyranny as this."

"Excuse me, Captain?" said Hardwrinkle.

"No, sir; I shall not excuse. I vow to heaven, sir, this is the most inhuman treatment I ever witnessed."

"I was rather afraid," pleaded Hardwrinkle.

"What! afraid of a man with a broken arm escaping from a guard of police. Sir, I regret that here in open court I feel obliged to reprimand you, and to tell you as plainly as I can speak it, that your conduct in this matter is unbecoming. Silence there below—constable, drive back these people, and keep order in court."

"Captain Petersham, after such insulting language you will not be surprised if I now inform you that in future I shall not sit with you on this bench. I should quit the court this moment but for the interest I feel in this trial. Were I not a man of peace, sir, your language would doubtless have been more guarded."

"Not a whit, sir; and as for your quitting the court, you would find it, perhaps, a little more difficult just now than you imagine."

During this bye-play Mary Lee stood in the witness' box, her head slightly bent, and her hands resting on the edge of the stand.

"Your name is Mary Lee, is it not?" began the Captain, after silence was again restored.

"Yes sir," replied the witness in accents barely audible.

"Will the witness have the goodness to remove her veil?" said Hardwrinkle.

Mary trembled as she heard the words, but made no motion to comply with the order.

"I must insist upon it," said Hardwrinkle, "however painful."

"Miss Lee I fear you must satisfy the gentleman in this matter," said the Captain. "According to the rules of the court the witness should uncover the face during examination."

Mary then slowly raised the veil and

laid it gently over her shoulder. As she did a murmur of admiration broke from the audience, like that we have heard in public assemblies when the covering is taken from the face of a beautiful statue. The effect was instantaneous; every beholder seemed at the same moment to have felt the influence of her charms.

"God bless me! how beautiful she is," exclaimed one of the magistrates on the bench, entirely unconscious of being heard, and gazing on her face as if he had been looking at a vision.

And well he might gaze, for never saw he such a face before. Yet it was not in the features so perfectly moulded by the plastic hand of nature that her beauty lay, but in the angelic blush and unaffected modesty with which her pure soul had so radiantly suffused them.

Gentle reader, this beautiful creature was a child of Mary—an humble, gentle servant of the mother of God. The perfection of her features she had from nature, but that which defies all the art of the painter or the sculptor—that inexpressible charm which animated them—was the gift of religion.

"Miss Lee, pray look at this and see if you can recognize it?" resumed the Captain, handing the rosary to a policeman.

It was a silver beaded rosary, with a gold crucifix attached.

"This is not mine, sir," replied Mary, after a moment's examination.

"What reason have you to think so?"

"Mine had the initials of my mother's name engraved on the back; this one has he letters W. F."

"Any other marks by which you can distinguish it?"

"The one I lost look much more worn than this, and the letters more illegible."

"Just so—from constant use, I suppose," said the Captain good-humoredly, turning to the priest.

Mary kept her eyes cast down, but said nothing in reply.

"Don't blush, my child—don't blush; you love your religion, and you practise it. I wish to heaven we could all say as much. As to the devotion of the rosary—I mean the Catholic practice of praying to the Virgin Mary—I look upon it, through I'm very far from being a Catholic myself, as the most devotion in the world."

"Thank you, Captain," said the priest; "thank you for your generous testimony. You'll find," he added, "before very long, there's a charm in the rosary you little suspected. The immaculate virgin, whom that spotless creature has so long served with such tender affection, will not suffer her love to go unrequited."

"I don't know, but by the lord Harry," responded the burly Captain, "I'm beginning to think there's some mysterious influence at work;" and he hitched his chair a little closer to the desk, as if he felt an increasing interest in the investigation.

"And now, Miss Lee, can you inform the bench when you missed the rosary?"

"On the 12th of ——"

"From what place?"

"I always kept it in an old family bible, to mark the page I had been reading last, and when I went to look for it there it was gone."

"Did you acquaint the members of your family of the loss?"

"I told my uncle of it immediately."

"Did you make a thorough search for it?"

"Yes, sir; we searched everywhere through the house."

"Did you see Mr. Ephraim Weeks, here present, at the light-house on that day?"

"I did, sir."

"Where—in what part of the house?"

"In the parlor, looking out of the window."

"Was it in that room you kept the bible in which the rosary was?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did any other person visit the light-

house on that day?"

"A gentleman called to see us about the same time, but did not enter the parlor."

"I have but one more question to ask, Miss Lee. Are you of opinion that some one not a member of your family took the rosary?"

"I am, sir."

"Whom do you suspect?"

"I know of no one who could have taken it but the gentleman I saw in the parlor, Mr. Weeks."

"That's enough, Miss Lee—you may retire," said the Captain, leaning back in his chair. "Gentlemen," he continued, addressing his associates, "the case is a pretty clear one against Weeks; and as it comes within our jurisdiction, being but a case of petty theft, we must commit him, and send the forgery affair up to a higher court."

"Hold on a minit," exclaimed the Yankee. "Ye ain't agoin to commit me, I expect, without hearing me in my own defence?"

"Well, sir, go on," replied the chairman, proceed, but don't be long about it, for we haven't much time to spare. This trial has taken up too much of our time already."

"Well," said Weeks, gathering in his legs and rising to his feet, "I can't say I know much of English law, though I do think I'm pretty well posted up in law of the States. But, gents, I've got a sorter notion—well, I may be mistaken, ye know—but still I've got a sorter notion that there's no law to law to be found in any civilized country in the world to punish a man when he hain't committed no crime. I guess that's a point won't admit of much dispute, any how. Well, let's see now what injustice I have committed—there's Miss Lee to begin with; I hain't stolen her rosary. I took it, I allow, inadvertently put in my pocket; but I had no intention of stealing it, not a mite. We Yankees ain't a given to hooking as a general thing; it ain't in our nature. We speklate once in a while beyond our capital, and come it over green-horns now and then in the way of trade, but hooking ain't a Yankee trick, no how, specially such a tid-re-eye consarn as that. I acknowledge I took it, gents, and you may do what you're a mind to about it; but as for hooking the affair, I swonnie I never thought of it from the time I left the light-house till cousin Rebecca showed me the damned thing a day or two after, and called me a papist in disguise for having it in my possession. Now as to this old lady here, she hain't got not nothing to complain of that I know of. The hull amount of the matter is, she did nothing for me, and I paid for nothing; ain't that so, gents? Ha! ha! the old thing thought she was smart—and so she is a darn'd sight smarter than I took her for—but she forgot she had a Yankee to deal with;" and Weeks shut one eye as he spoke and thrust his hands down into his breeches pockets—"she forgot she'd a Yankee to deal with, a live Yankee, with his eye peeled, and fresh from Connecticut. Ha! ha!"

Here the magistrates, after commanding silence several times (for the audience got so tickled at Weeks' language and gestures they could no longer restrain themselves), at length broke out into a loud laugh, the Captain's fat sides shaking as he turned to and fro to say a merry word to the priest or his next neighbor on the bench.

"Silence, you rascals down below there," he cried, when he recovered himself.—"Can't a man speak without a brogue on his tongue but you must laught at him? Silence, and let the man be heard."

"Stand him up, Captain, jewel; stand him up on the table—we can't hear him," shouted several voices in the crowd.

"Up with him! up with him!" now became the general cry, and Weeks in the midst of the uproar mounted the table, and trusting to his own resource to elicit sympathy from the audience, boldly resumed

his defence.

"Well," said he, pulling up his shirt collar and pushing back his long sandy hair behind his ears, as he looked around the hall —"well, ladies and gents, I guess I hain't got a great deal more to say. All of you know pretty much by this time that I'm a stranger in these parts, and I know on the other hand you're Irish to a man. Well, I ain't a goin to make the inference—no, I leave that to yourselves. All I shall say is, the Irish at hum and abroad are famous for their hospitality to the stranger."

"Be aisy, avourneen," said somebody near the door; "Be aisy now, and don't be tryin to soft soap us that way. Don't ye remimber the weddin at Ballymagahy?"

"Well, there!" exclaimed Weeks, suddenly turning as the voice reached his ear.

"Who's that?" demanded the Captain.

"By thunder! if it ain't the tarnal rascal again. Well, I swow!"

"Who? who is he?"

"Lanty Hanlon, if he's alive," responded Weeks.

"Impossible—the police are now in pursuit of him."

"Well, pursuit or not," replied Weeks, "if he's out of h—ll that's he, or I ain't Ephraim C. B. Weeks."

"Police, see who that fellow is," cried the Captain.

"Lanty Hanlon's the man, and no mistake," repeated Weeks. "I could swear to his voice on the top of Mount Tom."

"Ho there! at the door below, has the detachment from Milford arrived?" demanded Hardwrinkle.

The answer came up in the affirmative.

"Then let search be made instantly for Lanty Hanlon. You, sergeant, hold a warrant for his arrest—see that he escape not, at your peril."

"What! how's this!" demanded Captain Petersham—"a reinforcement without my knowledge or consent?"

"I ordered it, sir, I repeat. I apprehended a riot and rescue of the prisoner," replied Hardwrinkle.

"Ha! a rescue!" and the Captain turned to look at the young outlaw.

"He's a bold, daring fellow," pleaded Hardwrinkle, "and I feared he might attempt to escape."

"Pshaugh! pshaugh! sir, your explanation only makes the matter worse. Your conduct's a disgrace to this bench, sir, and an outrage to the feelings of your brother magistrate."

"Hush! hush! Captain," remonstrated the priest, laying his hand on his arm and speaking low. "You must take another time and place to rebuke Mr. Hardwrinkle."

"No, sir, I shall not," replied the indignant Captain. "This is the proper time and place to rebuke him; and I tell him now, here in open court, that his conduct throughout this whole affair has been both unchristian and ungentlemanly."

"Captain Petersham, you know I'm a man of peace," said Hardwrinkle, "or you would hardly dare to utter such language here."

"Peace—ay, the peace of the serpent;" and the Captain turned on him such a look as might have withered him up.

"I shall quit the court under protest," said Hardwrinkle, rising, "since neither the law nor the feelings of gentleman are respected here."

"Not an inch," ejaculated the Captain. "Move but one step from where you stand, and I commit you."

"What! commit me?"

"Ay, you, sir, for conspiring with your worthy cousin there to carry off by force and violence the person of Mary Lee in an open boat from Araheera-Head to Malinmore, in the event of her consenting to the marriage. I have now, sir, in my possession due information to that effect, sworn to by two of the very men you engaged to execute that damnable design."

"The charge is false, sir, exclaimed Hardwrinkle, but in tones so low and husky

that the very sounds spoke his guilt.

"And that no time might be lost," pursued the Captain, without noticing Hardwrinkle's denial—"that no time might be lost, the young lady was to be carried off this very night, as soon as the sheriff had removed her uncle, and no one left to protect her in that remote and desolate spot but her old and feeble servant, Rodger O'Shaughnessy."

Here a murmur of indignation ran through the audience, and every eye turned on Hardwrinkle. That gentleman made no reply, however, but after a moment's reflection quietly resumed his seat, as if he had made up his mind to bear his sufferings with the patience and humility of a martyr.

During this interruption Weeks stood on the table, or platform rather, with his hands driven down into his breeches pockets, and apparently as little concerned at what was passing as if Hardwrinkle had not been 'a drop's blood to him in the world.' Even when the charge of conspiring to carry off Mary Lee was made against that respectable relation, he hitched up his shoulders and jingled the silver as usual, but showed no sign of either surprise or resentment.—At length, however, silence was restored, and at a nod from the chairman Weeks again pulled up his shirt collar and resumed his defence.

"Well, ladies and gents, I ain't a goin to detain you long. No; speech-making ain't in my line; but still, you know, every man should be able to tell his own story. Well, as to this darn'd old critter here, half devil, half catamount, I guess I have given a pretty considerable fair account of my transaction with her—well, enough to show I hain't done her no wrong, any how. Then as to the dry goods man, let him produce his bill, and if I hain't paid him the full value of his goods already in pure gold, independent of the fifty dollar note, why I'm ready to suffer the consequences, that's all. I calklate, gents, to give every man his due, but hang a copper more, and if I find a man tryin to impose on me, I manage some how or other to pay him off in his own coin. I repeat it, gents, let this dry goods man who supplied me with fishing tackle and all that sorter thing, let him stand up here and produce his bill; that's plain talk, ain't it, gents? Well, then, all that remains now is to account for my transaction with Mr. Hardwrinkle here about that note. It goes agin me to do it, it does, that's a fact; but considering the the fix I've got into, I feel bound to go through with it. Mr. Hardwrinkle may feel a little put out about it, I guess, but he's here, you know, on his own soil, while I'm a stranger, and nothing to depend on but the bare truth. Besides, this is about the last day, I reckon, I can spend conveniently in this section of the country, and for the sake of New England, should like to leave it with a good name."

"And why wudn't ye, *asthore*—by the powers ye earned it richly," said some one close by, in a stage whisper. "Faith, yer a credit to the country ye came from, *avourneen*."

"Silence, there," commanded the chairman, hardly able to suppress a langh; "silence, there, and respect the court."

"Go ahead," cried Weeks, whoever you be; "go ahead, I'll wait till you've got through. I ain't in no hurry."

"Proceed, Mr. Weeks, and don't mind the fellow."

"Well, the hull amount of the matter is, the note cost Mr. Hardwrinkle, nothing, not a cent; he got it from a Dublin attorney on commission, to make the most he could on't."

Hardwrinkle here attempted to interrupt him, but the Captain interposed, and the speaker continued.

"I ain't surprised at Mr. Hardwrinkle's gettin riled, not a mite, for I swonnie it looks kinder mean in me to talk so after enjoying his hospitality; but I've got into a sorter snarl, gents, you see, about this

here marriage concern, and I must tell the truth, for I don't see any other chance of getting out of it. Well, then, to be plain about it, we had an understanding—Mr. Hardwrinkle and I had—well, it was just like this: if we succeeded in getting rid of Lee by means of the note, and could then induce the young lady to marry right straight off, or if she refused, to carry her off to the nearest place we could catch a vessel bound for the States; I say if we succeeded in this, Mr. Hardwrinkle was to have $10,000 cash, and I run the risk of the note, succeed or fail."

"Scoundrel!" ejaculated Hardwrinkle, hissing the words between his teeth. "Gentlemen, this is the most outrageous falsehood ——"

"Pshaugh! hold on a bit—don't get riled, cousin Robert."

"But what could I expect," continued the latter, "when you're ignorant of the very first principles of religion?"

"Do say. Well, I never made much pretension about it, you know, cousin, and so you couldn't expect much from me in that line; but for you, who's praying and reading thebible most part the time through the week and sabbath especially, why it was going it a leetle mite too strong to try do me out that note, worn't it now, cousin Robert? By crackie, Bob, for a pious, God-fearing man, you're about as smart a one as I've seen since I left Connecticut—you are, I swow, no mistake about it.—But gents, I don't see no use in talking over the matter further. I was a goin to produce Mr. Hardwrinkle's letters to me before I left the States about this here marriage, to show you I ain't the only one to blame in the transaction; but I guess it's just as well let the matter drop as it is.—As regards the speculation I came here on, why all can be said about it is *I failed*—that's the amount of it. The fact is, gents, I always heard the Irish were an almighty green sort of folks, both at hum and abroad, and thought a Yankee, specially a Connecticut Yankee, had nothing to do but go right straight along soon's he got among them; but I find now I made a mistake in that respect. It ain't so, gents; the Irish at hum ain't so green by a long chalk as some I've met in the States."

"Nor all the Yankees so smart as they think," added the Captain, smiling.

"Well, sometimes we get sniggled, you know, like the rest of folks. Well, it's just like this: we hain't got to our full growth yet, but give us fifty years more to get our eye-teeth cut, and I tell you what, Captain, I should like to see the foreigner then could come the blind side of us; that man'd be a caution, I tell ye. As for Mr. Hardwrinkle here, I don't wonder he's smart, for he belongs to a pretty considerable smart kinder family. Well, he's got a cousin in Ducksville name of Weeks, said to be about as smart a man as you can scare up in that section of the country, and still he hain't been a hundred miles from home, I guess, all his life time."

"Brother of yours, I suppose?" said the Captain.

"Wll, no; he ain't any relation of mine that I know of—an acquaintance, that's all."

"I thought being a Duckville man and a cousin of Mr. Hardwrinkle's here, he might be your brother, or cousin at least."

"No, not exactly; he's much about the same though, we've always been so intimate. It was he first told me of his relations here, the Hardwrinkles."

"First told you," repeated the Captain. "What, did not you know that yourself already?"

"No, can't say I did."

"Why, are you not Mr. Hardwrinkle's cousin?"

"Not that I know of," quietly responded Weeks.

"And now to the prisoner in the dock—who demands his commital?" inquired the Captain.

"I do," responded Hardwrinkle; "I

demand it in the name of the State. Clerk, call sergeant Joseph Muller."

As the latter came up to the stand Hardwrinkle pointed to the prisoner. "Have you ever seen that man before!"

"I have."

"What is his name?"

"Randall Joseph Barry."

"Do you swear that?" said the Captain.

"I do."

"What! did you see him baptized?"

"No; but I was brought up within a stone's throw of his father's house."

"Gentlemen," said the prisoner, "it's quite unnecessary to proceed further in this examination. "My name is Randall Joseph Barry; I am a rebel to the British government, and the same individual for whose capture the reward of three hundred pounds is offered by the crown. I have no defence to make, and I ask no favors. Proceed, if it so please you, to make out my committal."

"Fool!" ejaculated Else Curley—"yer pride has ruined ye."

"Young man, the court does not expect you to make admissions likely to criminate yourself," said the chairman, casting a reproachful look at the prisoner.

"He has avowed himself a rebel," said Hardwrinkle; "he is therefore unbailable, and now I demand he be committed forthwith to Lifford jail."

"Have you any thing to say in your vindication," said the Captain; "if you have, we shall hear you patiently."

"Nothing," promptly responded the young outlaw. "I have deliberately done that which British law declares to be a crime, and having done it I am willing to suffer the punishment. Had I effected my escape to a foreign land, as was my purpose (and whilst he uttered the words his eyes involuntarily turned in the direction of Mary Lee, the sole cause of his detention); had I effected my escape, I should have been *there* no less an enemy and a rebel to the British government than I am here on my native soil, nor cease for one single day of my life to compass its overthrow. After having failed in the attempt, I have but one thing to regret—I should not speak of it now, perhaps—but——" here his words seemed choked in the utterance—"one thing only, that I can never——"

A scream from under the bench interrupted him.

Every eye turned in the direction of the sound. It was poor Mary Lee—she had fainted in the arms of Kate Petersham.

At a single bound the prisoner cleared the dock, and clasped her fainting form to his heart.

Instantly the uproar and confusion became so great that Hardwrinkle again rose and called on the police to enter the court-house and keep order.

"Not an inch, sir," cried the Captain—"I command here. Constables remain in your places."

"Mary," whispered Randall, "listen to me—one word in your ear, and then we part forever."

The gentle girl opened her eyes at length and looked lovingly into his, while the tears bedewed her pale cheeks. "O, Randall, Randall," she murmured, "has it come to this at last. Mother of Mercy, save him—save him."

"Hush! hush! dear Mary," whispered Kate, affectionately kissing her fair forehead, "all may be well. The end has not come yet—this is but the beginning—wait, be patient awhile."

"God bless you! Mary, God bless you!" and the fine young fellow's face quivered with emotion as he spoke. "Farewell, we can never meet again. You have at length found a father, who will love and protect you as I would have done."

"O, dear Randall, do not speak so.—You shall not leave me: let us both go to my father together—he will——"

"It cannot be," said Randall—"I shall never sue for pardon, never."

"But I have prayed to the Blessed Virgin for you," said Mary, "and she——"

"Back with ye! back with ye! hell hounds, give way," now came ringing out as clear as a trumpet from a stout, curly-headed fellow, at the head of some dozen others, clearing their way through the crowd, and smashing heads and bayonets with their black thorns in their stormy passage. "Give way, ye dogs, give way. To the rescue—*corp an dhoul*, to the rescue."

"By the lord Harry," exclaimed the Captain, speaking to the priest, "there comes Lanty Hanlon; I vow to heaven it is. Well done! my gallant fellow, well done!"

"O, Lanty, you never failed me yet," said Kate, proudly. "My life on you for a million—now comes the tug o' war."

"Police, do your duty," cried Hardwrinkle, his face no longer wearing its demure aspect, but fired with passion at the danger of losing his victim, after whose blood he had thirsted so long. "Do your duty, I command you."

For a moment the outlaw looked round the court, as if to calculate his chances of escape—in the next he was driven forward in the centre of the group towards the door.

"Shoot them down!" vociferated Hardwrinkle, springing to his feet—"shoot down the rebel and his rescuers."

"Hold! hold!" commanded the chairman in a voice of thunder. "The first man who fires dies; he's not yet committed—hold your fire."

By this time Lanty and his men had gained the side of the dock where Else Curley stood, her arms folded as usual, and her keen, deep-sunken eye fixed on Hardwrinkle. As they did, the whole detachment of police rushed from the door, despite the Captain's orders, and charged the rioters with fixed bayonets.

"Surrender the prisoner or we fire," cried the lieutenant. I order you to surrender in the queen's name, instantly."

"Cudn't ye wait till th' morrow?" said Lanty, sneeringly.

"I again command you to surrender the prisoner," repeated the officer.

But hardly had the words escaped his lips when a blow from behind felled him to the ground, and then the riot commenced in good earnest.

"Down with the Sassenach dogs!" shouted Lanty, making his staff play round him in true Celtic fashion. Down with them—*corp an dhoul*—drive them before ye."

Else Curley at this moment by some chance or other succeeded in forcing her way in amongst the combatants, and thrusting the silver-mounted pistol she carried into Randall's breast, drew forth herself the old Spanish dagger, which the reader saw once before at her cabin on the Cairn, and waived it in her brown skeleton hand high over the heads of the rioters. "Ha!" she cried, "the young lion is now with his dam, and see who'll dar injure a hair of his head. Ha! ha! now let the enemy of my house and home come on, and see how soon this good steel 'll drink his heart's blood. Away with him to the door, there, and baulk the tiger of his prey—away with him!"

Hardwrinkle now jumped from the bench, and calling on the police to stab the prisoner and his rescuers, forced his way also in amongst the rioters, his eyes flashing fire and his face flushed with intense passion. At this moment Randall Barry, after breaking bayonet after bayonet with the pistol which he held, still undischarged, in his hand, turned to defend himself from those in the rear, and met Hardwrinkle face to face.

"Rebel!" cried the latter snatching a carabine from the next constable—"rebel, traitor, enemy of your religion and country, take now the punishment yo deserve," and as he spoke he attempted to pull the trigger, but his hands trembled so in the fury

of his passion that he missed the spring. Next instant Else Curley's long bony fingers, had grasped him by the throat, and he fell backwards on the flags of the court-house, the musket exploding as it reached the floor.

Lanty and his comrades had now fought their way bravely on step by step, Randall defending himself with his single arm against the repeated assaults of the constables, and still reserving his fire, as if for a last emergency; but now came the moment that was to decide his fate.

They had succeeded indeed, at last, in driving the police before them out through the court-house door, but here the danger and difficulty increased, from the fact that one beyond the threshold, Captain Petersham's authority ceased as presiding magistrate, and Hardwrinkle was at liberty to give what orders be pleased, if he only assumed the responsibility. How he extricated himself from the hands of Else Curley it is impossible to say, but certain it is, that, much to the surprise of the beholders, he was suddenly seen jumping from one of the windows of the building down on the low wall that enclosed the yard, like one demented.

"Fire!" he cried, as he alighted and glanced at the preparations made for Barry's escape, his quick eye detecting in an instant the reason of Moll Pitcher being kept there standing at the gate. "Fire!" he repeated; "on your lives let not the prisoner escape—fire!"

But he had come too late; Randall had already gained the outside of the yard, borne on by his trusty defenders, foremost amongst whom fought Lanty, his head and arms bleeding profusely from the bayonet wounds of the constables, whilst Randall's own were hardly in a better condition.

Hardwrinkle now saw there was but one chance remaining, namely: to intercept the fugitives and detain him till the police could come up and arrest him; and making all possible speed to where his horse stood in the hands of his groom, he mounted and rushed past the gate in order to head the prisoner off.

Randall, however, was already in the saddle. He had sprung it by the strength of his single arm, and instantly gathering up the reins, gave Moll the word. The splendid creature knowing well that something more than usual was expected of her, reared for an instant, and then shot forward like an arrow, make the fire fly from the pavement.

"Glorious Moll Pitcher," cried Lanty, "now for it! If horse-flesh can save ye, Randall Barry, it's Moll Pitcher."

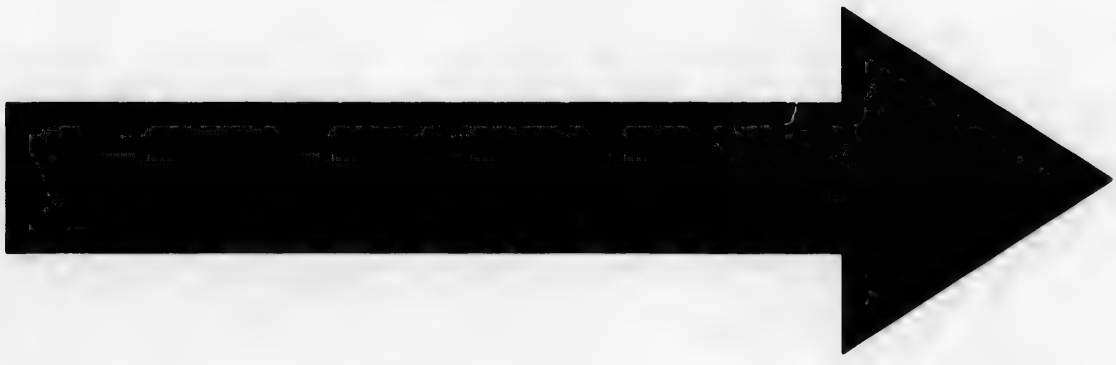
"Shoot him down! shoot him down!" vociferated Hardwrinkle, as he rode on before the fugitive with the intention of wheeling round and intercepting him in his flight.

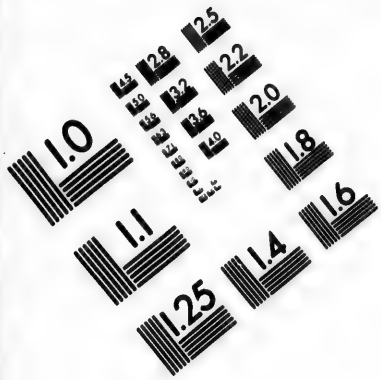
The words were hardly spoken, when three shots came in quick succession. They did no mischief, however,—one of them but slightly grazing Barry's cheek, while the others went wide of their mark.

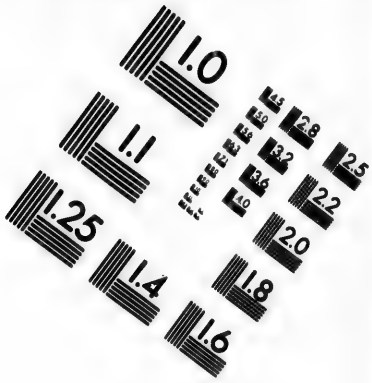
The crowd now rushed through the gate and over the wall in wild confusion; some pelting stones at the police, and others venting curses loud and deep against Hardwrinkle and his *Sassenach* crew.

Randall saw, as Hardwrinkle wheeled his horse to intercept him, that if he happened to be detained but a second, he should in all probability fall by a bullet from the police, before he could get out of musket range, and so drawing his pistol from his breast, he let the reins drop on his horse's neck, and prepared himself for the worst. As he did so, Hardwrinkle was up within ten yards of him. "Keep off! keep off!" cried Randall, "or I fire. If you value your coward life, keep off."

But Hardwrinkle took no notice of the warning, and as he rushed on to seize the reins, Randall dropped the muzzle of his pistol and shot his horse right through the head. "There, take your life," he cried, "I shall never have such dastard blood on







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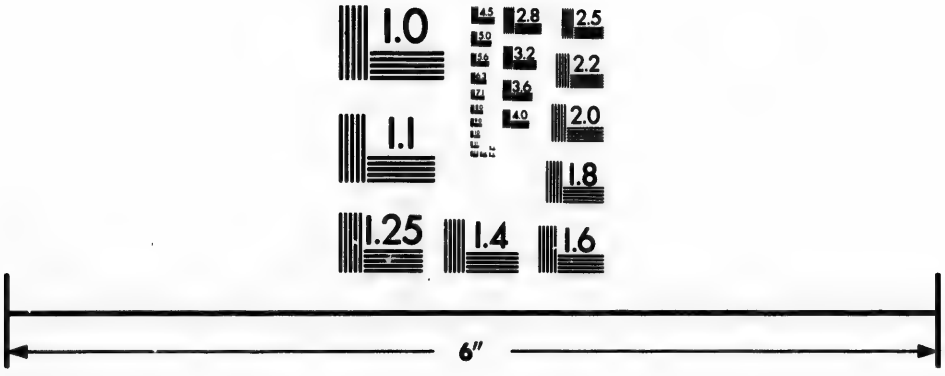

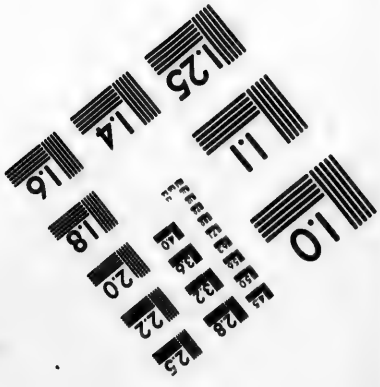

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my hands."

The horse dropped instantly, for the ball had passed through his brain.

And then rose a cheer wild and loud that made the very heavens ring again, as Randall was seen flying up the hill on Moll Pitcher, clear of all danger, his long black hair floating on the breeze, and his broken arm still visible in the sling.

Whilst the crowd stood cheering and gazing after the young outlaw, Else Curley followed by several of the constables hurried up where Hardwrinkle had fallen. Else was first on the ground. "Hah!" she cried, about to utter some malediction, but suddenly stopped and bent down to gaze on the face of the fallen man. He was lying under the horse.

"What's the matter—is he hurt?" demanded the constables.

"Ay, he's hurt," responded Else, dryly.

"He don't move—how's that?"

"He's dead!"

"The horse, you mean."

"Horse and man," said Else, "they're both dead."

The police, assisted by the country people, soon succeeded in relieving the body from the weight which had fallen on it—but life was gone. The clay, indeed, was still warm, but the soul had left it, to give in its account at another tribunal.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Soon after the fatal accident related above had occurred, Captain Petersham accompanied by his friends reached the spot and finding no life in the body, ordered it to be taken back to the court house and there await the pleasure of the family.

"How sudden and how shocking," exclaimed the priest, "already gone to meet his God."

"It's a very deplorable accident, I must confess," said the Captain, "very indeed: and now that he's gone, I protest, sir, I'm sorry for him. The unfortunate man sat many a long day with me on the bench here—and though he often provoked me, still by the lord Harry, I could never wish him dead. But this regret is useless now," he added. "Where is Lanty Hanlon?"

"Haven't seen him," replied the priest. "I hope the mad fellow has escaped the fire."

"Hope so—and where is Curley, too? I wonder is she alive."

"There she is, plase yer honor," answered somebody at his side, "there she is, spakin to the ladies."

"The very woman, by George it is!—But has no one seen Lanty? I fear he's hurt or killed."

"Divil a fear of him, Captain, darlin, he's as sound as a throut," said the same voice.

The Captain turned and saw an old woman in a blue cloak and nightcap (both rather worse for the wear,) leaning on a staff, and apparently old and sickly, to judge from her cough and the stoop of her shoulders.

"Where is he—when did you see him last?"

"Ugh! ugh! oh dear, this cough's killin me! When did I see him last, is it! Well, I didn't see him since ye seen him last yerself, Captain," and the speaker laughed as if there was something very amusing in the question.

"What!" exclaimed the Captain, "what! eh! whom have we here?"

"Whisht, whisht, the constable's beside ye, there. Don't mintion my name for yer life. Don't ye remimber the warrint ye sent afther me for taking the loan of Miss Hardwrinkle?"

"I do—and I tell you now, Lanty, what you may rest assured of."

"Well, sir?"

"That you'll be hung if you stay here—you will, sir. By the lord Harry you will."

"Me?"

"Ay, you, sir!"

"That rope's not made yit, Captain, dear. No, no, my pride niver carried me that high yet."

"Quit the country, sir; quit the country—that's my advice to you—and quit it immediately, too, for I can save you no longer."

"Cudn't ye hould out for another year, Captain?"

"No, sir, nor for another week, either. Are you not aware that the abduction of Miss Hardwrinkle is a transportable offence? But why another year, pray?"

"Well, there's a sort of a sacret in that," responded Lanty, wiping the blood from his face.

"And what's the secret?"

"Why, then, it isn't much to spake of, Captain, only in regard of a bit of a girl up here, that I had a kind of a notion of, and she tells me she's not just to say ready yit."

"Ho! ho! that's it—well never mind, I'll make her ready—who is she?"

"A girl of the Kelly's of Minadreen, sir."

"A daughter of one of my tenants—very well, send her up to Castle Gregory to-morrow or next day, I'll give her her outfit. Send her up, and prepare yourself to leave, for you're not safe here an hour."

"Captain," said a policeman, touching his cap, "Lanty Hanlon, I fear, has escaped."

"Shouldn't doubt it, sir, in the least," replied the Captain. "By the lord Harry, sir, you should every man of you be drummed out for a set of poltroons. Ten constables and couldn't make a single arrest. I shall see to it, sir. You have the Yankee still in custody, I trust."

"No, sir, he has escaped also, in the confusion."

"What! gone!"

"Sir, he's no where to be found. This, I suspect, belongs to him, but—"

"What's that? Ah! his silver card case. Well, sir, you needn't mind looking after him now. His detection at present would answer no purpose. Let him go. He has seen enough of Ireland without visiting our jails, I suspect, by this time," and saying, the Captain advanced to the ladies and suggested that all, including the priest and Dr. Horseman, should spend the night at Castle Gregory.

"You must excuse me," said Horseman, "I purpose leaving Derry to-morrow by the first boat for Liverpool."

"That can't be," interrupted Kate, "you must give me an opportunity to make up our quarrel. I shan't listen to such a thing."

"Impossible;" said Horseman, "I shall quit Ireland to-morrow, without fail."

"With very bad impressions of the country, I fear," said the Captain.

"Humph!" responded the Doctor, shrugging his shoulders, "that's as it may be," and thanking the several parties for their hospitality during his short stay, bade them farewell, and pursued his way in the direction of the little inn of the village.

Father John now begged to be excused also, but Kate and Mary soon prevailed on him to bear them company, and taking the light-keeper's arm he followed the Captain, supporting Mary aud Kate on either side, light-hearted and happy, to pay a visit to Uncle Jerry, and bring him also with them if possible to Castle Gregory where no doubt they should find Randall Barry, impatiently awaiting their return.

As they wended their way to Greenmount, the Captain suddenly enquired of Kate where Else Curley had gone, and how she felt after the death of her old enemy, Robert Hardwrinkle.

"She's gone to Benraven," answered Kate, "and gone never to return till her body be carried to her sister's grave in the old church-yard at Mossmount. Her parting with Mary Lee, her foster child, was a melancholy one, and yet, though I thought her heart would break, she never shed a

tear."

"What an extraordinary woman she is—so relentless; so full of wild, ungovernable passion at her years," observed the Captain.

"Ah, she is no longer so now, Captain," replied Mary, "a child this moment could lead her round the world. The instant she saw Mr. Hardwrinkle dead, every fibre relaxed, and every feeling of passion and resentment left her heart. May the Comforter of the afflicted, and the Help of the weak, guide and guard her steps to the tomb. She was kind to me, Captain, in my infancy—kind to me as a mother, and I would not her soul were lost for the wealth of worlds."

"It shall not be lost, Mary, if I can help it," said the priest, catching the words.

"God bless you, dear father for that kind word—it relieves my heart of a load of doubt and fear which has long oppressed it."

"Had you seen the old solitary, Captain," said Kate, looking up in her brother's face, "had you seen her gazing over at the dead body and shaking her head so slowly and solemnly, you would have thought at once of these glorious words: *He is dead and so is mine enmity.*"

POSTSCRIPT.

The above is the story of Araheera Light-house as it came into our hands.

The author it seems had not finished it when he left Ireland, and was never afterwards able, on account of the rheumatism, to finish it here. But be that as it may, 'tis evident the tale wants another joint to finish it, and so being appointed his legatee, we have considered it no more than our duty to make up the deficiency in the best way we can.

First then, it seems the meeting between Mr. Guirkie and Mary Lee was very affecting—so much so, indeed, that the Captain, stout-hearted and all as he is, after rubbing up his grizzly hair two or three times in quick succession, and plucking down his waistcoat as many more, was finally obliged to turn his face to the window and whistle against the glass. Uncle Jerry's joy knew no bounds—he made Miss Lee sit on his knee, and he smoothed down his hair, and looked up in her face, and wept, and vowed and declared she was the very picture of her that was gone. Mrs. Motherly, poor woman, is said to have entered the parlor just at that time with her master's leggings to button them on, but seeing what she did see, turned short on her step, and drawing the door after her with a bang, quit the house instantly and was never heard of since. For the last fact I cannot vouch exactly—my own impression being that she did return once more, and even had a pension granted her by Mr. Guirkie for her faithful and matronly services.

As you are already aware the Captain entertained the party, Mr. Guirkie of course included, that night at Castle Gregory, and so far as I can learn, a merry night they had of it. Mary Lee and Randall Barry were married, as you might have expected, by the good Father Brennan; and Uncle Jerry, curious enough, is reported to have given away the bride. It is further asserted, and on excellent authority, too, that the same gentleman, after slipping a check on the bank of Londonderry for £2,000 into Mary Lee's hand as a marriage portion, instanly called on Kate to play the 'Sailor's Hornpipe,' and danced with his hands on his sides till he fell back on the sofa, and there actually went to sleep from sheer exhaustion.

Ten days after the wedding, the Captain's yacht was seen weighing anchor at Ballymastocken, and slowly moving up to the landing-place under the castle. Presently, a party of ladies and gentlemen issued from the vestibule of the old mansion and crossing the lawn, descended the bank of the rabbit-warren and stepped aboard. The

party consisted of the Captain and Kate, Randall and Mrs. Barry, Mr. Lee, Mr. Guirkie and Father Brennan. After a few minutes the latter came ashore, and waving his hat in adieu, the little Water Hen moved off gently from the wharf. She had not cleared it a cable's length, however, when a brown water spaniel, followed by a tall old gray haired man, in a long skirted coat, was seen running down to the beach. The old man kept waving his hand as he hobbled along, but the dog who had reached the shore before him, sprang into the water and made for the little vessel, howling most piteously as he buffeted the waves. The yacht hove to for a moment, the dog was lifted aboard, and then the old man apparently satisfied with what had taken place, fell on his knees and with uplifted hands seemed to pray fervently for a happy voyage.

Next day the Water Hen returned, but none of the party was seen to step ashore but Kate and the Captain. Where the others went to, no one here can tell. It is generally surmised, however, that the United States were their destination, and that Lanty Hanlon and his winsome wife Mary Kelly of the black hair, went out with them, having been snugly ensconced under the Water Hen's hatches before she weighed anchor on the evening of her departure from Castle Gregory.

Rodger O'Shaughnessy, now too infirm to venture on so long a voyage remains at the castle at his old occupation. Once or twice a week he burnishes up the old silver salver as usual, and tells how often it has served wine to the lads and ladies at Castle Talbot.

With respect to Ephraim C. B. Weeks —he was never seen but once after the trial, and that was at the Liverpool Packet Office in Derry. A friend of mine who was present at the time, assures me, he did nothing but curse Ireland "and all the darn'd Irish in it" from the time he entered the office to buy his ticket till he left it.—He swore "youldn't find such a tarnation set of varmint in almighty creation, and when he got t'other side of the big pond, if he worn't agoin to give them jessie in the newspapers," and then lighting a cigar, he took his valise in the one hand and umbrella in the other and started for the boat.

THE END.